PICTORIAL REVIEW

1/-

In This Issue

KATHLEEN NORRIS
has a delightful article
"I'LL HAVE A LITTLE GIRL, PLEASE"

MARCH
1930

ONE SHILLING
per copy

"It is the inevitable result of the combined action of effective detergents," said the bachelor Professor.

"Rubbish!" said Mrs. Watkins, mother of four.

"It's extra help!"

MRS. WATKINS doesn't think much of using long, strange-sounding words in talking about an old friend like Fels-Naptha. "Effective detergents, indeed!" says Mrs. Watkins. As though she didn't understand far better than any college professor just why Fels-Naptha made those smudges on his shirt disappear entirely—and without hard rubbing!

"Here, Professor," says Mrs. Watkins, respectfully, but firmly, "take this bar of Fels-Naptha. Smell it. That's no what-ever-you-call-it—that's naptha, and plenty of it.

"Naptha and good soap working together—that's what makes Fels-Naptha give you *extra* help every time. I've washed clothes every way there is to wash them—boiling them, soaking them in all kinds of tubs, and now in these new washing machines. For ten years Fels-Naptha has helped me get clothes as white and clean and sweet as anyone would want to see—and no hard rubbing either, even on children's clothes.

"I use Fels-Naptha for cleaning work around the house, too—for washing woodwork and linoleum, windows, and dishes—in fact, just about everything that needs soap and water. One thing I certainly do like about Fels-Naptha is that it never hurts my hands. It—

"Oh, do you have to be getting back to your own work, Professor? That's too bad—it's a real treat to have a little chat with someone who, as I often say, *knows* as much as you . . . Mind, now—any time you think any part of your washing needs *extra* help, you can be sure it's getting just that! For as long as I'm here—so is Fels-Naptha!"

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

FREE—*Whether, like Mrs. Watkins, you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or whether you have just now decided to try its extra help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs, or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. The chipper will be sent you, free and postpaid, upon request. Mail the coupon, or a post card.*

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. P.F.N.M.

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

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A COUNTRYWOMAN SPEAKS

By MARY MEEK ATKESON

IN THE old days people lived in the country without ever thinking about whether they liked it or not, or even whether they made a good living or not. The cities then were neither healthful nor attractive places in which to live, and the "landed gentry" were better thought of than the townfolk. But times have changed.

Farming is now, for the first time in America, on a business basis. No one is going to stay in the country unless he receives as much in living conditions as he would receive in the city. If the town man has an automobile, the farmer must have an automobile too. If the town house is lighted by electricity and heated by steam, the farm must have similar conveniences. For the countrywoman has seen that these things are good and demands them as the price of her staying in the country at all.

The conditions of the country, so much heralded lately, are still bad enough for a woman with the power and improved machinery on the farm and the lack of it in the home; but it is a natural and passing phase of the development of country life. Perhaps it is not surprizing that a farmer sometimes forgets how hard his wife works, when he remembers how very much harder his mother used to work. Even in the city the home lags far behind the office or factory in its efficiency, and a man endures slipshod management in his home which he would not endure at all in his business affairs.

So on the farm it is but natural that the money-making end of the concern should receive first attention when improvements are made. But it is a passing phase, and much of the commotion about it is merely the squeaking of the wagon as it climbs up out of the rut. The countrywomen are wakening to their needs and demanding comforts and conveniences that their mothers never even dreamed of. If they were given constantly rising prices for farm products they would speedily change most of the conditions with which the city writers are finding so much fault.

Another influence is the widening environment of the farmer's wife. A few years ago she was content to know a few of her neighbors, who probably had no better homes than hers and, like her, were getting along with makeshifts instead of conveniences.

Now the automobile has brought her into contact with town and city and far-removed country places, and what she has seen has made her desire new things for her own home. Sometimes she attends a city church on Sundays and does her shopping in city stores. She now attends the meetings of the grange and other community organizations more regularly and takes part in their programs or, as an officer, directs their activities.

No more is the farm woman of the Middle West satisfied with the once universal "Mother Hubbard" for every feminine member of the family. She wants clothes like those worn on Fifth Avenue, and the women's magazines are helping her to get them. The women are learning to demand style and beauty in the garments they make for themselves and their children. Home-demonstration agents everywhere report that the most frequent call is for the fitted-dress form and for methods of fitting and finishing dresses stylishly.

Indeed the farm woman of to-day wishes it strictly understood that she is no longer to be tagged as "rural" in any sense. She is no longer a "countrywoman," but a woman who happens to live in the country. She keeps up with city affairs by subscribing for magazines and city papers, because she feels that true democracy is reached only when city people and country people understand each other and co-operate in solving their common problems.

When she learns that the city woman has much time free from her household work for reading and recreation, is it any wonder that she has grown discontented with her dasher-churn and antiquated wash-board and yearns for better things? No, the sweet, old-fashioned women of the farm who were willing to go on forever as their mothers did before them are growing fewer and fewer, and tho the new women may be less restful to live with, there is no doubt that they will bring some salutary changes to the country life.

The countrywoman's new point of view has grown out of her love for country life, not from any hatred of it. She is hoping that her children will grow up to live in the country as she has done. But she knows, too, that hereafter the country life will be scrutinized keenly by the young men and women before they decide to throw their lives in with it.

Home-demonstration work by the Department of Agriculture and vocational education in home economics for country girls are moves in the right direction, and these forces should be developed until they exercise their full power in bringing about better conditions in the farm home. Better schools should be provided for the farmer's children, by Federal aid if necessary. Community power-plants, laundries, creameries, ice-plants, etc., should be developed, using outside as well as local capital, so that some of the heaviest burdens can be lifted from the farm home without too great expenditure for power.

All these things are necessary to that enlightened country life which the awakened farm woman is demanding to-day. If they do not come about within a reasonable time, who can blame her for choosing the easy way out by moving to the city? In the United States, where the best brains and the strongest bodies have always come from the country, the only way to keep a man or a woman in the country is to make conditions there as good as they are in town. And no enlightened American citizen can afford to look at the problem of country life in any other way.

So now when I read of the poor farm woman I do not think of moving to town. I am too busy planning for that country life that is to be.

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Drawing by Edward Poucher

"THE RADIO-BROADCAST BRINGS THE NATION AND THE WORLD TO THE FIRESIDE OF EVERY DWELLING"

THE ROMANCE OF RADIO

By DR. JULIUS KLEIN

Assistant Secretary of Commerce of the United States

IT WAS Thomas Carlyle, I believe, who remarked in response to a suggestion that he meet a certain distinguished literary critic: "I hate that man. I don't want to meet him, because if I did I should probably cease to hate him, and might even come to like him."

Certainly there is no more fundamental truth in human psychology than this one of acquaintanceship as a corrective of enmity and antagonism. True, it does not always apply; conspicuous exceptions are not hard to find. But the evidence is overwhelmingly and unmistakably on the side of the immense value of personal contact as a potent contributor to better understanding and mutual respect, if not esteem.

Of all the bewilderingly magical fruits of science which were brought forth or greatly accelerated under the tragic duress of the War, the radio stands out among the foremost. And ironically enough it bids fair to be one of the most potent peacemakers—surely a timely factor of supreme significance at this very stage in the readjustment of the world's affairs.

Radio comes, then, as the latest and indubitably the greatest single stride that mankind has thus far taken in speeding up the wide-spread transmission of ideas and facts. And every accomplishment in this tightening of the network of facilities for communication certainly draws the world into a closer union. This is bound to be a mighty force in pulling down those barriers in whose shadows so often lurk suspicion and mistrust engendered chiefly by the darkness of uncertainty as to what is going on just beyond the obstacle.

Not long ago President Hoover conveyed his condolences to the President of Uruguay on the occasion of the death of Señor Batlle y Ordóñez, the distinguished former President of that sturdy, progressive little republic. The administration of this vigorous South-American statesman had been troubled some years ago by disorders in a remote corner of the country.

He immediately ordered the improvement of railroad and telegraphic service into the troublesome territory because, as he expressed it, the surest cure for such "separatism" was the strengthening of communication facilities. Indeed there seems to be a readily understandable inverse ratio between the frequency of revolutions disturbing the peace of various countries and the mileage of highways and telegraph- and telephone-wires.

True, there have been occasions when the accelerated facilities of modern communication equipment have hampered rather than advanced the cause of peace. Bismarck's famous telegram from Ems was the immediate instigation of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870.

Perhaps if Europe had not been covered with a network of telegraph-wire the tragedy of Serajevo in the Summer of 1914 would have had an aftermath of more deliberate interchange among the foreign offices of Europe, instead of a staccato of hectic, ill-considered flashes of impulsive reactions, which promptly kindled long-dormant antagonisms and fanned them into flame before calm, temperate deliberation could soothe the situation.

But even so, there can be no doubt that the regular and convenient flow of communicative contact is an invaluable element in bringing about better understanding. And surely the radio (I am referring now to the broadcasting phases of the industry rather than the communication of commercial messages) is incalculably the most far-reachingly effective of the various mediums of communication in the wide-spread sweep of its content and in the singularly personal aspect of its transmission.

It is indeed coming to be a prodigious power in behalf of democracy, and it comes in that capacity at a peculiarly opportune moment with world-wide forward movements in government "of, by, and for the people." True, there are numerous instances of reversions to autocracy. It must be admitted that consent of the governed is not invariably the basis of authority for present-day public leaders.

To get down to precise instances in this particular field of the radio, some of the strongest stations in Europe are nightly piercing the ether with propaganda in behalf of quite undemocratic régimes. Admittedly, the careful control exercised over broadcasting by many governments is not likely to permit of the seepage through the microphones in those lands of more than the most carefully strained particles of political and social doctrine, coinciding with the views of those in charge.

I am referring, however, to certain larger aspects of this question of contact among remotely scattered and hitherto isolated groups of human beings. Regardless of how strictly censored the programs may be, there stands out still the unescapable fact that the radio draws far-off millions into a certain community of thinking—a strong mutuality of interest. And this closer association is bound to break down barriers and wipe out isolation.

AFTER the Civil War the energies of our national Government were concentrated as never before upon the task of building the transcontinental railway. When, within three years after Appomattox, the last spike was driven near Ogden, there was thus brought into being not simply a physical bond of expedited communication between the opposite coasts of the land, but also a profound psychological reaction which quickened unquestionably the recovery of the country from the ghastly wounds of the war.

And now comes the radio, within a short space of eight years, bringing the entire nation, to take one example, around the quiet study-table of the President at the White House.

If I may cite a personal illustration, the responses to my own radio talks on current business questions have included letters from school-teachers in New Jersey, cooks in ranch-houses in Montana, the wife of a miner in a lonely camp in the far-off fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains, and an unfortunate inmate of a women's penitentiary in an Eastern State.

This focusing of the thoughts of women in such a widely diversified audience upon a topic of interest apparently common to all of them manifestly indicates a consciousness of concern in the same things. It would seem to be a step toward the establishment of more nearly unified action and thought and toward the dedication of more concentrated, effective effort in common causes.

This latest wonder child of our electrical age has an international character singularly in keeping with the world-wide origins of the mysterious forces upon which it is based. The very nomenclature of electricity vividly typifies the universality of its beginnings. Of late the world has impressively and most appropriately honored Edison, the American. But before him came a long line of efficient, tireless searchers whose names have been immortalized in the terminology of this great field: the Scotchman Watt, the Italian Volta, the Frenchman Ampère, and the German Ohm.

Without their long and arduous pioneering in the mystic realms of electricity, the miracles of radio would have been quite impossible. Its immediate ancestors are likewise typical of the part that all of our Western civilization has had in subduing this hitherto elusive element. Maxwell, the British mathematician, first ventured a timid prediction in 1873 regarding the ether-waves which Hertz, the German, in 1887 or thereabouts, definitely identified. Then came the Italian Marconi with his great contribution in the middle 90's bettering transmission and finally the vacuum-tube as evolved by de Forest, Fleming, Edison, and others.

Of course, the utilization of this new art in its commercial or non-broadcasting aspects forms a romantic

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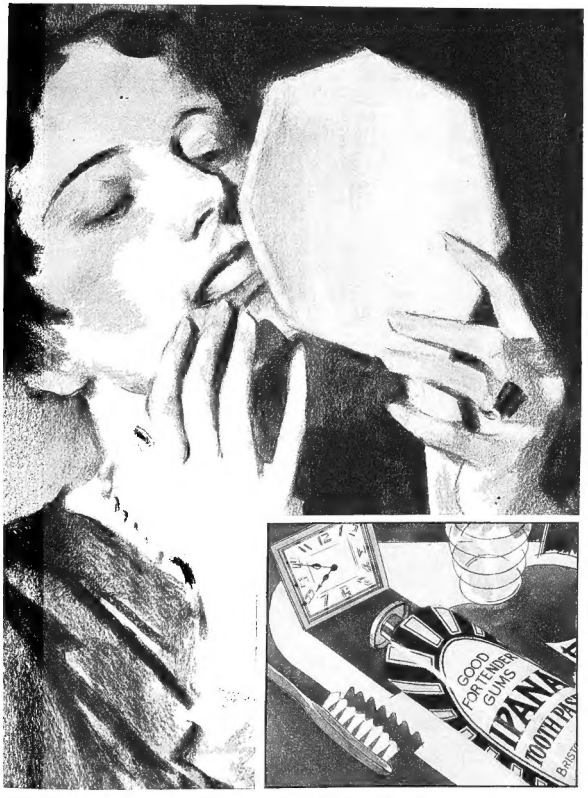
Abolish "pink tooth brush" from your household!

Ipana and massage bring healthy gums . . . flashing teeth



IF YOUR tooth brush "shows pink"—even if ever so seldom—you can't go on neglecting that sign day after day and expect to escape scot-free from more serious troubles!

For, as your dentist will tell you, unhealthy gums are responsible for the loss of thousands of outwardly strong, sound teeth. Gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even the dreaded but less frequent pyorrhea, nearly always start with a slight bleeding, a tenderness and a softness of the gums.

Fight "pink tooth brush" with Ipana and massage

The trouble lies with the soft foods we eat. They deprive the gums of exercise. Circulation lags. Wastes clog the millions of tiny gum cells.

But in Ipana Tooth Paste and gum massage you have potent aid in checking gum disorders. Thousands of dentists are spreading the new doctrine of gum massage—how it rouses the gums and speeds the rich, fresh blood through their walls. And thousands, too, urge the use of Ipana Tooth Paste.

For Ipana has the power to tone and invigorate the gums while it cleans the teeth. Many dentists specify it as the agent for massage, for it contains ziratol, a stimulating hemostatic and antiseptic used by gum specialists for many years.

A good tooth paste and a good dentist are not *luxuries*

Do not be misled by a few cents' difference between the cost of Ipana and other tooth pastes that you can buy. Ipana is doubly good, for it protects your gums as well as your teeth.

Send the coupon for a 10-day sample if you wish, but—better still—get a large-size tube from your druggist. Tonight, begin the full month's test! Your teeth will gleam with new brilliance. And before 30 days are up your gums will be pinker, harder and healthier!

* * * *

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. D-30
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

IPANA Tooth Paste

A SEEKER FOR BURIED TREASURE

By IDA TREAT

Experiences of a young American girl who always longed to discover things

ALL my life I wanted to discover something. Perhaps as a child I was exceptionally inquisitive, and curiosity is the first step, I suppose, toward any scientific career. While still a little girl I remember feeling a distinct distaste for familiar things and people. Only what lay beyond my immediate frontiers seemed attractive and desirable.

The lure of the unknown led me to run away; to explore strange back yards, vacant lots, and empty houses. I longed to make friends with little Italian boys who filled their shirts with stolen apples from my father's orchard. The odd language they spoke fascinated me; their very odor was intriguing—tobacco and garlic being equally tabu in my own home.

Mystery of any sort, I found provoking. I determined to find out all there was to know about Santa Claus, babies, and God, whose nature and origin no one seemed capable of explaining in any (to me) satisfactory fashion. I dug surreptitious holes in the garden (my first "excavations"), which I secretly hoped might lead to China; and I thrilled at the discovery of a sleepy family of toads buried in leaf-mold, which I cherished with respect as dwellers in a mysterious underground world.

That same nagging curiosity pushed me in later years to wander among men and monuments overseas and to dig in dusty manuscripts for the ideas and habits of the historic past. In short, I became a researcher—and "research" is merely a dignified word for "curiosity." So that it was really inherent inquisitiveness that pushed me a half dozen years ago to discover what lies behind the somewhat terrifying word "paleontology."

"You're a—h'm—paleontologist?" one of our own vice-consuls asked me recently, puckering his youthful brows over the long word written on the dotted line of an application-blank. "Do you—er—practise?"

As it happens, I do "practise," tho possibly not in the way the young diplomat implied. For five years I have explored and excavated the cave-dwellings of stone-age man. But I suspect that in the mind of the vice-consul my mysterious calling was somehow linked with other high-sounding professions. Yet with a civilian respect for officialdom, I was glad to give him the benefit of the doubt, and I answered his question with a convenient tho ambiguous phrase about being engaged in "research." I might have told him with equal truth and in the words of the travel bureau:

"I am a tourist—in dead worlds."

"How did you become *that?*" I am frequently asked by people who characteristically avoid the long Greek word "paleontologist," which they generally associate with dusty old men introduced at dinners or on lecture platforms with the flattering adjective "distinguished."

THE explanation is very simple. After the Great War I spent several Summer seasons in the French Pyrenees, in the picturesque department of Ariège, that lies along the Spanish border half-way between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. I had gone there quite by accident, drawn like any Summer tourist to country which is one of the beauty-spots of France and perhaps of the whole world.

Under a brilliant sky a wall of snow-capped peaks towers above pine- and beech-woods, heather-covered foot-hills, and valleys with vineyards, vivid green pastures, and quaint villages of stone and stucco. There, through the long vacation, I fished for trout in the torrents, shot quail and partridge on the plateaux, and high above the tree-line I followed the trail of the chamois across the stony waste.

As there are few hotels in the Ariège Pyrenees, I lived in a red-roofed farmhouse that sheltered in friendly proximity men and four-footed beasts alike. Picturesque but primitive: a floor of beaten earth, a great stone fireplace where the soup-kettle swings on a crane and where the women of the country spend their life bent double over iron tripods and cooking-pots. My neighbors were typical mountaineers—shy, hospitable, and proud. A wiry race of dark men and slender women that has furnished some of the great names to history to-day.

From the Pyrenees came two marshals of France, Joffre and Foch; the family of our own sculptor Saint Gaudens came from a hill-town—Saint Gaudens—perched above the Garonne River, only a few miles distant from my stone farmhouse. And farther to the west lie Lourdes and its famous grotto, which has spread the fame of the French Pyrenees throughout the Catholic world.

From Lourdes to the Mediterranean, I visited ruined castles, crumbling reminders of the days when Huguenot and Catholic warred throughout the land. I climbed to Saracen watch-towers, and strolled among the scattered marble blocks of ancient Roman villas. Walking in the plowed fields, I picked up fragments of coarse pottery and occasional ax-heads of bronze and polished stone, relics which showed that men had lived in the country long before the Romans came.

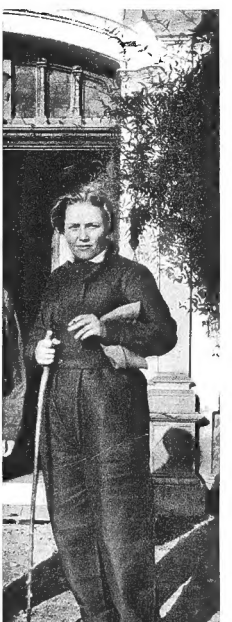
And then I discovered that a still older world lay buried underfoot, beneath rock and earth at the base of projecting rocks, or deep in the caves that everywhere pierce the face of limestone cliffs, giving the impression that the whole mass of mountain is curiously hollow. For Ariège is the land of prehistoric caves—caves where stone-age man lived and caves on the walls of which he traced the first art we know, twenty, thirty, perhaps even forty thousand years ago.

As a tourist of the prehistoric underworld, I walked through miles of vast subterranean galleries, crept through pipe-like passages, splashed through clay and water, and clambered over boulders glistening with stalagmite. And always, when in the farthest recesses of a cave, I stood before hundreds of mysterious animal figures painted or cut on the rock-wall (some as fresh beneath their "varnish" of stalagmite as if the artist had traced them yesterday).

I found myself longing irresistibly to know something of the men who set them there by the light of a smoking torch hundreds of centuries ago; to learn of their life and of the beasts they hunted across the frozen steppe that today is Europe. In a word, to acquire something of the science of ancient forms of life, which is—paleontology. The possibility lay beneath my feet, buried in the cave-floor or in that of other caves and rock-shelters. I had only to dig.

One Spring day a thunder-storm drove me to take shelter in a cave-entrance above the stream where I was fishing. As I gathered hearthstones for a fire over which to broil the morning's catch, I made a sudden discovery. I was not the first to build a fire in that particular cave. On the clay floor beneath the stones I had displaced, lay bits of charcoal, fragments of splintered bone, and chips of flint. I had uncovered a stone-age hearth. And it was at that moment, in the thrill of that discovery, that I decided to become a seeker for prehistoric treasure. But not as an amateur. I determined to take up paleontology as a career.

"Treasure," of course, is always relative. We smile at the "treasures" the small boy unearths in the ash-can. The ragpicker enjoys no reputation as a scientist. And the French peasant reserves a scornful grin for the finds made by the digger of buried civilization. "Just stones and bones," he remarks contemptuously. Only the hope of gold, he feels, could justify such conscientious grubbing. In fact he secretly suspects the paleontologist of digging for gold louis or Spanish crowns; all evidence to the contrary merely shows that the excavator is singularly unlucky—otherwise he would be an unmitigated fool!



IDA TREAT

THE ancient caveman of Ariège knew nothing of metal, precious or otherwise. Nor had he learned to make pottery. The peasant's definition of what we find in prehistoric excavations is technically correct: stones and bones; tho the bones may be beautifully carved weapons, and the stones handy tools of chipped flint. As the caveman was no builder, he left no buried cities to excavate. A nomad hunter, he found shelter beneath a projecting rock or within the doorway of a cavern.

All that the digger can hope to find today are the traces of his camp-fires: ashes, charcoal, and a more or less fossilized garbage-heap. That pile of "kitchen refuse"—to employ a more dignified term—however, tells much of the caveman and his habits. The charred bones, split to extract the marrow (a stone-age delicacy), show what animals he hunted; whether game was plentiful or whether he frequently went hungry.

Seated by the fire, the caveman ate his dinner of roast meat; chipped his flint tools and instruments of bone, used them, broke them, lost them, or threw them away. In time there formed about his primitive hearth a thick layer of ashes, bone, and flint that the digger finds to-day under a layer of dirt and débris or sealed beneath a stony "floor" of stalagmite.

The caveman's kitchen is the excavator's text-book. From it he may try to reconstruct the life of our stone-age ancestors, quite as some future scientist might dig up a sardine-can, a tooth-paste tube, or a tobacco-tin and draw odd conclusions about our diet; tho the chances are that in a few thousand years all trace of tinware would have disappeared long since from our own garbage-heap.

Man's industry seems to have lost its permanence since he took to using wood, paper, and iron. The stone tools of the caveman are practically eternal, and bone too turns slowly to stone.

One of the first things I learned when I decided to dig in the caveman's kitchen was that, whether you hunt for gold or for

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Original from

Had my eye that sparkle... my cheek that bloom!

Many a woman's secret is not expensive beauty parlors, but a good cream and a saline laxative!

THE good that care and creams have done the skin is not to be denied or minimized. And we commend, in no uncertain terms, the good effect of careful grooming.

But we also insist that true beauty—clear complexions—healthy, fresh and flawless skins come from within as well as from without.

Lack of internal cleanliness stops many a woman from having a complexion clear and fine. Physicians everywhere testify to this truth. And so thoroughly do European women believe in internal cleanliness that it is a long-established custom with them to visit every season the famous saline springs—Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden—and there, by drinking the health-giving waters, rid themselves of constipation and find again their youth and beauty.

Sal Hepatica is the great American way of enjoying the benefits of saline waters. It is the practical equivalent of the natural spa waters of the continent and like these famous waters cleanses the system through flushing away poisons and wastes. Complexions are cleared and body and spirit rejuvenated.

Because it purifies the bloodstream and eliminates acidity, the use of Sal Hepatica is suggested in the correction of countless ills—headaches, colds, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, stomach disorders, all the ailments that find their source in intestinal stoppage.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely indeed does it fail to work within half an hour. Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how this treatment can improve your complexion and restore your health.

Send coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth," describing in detail how Sal Hepatica helps keep your skin fresh and free from blemishes, and how it helps relieve many everyday ills.

* * * *

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. H30, 71 West St., New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me the free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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"THE STORY OF MRS. CORA MILLAY'S LIFE GOES INTO THE HERITAGE OF HEROIC AMERICAN LIVING"

MOTHER OF POETS

Portrait of a woman who made her own frustration spell opportunity for her children

By ELIZABETH BREUER

ABOUT twenty-five years ago a small, dark, slender woman, modestly clad, and carrying a small black bag, might have been seen ascending a path that gave on to the main street of the village of Camden in Maine.

Behind her, in the white frame cottage facing on the stream, she had left her children—three little girls who were destined to make her, her journeys, and that little town immortal to those who love beauty. For the eldest of the brood—being all of eight years—was Edna St. Vincent Millay, now our foremost living woman poet. Norma Millay, actress and singer, came next, and Kathleen Millay, poet and novelist, was the baby.

Making a living as a nurse was an uncertain and harsh prospect in that small northbound town, and the future promised nothing. She had dared the social obloquy attending any divorce in a small puritan village of a quarter of a century ago, because she and her husband differed so widely in their fundamental attitudes toward life—altho they are still friends. She was determined to give her girls a chance.

What was it she was and did that made this mother so successful with her children when fate was so obviously against her? Faith and courage were her only assets—and a pure heart—for of money and physical strength she had none. Every mother would like to know the answer, I think, because every woman wants her children to be great in the vital ways of emotional life and creative expression.

The story of Mrs. Cora Millay's life goes into the heritage of heroic American living, because it is compounded of the hopes and loves and hardships and struggles of all lowly women with noble hearts. It is the story of all women who sit at night in clean-swept kitchens near the stove and read with wonder in their hearts and unnamable longing.

This is their story, but made enduring by successful achievement—women who treasure the instalment-plan piano and the ragged music-roll and the thumbed library books; women who save pennies to pay county tuition, who scrape from the house-money, who sew for neighbors to gain their children advantages.

But few of these women know how to go about developing the fine sensibilities of their children with so sharp and stedfast a taste, and it is because of this exceptional spiritual and esthetic integrity of her life that Mrs. Millay takes her place among the great mothers of great children—those gallant women who did not let poverty or lack of opportunity keep them or their children from the sacred ways of noble living.

What are these ways? Childlike and obvious are they and open to all—to read a poem, to pick a flower with love, to play a tune and to sing, to step out of the door in the morning and see the magic proof of the loftiest poems they read last night spread out in the heavens before them and in the delicate grasses beneath their feet.

These repositories of wealth belong to every country child; this sky Horner or Keats sings of, they too see; this the sacred bond handed down through the ages, these birds and flowers and grasses and seas—in all simple things indeed, but the love of these must be put beyond all the other involved, expensive ways of living—of bridge and fine linen and big houses and fine cars and what "they" will say.

"THEY" said a great deal about this little mother in Camden. Her conduct did not meet with the understanding or approval even of her family. They said there was no sense in it. She ought to take her girls out of school and put them to work in the mills. They told her she wouldn't live probably, anyhow, because she was worn out with work. But she couldn't stop; she had to go on.

"I want them to have their chance"; that was her watchword. And so the slender, frail, little nurse lived on when her relatives despaired of her life; lived on and worked on when she should have been in bed herself; patiently waited on the crotchets of the sick; and after she had been up all night with a feverish patient came home to spend the day keeping house.

Nor was there even rest at home, for never was she too tired to listen to a little girl's poem, to answer a puzzling question, to listen to a wandering, disjointed recital of an adventure of the day. This was the most important thing in her life; it was for this she slaved, battling against sickness, against the terrors and uncertainties of making a living and of living alone with her children.

There were the daily compensations. There was a question of Vincent's, "It's funny, Mother, God and cats and dogs see in the dark." Or "Vincent," as Edna was called, writing her first poem:

> One bird on a tree,
> One bird come to me.
> One bird on the ground,
> One bird hopping round.
> One bird in his nest,
> One bird took a rest.

Coming home to find all three of them writing, Norma at the organ looking up to ask, "Mother, is there a Green March?"

She was happy because they were doing what she had always wanted to do, and couldn't.

When she was home they had such happy times. There was Bach and Mozart and Schubert, and Shakespeare and Shelley. They laughed together and played games they made up themselves. There was "ribbons," the rainy-day game. Ribbons floating in uplifted hands, they ran out into the lovely soft rain, playing tag in the long, high grass, in which they were almost lost; catching, releasing, giggling, screaming with fun and laughter, the rain showering them until, exhausted, they came in, and mother stripped off the wet clothes and gave their glowing bodies a rub-down and a spank.

Other times there was swimming in the Megunticook River, which ran by the yard of their cottage. The girls blew up pillows for water-wings, and, with feet scraping the shallow bottom, finally learned to swim by themselves.

The neighbors told Mrs. Millay they were such good girls when she was gone, but not goody-goody. They hated to wash dishes or clean house, so they made a game of that, too, as they made fun out of all the things pampered children might call hardships. When finally they had to clean up because mother was coming home or a visitor expected, some one would call, "Corner, corner."

Grumbling and groaning but honor-bound, each girl would pick a corner of the room, cleaning to the next and advancing toward the center. Once there, they all rushed at the fourth corner together, tackling it with merriment and fury. Washing dishes was another game, called "Miss Lane," from the miscellaneous tasks of washing, wiping, and putting away, and as they worked at it together they sang a song, composed by Vincent, ending in this refrain:

> There are pots and pans and kettles galore;
> When I think I'm all done there's always some more;
> For here's a dozen and there's a score,
> I'm the Queen of the Dish-pans, hooray!

Continued on Page 60

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TRY THE KLEENEX WAY to remove cold cream

It frees your pores of dangerous dirt and oil . . . without stretching or irritating the skin

You lift two sheets of Kleenex from the automatic package . . . they come out easily while your other hand is busy with the cold cream jar. You blot the cold cream off face and throat with soft absorbent Kleenex—then discard the Kleenex, and with it dirt, grease, germs, and make-up which might otherwise endanger complexion beauty.

Now in Colors

Kleenex comes in dainty tints of pink, green and yellow . . . and white, of course, if you prefer. The box is a marvel of ingenuity which hands out 2 sheets at a time.

YOU know with what infinite care great beauty specialists preserve the delicate texture of the skin. No hard massage . . . but gentle *patting* . . . when creams are applied. No stretching or rubbing of the skin when creams are removed.

Instead, a gentle blotting up of surplus cream with super-absorbent Kleenex, made just for the purpose.

Every woman, in her own home, should use this same scrupulous care if she wishes to preserve her skin's firmness and freshness . . . and youth.

Kleenex is *so* gentle, *so* dainty. You just hold it to your face, and *blot* up the oil and cream. All the dirt and cosmetics come, too, leaving the pores really clean.

Then you discard the soiled tissues. Doesn't this seem a daintier way than staining and ruining towels? It's far cheaper. And more hygienic, too . . . because towels so often harbor germs that may start skin infections. "Cold cream cloths" usually teem with germs!

Use for handkerchiefs

Thousands of women . . . and men, too . . . consider Kleenex far more sensible than handkerchiefs. Office workers keep a box handy in a drawer. Mothers send a box to school with the children.

Kleenex is especially fine to use when there's a cold. You use it once, then discard it. The cold germs are discarded, too . . . instead of being stuffed back into a pocket or purse. Kleenex makes it easier to keep from infecting others, and reinfecting yourself.

Once in your home, you'll find countless uses for Kleenex. It comes in dainty colors, or white if you prefer. The package is a marvel of ingenuity, which hands out two sheets automatically. Buy Kleenex at any toilet goods counter. The coupon will bring a sample.

»——————————————————«

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building, Chicago, Ill.
Please send a sample of Kleenex to: P-8

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues

TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES

By CORINNE LOWE

ALL FACTS AND NO FANCY

IN THE hands of some of these new educators "Jack and the Bean Stalk" is translated to "Health and the Bean Stalk." As for Cinderella's pumpkin coach —oh, la, la, la! the modern fairy godmother would come in with a carrot and call it a day. "Here, my child," she would say, "you need no coach, no fine clothes; eat this carrot and your success is assured." For a gray cloud of literature has descended upon the modern child. In some "progressive" homes he is deprived of "Mother Goose" and the fairy-tales. For these classics are substituted fact literature. Among such modern juveniles the carrot and spinach stalk—I use the verb advisedly—ogres of boredom.

One can see no excuse for the child's books given up to health propaganda. And, altho one admits the place of the volume dealing with turbines, aeroplanes, and other mechanical devices, it would be a sad outlook for the world if this were to constitute an exclusive literary fare.

Our classic fairy-tales go back to the roots of the race. They represent that ancient wisdom which man had before he got mere information. To rob a child therefore of the fairy-tales is to rob him of his spiritual and artistic heritage. We can expect no poets, no artists, no mystics, from children bred on this starvation diet of facts.

It is reassuring, indeed, to hear that Miss Alice Dalgliesh, instructor in kindergarten and first grade of Teachers College, heads her list of books for small children with "Mother Goose." Also that she gives second place to "The Three Bears." Among other books recommended by her for the child of four to six are "Poppy Seed Cakes," by Marjory Clarke; "Peter Rabbit," by Beatrix Potter; "Michael of Ireland," by Marjory Clarke, and "Peregrin and the Goldfish," by Tom Seiderman Freud.

THE RED LINE GROWS IN JAPAN

JAPANESE farms can no longer support the population. The displaced agricultural element, drifting to the cities at the rate of nearly a million a year, is increasing the slums. Unemployment has doubled since 1925. It is discontent such as this which breeds Bolshevism. Present-day Japan is no exception.

Throughout the country, communistic literature is current. The Labor party is mosf actively represented by disciples of Lenin. Lately 825 persons, including seventeen women, were arrested and indicted for participation in a communistic plot against the empire. The fact that over a hundred of these were graduates or students of the two imperial universities reflects the most sinister phase of the situation. Japanese communism is drawing its recruits from the youth, the aristocracy, and the intellectuals of the empire.

ENTER MADEMOISELLE

WE ARE accustomed to thinking that America alone turns out enterprising woman journalists. Not so. France boasts a Mademoiselle Andrée Viollis who has a way of entering upon the scene just when any big news breaks. Latest of her reported "scoops" is flying in a special plane from Soviet Turkestan to Afghanistan to find out about the fourth king which this latter country had crowned in a year.

JUST A SEAT FOR "BITTER SWEET"

THERE are those who refer to "Bitter Sweet" as "Bitter Seat." For so great was the rush to see Noel Coward's operetta by this name that ticket speculators charged, especially for the first night, exorbitant sums. For example, one prominent New York society woman, who called up a speculator regarding two seats for the first night, was told that they cost seventy-five dollars each. "And," added the profiteer, "you'll have to let me know now."

"I will," returned the woman tersely. "Keep them. I'll buy seats on the Stock Exchange instead."

This operetta has continued the hit of the season. Not because it's awfully good. It isn't. Its music is reminiscent; its situations none too clever. But it has an asset. This is Miss Evelyn Laye, the English actress. There is no use in my getting into the adjective race over Miss Laye. Suffice it to say that, like Lucrezia Bori of the Metropolitan, she invests everything she does and says with romance. And—if you must have your adjective—it is "exquisite."

The same word may be applied to Leslie Howard's acting in "Berkeley Square," one of the successes of the season. This play, made from a Henry James novel, has for its basic idea the theory that time is only a thought in the mind of God.

Since time possesses no reality, it becomes perfectly possible for a modern young New-Yorker to take the place of an ancestor landing from America in London of the eighteenth century. But his path diverges from that of the ancestor. Instead of falling in love with his destined bride, he does so with her sister. This love is so different from all earth-bound and possessive sentiment that often we feel ourselves neither in New York nor Berkeley Square, but rather in those medieval streets beside the bridge-hung Arno where Dante first saw Beatrice.

AUTOMAT CONVERSATION

I'M glad not so many people are "intrigued" lately. If I had heard one more person reporting upon her emotional state in that one hackneyed way, I myself should have been intrigued by an asylum. Unfortunately, however, other fad words are intriguing us now. "Complex," for example, and "conscious." Everybody now is fur, dress, or something conscious. Equally contagious is the word "tempo." Wo to any husband nowadays who doesn't get to the furnace in *scherzo prestissimo* time. His wife invariably sighs, "Poor Jim, his tempo's so slow."

I myself wish *tempo* would *fugit*. Also all other words that develop into a mania. What most Americans need is, not verbal fashions, but a deliberate attempt to use every day a new word. If we did this we might develop conversation instead of automatic sounds.

A ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT

"YOU write so d—— well, Virginia," wrote the late Katherine Mansfield to the very present Virginia Woolf. And indeed Virginia does! You say that even if you don't agree with the text of her feministic book, "A Room of One's Own."

This book explains—at least to the author —why woman has not equaled man in the creative arts, especially writing. As we have been through the ages—dependent financially, married off at an early age, untraveled, and usually uneducated—Mrs. Woolf presents us as only a mirror through which man could see his image doubled and glorified. Was it any wonder that, engaged exclusively in building up his self-confidence, we lost our own? That until the present day we have lacked sufficient faith in ourselves to produce great literature or great art of any kind?

Freedom—this is the author's demand for any test of woman's creative capacity. We have now gained tolerance of our artistic talents from man. But we must have more. To free us for travel, leisure, and all enriching experiences we must possess an annual income of $2,500 a year.

Also we must emerge from the family sitting-room, which—with its emphasis upon the personal relations —determined the novel as the one form of literary self-expression among writing women of the nineteenth century.

In order to realize ourselves as individuals—not as mere members of a household or group—we must have a room of our own. And not until we have exchanged the drawing-room, where Jane Austen wrote her fine novels—always putting away the telltale sheets when any caller came in—for such privacy, may we expect great women poets or dramatists. Yes, the family sitting-room has done us wrong!

THE NEW ANESTHETIC

THE dread of an operation centers largely in its preliminary. Even the lion-hearted among us quail at the prospect of the ether-cone and that resultant nausea. It is for this reason that the new German anesthetic of avertin, an injection obviating all danger of subsequent nausea, is bound to find wider use in all our hospitals.

A friend of mine who was the second patient in a large Baltimore hospital to benefit by the administration of avertin thus describes his major operation: "It was no harder than having a tooth out with novocain. When I came out of the anesthetic I wouldn't believe the nurse who told me it was all over."

MORE POWER TO OUR DESCENDANTS

GENERAL WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS, noted engineer, says that in one hundred years we shall have exhausted all the coal and oil. Even if we weren't wasting our natural resources—and this authority asserts that even in the most efficient plants three-fourths of the heat-units are lost—we couldn't prolong indefinitely present sources of mechanical power.

In other words, our grandchildren will have to discover new power agencies. What will they do? Utilize the central heat of the earth or hitch up the sun's rays? Remembering that the sun's heat falling upon desert lands is enough to set all wheels in motion, one considers the latter agency first. Only—these luckless descendants will have to find a way of storing that heat.

PLANE LIVING AMONG WOMEN

VARYING Wordsworth's phrase, we may say that plane living and high thinking are more and more—at least among women. There are now 105 licensed women pilots in the air. Of these nine have transport licenses and eleven are limited to carry their "fares" ten miles from the home base—meaning exactly twenty women who can earn a plane living.

The fresh delicacy of BUTTER

"EVEN before you taste it, you *know* it's creamery-fresh," say women of this dependable butter . . . the same winter, summer and every day in the year.

Try its melting richness on a baked potato! Or spread it thick and sweet on bread . . . It has all the new churned flavor you like.

Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter is made for you in sun-lit dairies, from cream that's tested and graded, of course. Then it is carried to all parts of the country in fast refrigerator cars. Wherever you live, Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter comes to your dealer so quickly!

One step from churn to the store in your neighborhood. *One* experienced, efficient organization carefully guarding quality at every moment of the way!

To be *sure* of freshness, ask for Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter from your dealer today.

Carefully selected for uniformity and fine quality, Swift's Brookfield Eggs are wholesome and delicate in flavor.

Scientific care guards them all the way from poultry farm to your dealer. Swift experts give that special watchfulness which assures you of the best eggs.

In Swift's Brookfield Cheese, too, you will find the high quality which distinguishes Swift's Brookfield Eggs and Butter.

Swift's Brookfield

FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCTS

BUTTER — EGGS — CHEESE

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For all fine things . . . in the fine "Ivory-cleansing

SAFE for delicate gossamer stockings. Safe for pastel-tinted lingerie. Safe for soft little baby woolens. *Extra*-safe for all kinds of fine garments because it is pure and mild. This is what salespeople everywhere will tell you about Ivory.

Whether you shop in Boston or San Francisco or in any of the cities in between, you will find that salespeople prefer to recommend Ivory for washing the fine things they sell. Here are some of the things they say:

"Always use Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes to get the longest wear from silk stockings," said a saleswoman in a fine Atlanta specialty shop. "A stronger soap fades the colors and in time cuts the silk."

"Use Ivory for washable suede or doeskin gloves. Another soap might be all right, but my experience has shown that if you stick to Ivory, you will have no trouble." (Saleswoman in one of Chicago's great State Street department stores.)

"We always recommend Ivory Flakes for fine dress silks

Recommended in every store

When saleswomen in each of New York's 11 largest department stores were asked about washing baby woolens, Ivory was the only soap recommended in every store. As was said by one saleswoman, "You can't be too careful with a baby's things."

In 8 stores out of 8—Kansas City

Ivory was the only soap which salespeople recommended for silk stockings in each of 8 important Kansas City stores. To quote the exact words of one saleswoman—"Ivory is best for silk stockings because it is much milder."

99 44/100% *pure*

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"stores salespeople everywhere say—*is safest*"

because they are the same as Ivory Soap. And we know that Ivory is pure and harmless to the colors and to the silk itself." This remark was made in one of Boston's finest stores.

"Ivory is milder and can be used with absolute safety on all materials that come under the head of washable." This was the way one of the head saleswomen in a leading Detroit store expressed it.

Salespeople feel safer when they recommend Ivory. And you can feel safer when you *use* Ivory. For you know that then you need have no question about your soap.

Ivory, of course, is so gentle that it protects a baby's sensitive skin. Surely then you can be *certain* that it is extra-safe for all your fine things.

Free—A little book, *Thistledown Treasures—their selection and care*, gives specific directions for washing silks, woolens, rayons. Simply send a post card to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VR-30, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Only Ivory"—San Francisco

In each of five fine stores visited in San Francisco, the salespeople advised Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes for washable leather gloves . . . "Ivory is the best for washable suede, doeskin or kid. Stronger soaps fade the colors and harden the leather."

"Won't fade colors"—Washington

In every one of 10 fine Washington stores, Ivory Soap was the one soap recommended for washing fine lingerie by every saleswoman who was questioned. As one saleswoman said, "You know Ivory is perfectly safe whether you use it to bathe the baby or to launder your fine lingerie."

– kind to everything it touches –

The southern apple dish and the Virginia hot bread I learned how to make.

From Johnny Cake Road to Accomac -- good cooking all the way

I've been loitering down through the Chesapeake Bay country which is as chock full of history as a cherry pie is full of cherries, looking for interesting Crisco recipes for you. And I found marvelous recipes, with the flavor of by-gone days, quaintly phrased, calling for "yeast powder" instead of baking powder and speaking familiarly of "saleratus."

And I found marvelous cooks who know about Crisco and the wonderful delicacy foods have when they're cooked with it. In many an old family cook book I saw tucked away the page of cookie recipes I gave you last year in this same magazine.

I met a woman in Baltimore who said, "even Baltimore oysters are *proud* to be fried in such a good fat. Just drain them, season, dip in beaten egg and cracker crumbs and use plenty of Crisco in your skillet. And they're marvelous—all crunchy and crispy."

On to Washington over a stretch of the old Johnny Cake road where teams of oxen still wind their way through Ellicott City, where stands a 200-year-old flour mill, now converted into a modern doughnut-machine factory. Which reminds me that Crisco's the best fat I know to fry doughnuts in, too. They never absorb the fat and stay fresh flavored and sweet for weeks.

Then to Annapolis where the loveliest woman showed me her great-grandmother's hand-written cook book with a recipe for Brown Betty entitled and misspelled in the most ladylike hand, "a fine recipe for a *frugel* housewife." It called for unsalted butter! Not so frugal now!

I have given you this recipe, too, for Crisco costs so little in comparison that you can afford to be lavish with it. Yet it tastes for all the world just like freshly churned sweet butter.

Finally across the bay to Accomac Court House, Virginia, and out to a white-pillared house, where, from the colored cook, I got a recipe for real Virginia spoon bread. I was told that this cook, who hovers over her shiny kitchen stove like a pianist over his Steinway, is famous for miles around.

This Virginia spoon bread isn't like *ordinary* corn bread. It is light and rich, and full of flavor —don't hide its own deliciousness with jelly or syrup.

But you must make the spoon bread with Crisco. This fine cook told me she likes the delicate flavor Crisco gives to foods. She knows too, that Crisco stays fresh, fluffy and snowy white even without ice box help.

I have a cook book, "12 Dozen Time Saving Recipes," that you'll find interesting. You may have it by writing me, Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XR-80, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

SPOON BREAD

4 eggs
2 cups milk
1 cup white corn meal
1 tablespoon sugar
2 tablespoons melted Crisco
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt

Scald milk and salt in double boiler and pour over corn meal. Cool. Add sugar and beaten eggs. Stir in baking powder and last the melted Crisco. Beat well. Bake in greased deep baking dish in moderate oven (350° F.) for about 45 minutes. Spoon out and serve with butter.

"FRUGEL" BROWN BETTY

2 cups crumbled bread (not too fresh)
4 cups finely sliced or chopped tart apples
4 tablespoons Crisco
1 cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon salt

Mix sugar, spices and salt. Brush baking dish with melted Crisco and add layer of crumbs. Sprinkle with sugar mixture. Dot with Crisco. Add layer of apples. Repeat until dish is full, ending with layer of bread crumbs and dotted Crisco on top. Cover and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until apples are cooked (about an hour). Remove cover the last 15 minutes so top gets crunchy and brown. Serve hot with rich lemon custard or hard sauce.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL—Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter and Gamble Co.

Taste Crisco—then any other shortening. Crisco's sweet, fresh flavor will tell you why things made with Crisco taste so much better.

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"JIMMY, DEAR OLD JIMMY! WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

THE BETTER THING

A story of the struggles of a sawdust king

By HELEN BISHOP

Illustrations by R. J. CAVALIERE

HUM and murmur of a thousand voices, the chilly tinkle of ice in glasses, the mingled scent of *chypre* and *caporal* smoke—that odor of Paris, the thrum and syncopation of the American orchestra, and, outside the *café*, the enveloping caress of the Paris Spring night. And then one violin, above the muted drums, singing the song that Jimmy Manning made famous, "Will You Remember?" Who remembered? Well, at any rate, I did, and surely so did Audrey Lester, wherever she might be.

She would be thinking of him on Spring nights in Chicago, when the wind howls in from the lake and the prairies—the wind in the prairie Spring in Illinois. It can be snowing, the drifts piled up, the wind wailing; and behind the snow, behind the wind, you can hear Spring laugh, and smell the violets. Yes, she would be thinking of him; and so was I, as I sat there, remembering the strange story of their brief, ecstatic interlude, which had begun, back in Chicago, once upon a time in the prairie Spring.

Jimmy was twenty-five when he hit New York like a thunderbolt. His people had been small-time troupers; his life had been spent with circuses, minstrel and medicine shows through the Middle West, all up and down the Mississippi. No one had ever heard of him until after his first New York night. Radiant, young, gleeful, from the top of his shining head to his dancing toes, he was that rare combination, an engaging, suave comedian who somewhere had learned to dance with such careless grace as Broadway had never seen.

Already, too, he was a superb "showman"; not a trick but he had at his finger-tips.

And, beyond all this, he had that quality, more precious than diamonds in the theater, an irresistible love of life, something about him that sent a racing feeling of excitement running through you.

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He went on, unknown, that opening night of Bernstein's first "Frolic"; and up there, in the white light, he stopped the show. When the last curtain fell he had the ball at his feet; he had but to kick it. And how he kicked it during the next five years!

He lost his young wife somewhere. I heard that she went back to her father's home in Illinois. He married again, a famous beauty. The marriage lasted a year. The beauty broke her heart over him; their bizarre and jewel-like house went on the market, and Manning took an apartment atop a sky-scraper, where his negro servants, and a pet monkey, wore green livery, with the initials "J. M." on the collar.

He drank steadily; was never obviously drunk, but was always drinking. It was said that he took drugs, but that was not true. As for women—well, all he had to do was to reach up to the stars and they tumbled down into his careless arms.

Yet through all these too swift, decadent years his appearance hardly changed. He had still about him that lovely look of youth. And he never missed a show when he was playing; never varied an atom from the perfection and elegance of his performance. Everything else might go to the winds, but when the orchestra took up his song and his cue came, he was there, in the wings, shaking, perhaps, from the night before, but ready to go on.

He and Audrey Lester met at one of those polyglot studio parties to which, it seems, people from every stratum in society are invited. She had seen his show in Chicago and was agog with excitement over meeting him. Jimmy, very drunk in his quiet way, raised her hand to his lips, smiled his mocking smile into her eyes, said a few words, and forgot her. But she did not forget him.

She told me, long afterward, that she must have fallen in love with him then, and never afterward fell out, altho five more years went by before they met again. Audrey had spent those years in Europe, studying painting. She came back, already a bit of a personage; already beginning to go up the ladder, while Jimmy had begun to slip back.

Drinking almost constantly, he quickly tired of other interests. He had walked out of a play one day at the height of its success and had taken a boat to Europe. Engagements were easy there—London, Paris, Vienna, had gone wild over him—but back on Broadway, to which inevitably he returned, managers were wary of him. He had gained a reputation for instability, and not all his talent, not all his charm, not all the pleading of his agent, could win back for him his old place in the sun.

Then a new firm, with a fortune behind it, planned a production with a part that shrieked for Jimmy Manning. A dozen actors were tried out. No one could do it. Finally they had to send for him. Walking down Forty-second Street that morning, he decided on one flip of the cards—everything or nothing. He stated his terms. The producers were aghast, but he moved not an inch from his position. They took him. They had a gold-mine in that production, but it was a gold-mine that could not be worked without Jimmy Manning, and they knew it.

Rehearsals began. Hours of wild confusion, with the chorus in practise-clothes looking like a kindergarten on the loose; costumes that were all wrong—they always are—and that suddenly became superlatively right; spotlights that would not work, or had to be changed to suit the raging prima donna; and through it all Jimmy Manning steaming the production along with his inexhaustible vitality, giving and getting a hundred laughs at each rehearsal, using his impudent blue eyes with deadly effect on every member of the chorus—"playing the field" as he always played it.

THEY opened in Chicago. Audrey Lester, reading the notice that David Cunningham had the honor to present James Manning in "The Jazz Baby," felt a sudden excitement sweep through her. Would he remember her if they should happen to meet? Determined to find out, she accepted an invitation to a party to be given for him after the show on the first night.

The opening night! A house packed to suffocation. Back in the dressing-rooms they heard the overture as the call-boy made his last rounds. Jimmy Manning heard it—that faint, thrilling music that once, in those black months of ostracism, he had thought never to hear for himself again. And here he was, the star of a show that would break all records, or he was a horse's neck!

He fastened a gardenia carefully in his button-hole. Three gardenias had arrived that night for him: one from Mary, one from Tangerine, and one from Doris. He knew who Mary was. "Great little kid," he thought, "sweet of her to remember. But who the deuce are Tangerine and Doris? Nice of them, anyway."

He gave a last, sharp look into the mirror as his dresser handed him his top-hat and the famous gold stick he had carried in every success. Then he went to the wings, brushed by the rustling chorus, bestowed a kiss here and there on a soft cheek, and waited, with a little half smile on his lips, for his cue.

Audrey felt a shiver run through her as, to applause that rose and fell and rose again, he sauntered forward to the footlights. The orchestra waited. Finally the baton lifted, the violins whispered, and Jimmy's voice began very softly:

I've a jazz baby, and I love her truly——,

He sang it through, the song that after that night ran like wildfire from coast to coast. He danced to the left, beautifully, effortlessly. Left stage, leaning on his stick, he took up the song again. The chorus drifted on, swayed behind him, and joined in the music.

HIS smile caressed the audience, swept the front row, giving every woman there the feeling that he smiled at her alone—one of his best box-office tricks—and came to rest as he met Audrey's golden eyes, which in a flash looked deep into his. A devil in him prompted him to hold her gaze, to see if he could, and as the full orchestra surged once more into the final chorus, he sang to her:

You're my jazz baby and I love you truly;
Tell me you love me, too.

And then, strutting as only he could strut, with a careless wave of the hand, he was gone. The house broke into an uproar. He came back, smiled and bowed, and impishly contrived to give the bow to Audrey. The show was stopped. Jimmy Manning had come back! Here was the old exhilaration of success: chorus-girls pushing him back on the stage; pretty women in the front rows jangling bracelets as they clapped their hands; the company slapping him on the shoulders as, finally, the audience let him go. Jimmy Manning had come back!

But when the final curtain fell and, escaping from the excited congratulations of the producers and the company, he went to his dressing-room, he felt suddenly let down into a black gulf of depression. He knew the symptoms; he was in for it—in for one of those stretches of hating life, hating himself, doubting himself, remembering things he wanted to forget. He sat down before the mirror and began to remove his make-up. He looked old.

He thought, "I want a drink. I'd give my soul for a drink," and broke into a sweat, realizing that he must not take a drink, remembering the lines about not drinking that the producers had forced into his contract. Behind the flowers that filled one side of the room was a gift of a box containing six quart bottles of whisky. He had laughed when he opened the package. Whisky! He was on the wagon! And nothing could make him come off. That business was washed up for good!

But now he sat there, fighting with everything in him the desire that poured through him fiendishly. He wanted a drink—just one—to help him out of this depression. A crowd was waiting for him. A fine companion he'd be—he'd be nasty to some one in this mood.

He stood up and began to get into his clothes. His hands were shaking so that he dropped his coat. He cursed out loud and, flinging around, groped frantically behind the flowers, tore a bottle from its wrappings, poured a tumblerful of whisky, drank it, and gulped down some water.

Ah—that was better! Warmth was running in him, where a moment ago he had been shivering. He leaned toward the mirror—of course he didn't look old! The young, delightful face smiled back at him; the eyes were alight. He felt the old, delicious sensation of being on top of the world. One Jimmy Manning—only one! He had held the audience in his hand, all right. A house gone wild; women, as in the old days, making more racket than the men. A girl with golden eyes letting him see deep into her heart.

Their romance began that night. A week later, with the house sold out for weeks ahead, Jimmy and Audrey Lester went alone to a magistrate's office and were married. He wanted to get away where they could be together, he had said; he wanted to take her to Europe; he wanted to have his golden baby to himself.

To Audrey, an outsider in the theater, there seemed nothing strange in his walking out of the show; she had no conception of the trouper's horror of such desertion, of how bitterly he would be reviled for closing the show at the height of its success. For, of course, it would close, for a time, at least. Jimmy Manning could not be replaced in a moment.

The news of their marriage leaked out before they reached New York, and they were surrounded as soon as they stepped from the train. Audrey did not like it very well. Their marriage, she felt, was their own affair. But Jimmy ate it up. The click of cameras, the questions of reporters, the comments of the crowd—this was the music of the spheres to him.

He put his arm around Audrey, smiled his famous smile, and gave the cameramen all the poses they wanted. One of them, who had known him for years, shot a sharp look at him. "Drunk," he said to himself, "drunk as a lord."

AT MIDNIGHT they sailed in the bridal suite of the biggest liner afloat. Jimmy's friends came to see them off, with gardenias for Jimmy and roses for his bride. Audrey was too happy to care about the furious message that came from her father. She worried a little

over Jimmy's drinking, but only a little, and she did not speak about it.

He never was drunk, as she understood drunkenness, and she did not yet realize that since the first night of "Jazz Baby" he had been lost continuously in that other world which then had opened for him again. She merely thought that in the long years in the theater, with their grueling hours of rehearsal and strain of performances, he had become able to drink steadily without becoming drunk, and she let it go at that.

April saw them in Paris, a Paris rediscovered through the rose-colored glasses of her rapture. May and June they spent in London, with long days at the races, long nights of dancing, dinners at little inns by the old, enchanted river—always crowds and music and gaiety. But often, at eight o'clock in the evening, Jimmy would become restless; the habits of a lifetime made him nervous. Somewhere there were theaters and the company

hurrying in through the stage-door, stopping a moment to look for mail and glance at the call-board.

One night, at this hour, while Audrey was putting a last touch to her hair, Jimmy turned from the window and spoke her name. She was startled. He never called her "Audrey"; it was always "Baby" or "Honey" or "Sweetheart."

"Yes?" She noticed that he looked different somehow; tired, the light gone out.

"I don't want to go into the country. Do you mind? I'd go cuckoo—shouldn't know what to do with myself. I'm a theater bird, you know. Wish I had a job now."

A cold hand clutched her heart. "Go easy, go easy," she thought; "take it lightly." She smiled. "Of course, darling, I understand. What would you like to do?"

He began pacing the room restlessly. "Let's go to the Orient. That would be new; I'm fed up with doing the same thing. You've never been there, have you?"

The allure of novelty set the fire going again, coupled with the drink he poured out and took at one gulp. Audrey watched him. He was "fed up"—"fed up" with her? Still speaking lightly, she replied, "That would be great, Jimmy. I'd love it. And when we come back you can get back to work. You really belong on the stage, of course, not playing the social game."

A terrible look crossed his face. He would never be on the stage again, he thought. No producer would give him a job after this last "bone he'd pulled." Never again would the orchestra begin a song of his; never again would the spotlight bathe him in a warmth more blessed than that of any sun. He had thrown it all away for his "golden baby," for a pair of golden eyes that had flooded him with their light on that night three months ago. Only three months ago!

"DAY AFTER DAY OF THE LONG VOYAGE HE CONSIDERED THEIR SITUATION SANELY"

He choked back the words that came to his lips. He must not let her know. She was a great little sport. Not her fault if she did not belong in the theater—if she could never know what the theater meant to him, who had been suckled in a dressing-room, whose baby bed, many times, had been the hard seat of a train when his parents had been playing one-night stands.

Looking at Audrey now, seeing the question in her steady eyes, a passion of tenderness rushed over him. Suddenly she was more precious to him than she had ever been. He went over and knelt down beside her.

"Put your arms around me, Baby—tighter. Kiss me!"

A long kiss that quickened, as it always did, with desire. He looked earnestly into her eyes.

"Listen, Baby, if ever I get restless and get nasty, don't pay any attention to me. I'll try never to get nasty to you." He smiled whimsically, the smile that she loved and that made her heart turn over. "You've married an old man, you know. Oh, yes, you have. Thirty-five's old in the theater. And sometimes an old man gets cranky."

She laughed in delicious relief. "You're never nasty to me, Jimmy darling. Never anything but thoughtful and sweet. What makes you talk like this to-night? Aren't you happy?"

"I'm happier than I ever thought I could be, but I'm a bad egg, Sweetheart; you don't know me yet. I'll wake up some morning hating myself, and because I hate myself and hate what my life has made me, I'll act as if I hated you. I'm telling you—don't pay any attention to me. I'll be loving you just the same."

She stopped him with her lips against his, and for a long time they sat silent. Two days later they sailed for the Orient.

The second night out Audrey went to bed early, leaving Jimmy at the poker-table. Hours later the glare of lights wakened her. Jimmy stood at the window, staring out at the darkness. He was swaying a little. The ocean was quiet, the ship steady.

He shook his head, muttered something she could not understand, then turned and walked across the room. He seemed to see that she was awake, but he did not smile nor speak. He stumbled, caught himself, shook his head again, like a dazed animal, and muttered. This time she understood what he was saying:

"Steady, Jimmy! Manning never staggers—pull yourself together. You may be cock-eyed, but don't stagger."

He steadied himself against the bathroom door and stared at her. Then he smiled, his charming, studied, stage smile—how often she had seen it, for the benefit of the cameramen!—and gave her a little bow.

"I'm cock-eyed, Baby, and I love it." He swayed. "And I'm going to be cock-eyed for the rest of my life." He reached for the whisky, drained a glass.

She thought, "This is a dream. I'll wake up." He came over and sat on the side of the bed, raised her hand to his lips. "Acting," she thought.

"Prettiest girl in the chorus. What a break for me! Be nice to Jimmy Manning and he'll make a star of you; teach you a dance that'll knock them for a row of wooden houses. Watch!"

He began the dance that had been the hit of "The Jazz Baby." He did not miss a turn, not one of the tricky steps to miss which would have meant a broken leg. Audrey stared at him. She sat quite still, her knees drawn up, while that lithe figure capered there, and the murmur of the engine and the soft hiss of the racing water were the only sounds. He finished at last; strutted around the bed to her and sat down.

"How do you like it?" he asked drunkenly. She forced herself to answer naturally.

"It's great."

"You bet it's great! It went big to-night, didn't it?" He chuckled. "Well, Baby, if you're nice to me I'll teach you the steps and we'll get Cunningham to put in a number for us. Be down at the theater at noon to-morrow and we'll try it out. And now give me a kiss."

She lifted her face, knowing that to speak would be useless. But he got to his feet and went into the bathroom. She heard him drawing a bath and humming. Once he fell, and a string of oaths made her feel suddenly nauseated. She sat there, clutching her knees, and listened as he splashed about, all the time talking to himself.

He was back in the theater once more; had thought her the careless companion of some forgotten night. She shivered; somewhere in her chest was a dull pain. "Heartache," she thought; "the heart really does ache." When he came back into the room he did not look at her. He went through his usual process of rubbing himself with preparations from a half dozen bottles that always stood on his dressing-table. How often she had been amused at all this theater paraphernalia!

For hours, it seemed, he moved about the room, now steadily, now staggering, shaking his head, fighting for control. At last, when it seemed that she must scream, he snapped off the lights and threw himself on his own bed. She listened in the darkness until his heavy breathing told her he had fallen asleep.

THE rest of the voyage was like some strange fantasy of ether. Somewhere in his consciousness Jimmy had turned the corner from a region of high and golden light-heartedness to one of dismal torment. He would wake in the morning and, reaching for the whisky-bottle on the bedside table, would pour himself a drink without a glance at Audrey, or a word.

Until noon he would lie quite still, a cigaret between his lips, lost in the Lethean land where she could not follow. Afternoons he spent usually in his deck-chair, staring, with eyes that saw nothing, at the endless stretches of ocean.

Only at night did he come alive. Then he would spend hours at poker, speaking hardly a word, until at length, pocketing his winnings—for with the uncanny luck of the true drunkard he always won—he would take her arm solicitously, smile his stage smile for the benefit of the party, and saunter out on deck with her. Acting, acting always! For, once away from the others, he was lost to her again. How long could this last? she wondered. How long could she stand it?

Then came a morning when the great liner's engines sobbed and stood still as they waited for the pilot to come aboard. Strange craft surrounded them; the shipping of the ports of the world met Audrey's eyes as she came on deck.

The Stars and Stripes flashed across her vision; tears came. She had never known before what the sight of one's own flag can do to one half across the world from home. Going to their cabin, she found Jimmy dressed, meticulous as ever in his appearance. She strove to act casually.

"Oh, you're ready, dear," she said lightly. "That's fine. Come up on deck. There's an American battle-ship near by; it looks good enough to eat."

He watched her, a tortured smile on his lips, as she picked up last odds and ends in that cabin which had been hell to her. When they were ready to go and he stood holding the door open for her, he took her hand. For a moment he looked into her eyes with a gleam of sanity, a light of tenderness.

"You're a thoroughbred, Baby," he said. "Sorry." That was all. And they were no sooner in their room at the hotel in Shanghai than he excused himself, promising to

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NIGHT OF THE PACT

By
INEZ
HAYNES
IRWIN

Decoration by
ROBERT LAWSON

"A TIGER, TWO BALLS OF GREEN-FIRE EYES GLARING AT HIM, WAS CRAWLING UP THE BEDCLOTHES"

HARRY PAYSON'S head seemed to be resting in a hollow filled with liquid fire. He sat upright and seized his pillow. It was like a bag of embers packed solid. He shook it, threw it to the other side of the bed; slipped the second pillow into its place. This was frigid in contrast, and putting his head on it was like dropping into a twilight cloud. But his head still boiled, and in a brief interval the pillow seemed to boil too.

It was going to be a white night. He had lived through many white nights lately. It did not seem possible that he could live through another. With a definite effort he relaxed the tenseness of his long, thin body; tried to make himself null and void.

Across the marshes from the village came the sounds of the bowling alley—the resonant roll of the balls over the alleys, the click as they hit, and the roar as the pins went down. How many times he had followed imaginary matches during the last week; tried to picture results, to total scores! An instant, his mind seemed to waver sleepward; for suddenly it seemed to him that he was listening not to bowling, but to a gigantic game of billiards performed on some flat cloud in the immensities of sidereal space.

Yes, thank Heavens, he had drifted off; altho, *mirabile dictu*, he had also drifted back. Something had brought him back. It was the soft plop—plop of Deenie's padding paws clawing into the bedclothes over his chest.

"Lie down, Kitty!" he addressed his bedfellow, and Deenie, with an accidental motion which looked like obedience, settled himself by the foot-board.

Was his sleep broken for the night? Or could he drop into it again? How hot his bed was! The sheets actually seared him. And he was thirsty. He lifted himself out onto the floor; turned the clothes softly back so as not to disturb Deenie and yet to uncover to the cool, Autumnal breeze that human-shaped crater which his body had burned into the mattress. In his scuffs he shuffled out to the bathroom; took a long drink; turned back to his room.

How often one was a little asleep, he reflected, when one thought oneself electrically awake! Oh, if Deenie had not dissipated that drift toward unconsciousness! If he had only not got up! For all his senses were muffled. As he approached his bedroom the sounds of the bowling seemed to have retreated to an infinite distance. From the doorway the lights of the little, close, friendly village seemed to have removed into infinite space. Even his bed looked incredibly remote.

He stepped over the threshold and advanced to the middle of the room. And then suddenly came terror—came horror—blood-icing, nerve-firing, brain-curdling horror.

At the point where Payson stood the floor seemed to melt. He sank. Still standing, but swaying, he sank—sank—infinitely sank. His last conscious sensations were the blurred flash in his eyes of the village lights far away as Orion, the tiny clash in his ears of the bowling-pins far away as Cassiopeia.

His last conscious thought was a wild clutch at explanation for all this: Somewhere in that walk from the door to his bed he must have stepped on an elastic sinew of space. And the colossal sag of that sinew was dropping him into another dimension. But the drop went too fast for him. He fell into blackness, nothingness.

He did not retrieve his senses all together. One of them functioned for an infinitesimal instant, then blanked. Another fluttered a signal—faded. Two or three worked together, then suddenly winked out like bubbles. After a while lashes of hearing, sight, smell cut him. Then suddenly one impression sank deep.

The air was full of sounds.

He was certain that he knew most of these sounds; but somehow his memory, flattened like dead rubber, would not tell him what they were. Well, he'd let the sounds go. He held himself passive. They flowed over him.

Something flapped against his cheek. For an instant his blood seemed to turn into colliding drops of mercury. Could it be only a leaf? He knew presently that it *was* only a leaf, for another touched him and another and another. He recognized, with a sense of relief almost voluptuous, the cool, moist contact of veiny surface, the tiny rasp of serrated edges.

There were leaves all about him. He was looking into a network of leaves. He was gazing through these interstices straight up into the sky, richly brilliant, of a Summer night. He examined the stars—curiously as from a suprahuman point of view. How cold they were, how calculating! Llewellyn Powys's phrase came to him—"cat's eyes." He found, however, that his sore mind could not consider that phrase now; it hurt too much. Besides, over the sounds, smells were coming to his nostrils, familiar enough smells, but disquieting.

Big cats were about.

Payson had hunted too often in Africa not to know the "doxeyish" smell of the lion. Was he lying in camp on the veld? No, he couldn't be in Africa. A brief interval before, he had been lying in his own bed in Scituate. He had dropped on a sagging dimension of space into——

Now he found he could examine the sounds. A medley! He took them one by one: bleat, blart, whinny, neigh, yelp, bark, whine, nicker. And then suddenly— The ground must have shaken under the impetus of that roar; almost, it seemed, he felt a slight oscillation of his leafy bed. Followed silence; awed, profound, pregnant silence. So nightly, by sleep-tearing terrors, had the lion threatened horrible extinction. So nightly, by bleak silence, had the veld promised terrified fealty. Leo was a mile or two away, Payson calculated.

Now he had it! He was lying in a huge vine-woven nest which in its turn lay on the outstretched branch of a tree. Many a time he had watched tree-monkeys pulling themselves from whiplike branch and viny thong to just such nests as this. And those stars were not the stars which, embedded in imperial silvery air, watched over his New England home. They were the stars of a more languorous, velvet dark—the stars of Africa.

THE awful influence of that roar had vanished. Sounds again. Memory was stirring! Moo of cow, yelp of dog, sigh of leopard, unearthly laughter of hyena, and—Again his blood turned to mercury, and this time to a solid fluid. Payson recognized that bellow. Once, looking helplessly from the tree to which, gunless, he had fled, Payson had seen a black man actually blotted out by a jungle-buffalo.

After the infuriated dance, which lasted hours, there had been nothing to mark the passing of that splendid statue of ebon flesh but a damp spot on the ground and the broken gun he had thrown away in his flight. Payson's hands flexed from their convulsive clutching at boughs. He lay for an interval inert, sweating at every pore. And in that interval, the sounds flowed into him; the smells reeked over him.

Gradually manhood returned.

His hands groped, exploring his eyry. It was strong enough. At his back rounded a tree-trunk like a pillar. Vine-stems, of the size of his thumb, had interwoven between branches, making cradle-floor and cradle-walls of a reassuring toughness, but also of an elasticity. His fingers finally found, one on either side, a pair of boughs conveniently close. Slowly, noiselessly, he pulled himself upright.

He was looking straight forward, and downward, into a vast, circular space. From this vast space ran away a plain—vast too; ran away and up until it almost touched the stars. The space had been so cleared of tree, so leveled of bush that it was like a round table-top; yet close to its edge, thick, bristling, grew the jungle. From it in every direction, tho, avenues, wide, long, infinitely long, ending nowhere, rayed off through that jungle. In the avenue directly opposite him loomed a white glimmer.

Payson put his eyes on that glimmer; succeeded in focusing them; stared intently. After a while outlines pricked his vision. A cow—a white cow, a simple, harmless, domestic cow. Enormous, tho, and—her fore feet planted just back of the circle's rim—moveless; solid too as tho sculptured in snowy marble. Apparently she had torn her way through the jungle. From her horns still hung shreds of vine dangling dark, lily-shaped blossoms. How strange that he could have confused the moo of a farm-cow with the bellow of a jungle-buffalo!

And then—ah, there had been no confusion! Once hearing that bellow in a zoo, he had retreated hastily to a taxicab and home. Payson sank back into his nest; fought for composure. After a while the moon came out; poured so potent a magic on his eyelids that it drew them open. Courage flowed back for the second time. He pulled himself upright again. And this time he just managed to suppress exclamation.

The moon had changed the great cleared basin into a bowl of foaming white fire. Molten moonlight was flowing into it too from the jungle avenues.

The white cow still stood, her fore feet almost touching the rim of the circle. And now in every direction the scene came into being. Back of the white cow stretched—Cow-horns seemed to interlock on and on to the very stars. The moonlight grew tangible, sharp, blade-like. It dredged the jungle of shadow. Forms materialized; outlines took on a perturbing familiarity, noises a sinister identification.

The white cow's whole left was a universe of horns. Those needle-tipped, vicious black bows—there were the buffalo! Were there as many as that in the whole world? The next avenue bristled antlers—reindeer—caribou—oryx—koodoo. The trepidant patter of Payson's heart stilled a little. Antelope, eland, elk, deer, impala! Were the impala—their graceful bodies uplifting such gracefully branched heads—God's last apposite aim at beauty?

And were the gazels, their delicate sticks of legs lost in the grass, God's last exquisite try at whimsy?

That was the left of the white cow. To the right the moonlight flowed over glossy backs. An ammoniacal dung-smell swept over him. Horses! For a long distance up the avenue flashed the wild ivory roll of their eyes as maned heads tossed. Then they blurred off into darkness.

Another avenue! Yelps he got and barks, but he could not see the dogs; mewings and spittings, but he could not see the cats.

Payson's wondering eye followed the circle's rim, and then with a sudden dilation of the pupils stopped. One avenue seemed empty. But the moonlight caught in the distance on ebony motion. He watched. Advancing with a steady liquid slowness came a leader, a line, a tide. Elephants—elephants—elephants. Was there no end to those monumental bulks?

Trunks, standing upright, coiled like serpents, sensing the air, turned jetty; tusks, still trailing jungle-vines, turned milky, under the moonlight. Ah—it was proper, Payson noted with a thrill of pride—the colossal African elephants led the delegation.

ROAR of lion again and then many roars! Leo was approaching *en masse*. Nearer—nearer. Sound turned to an iron roof that pressed the trees down to the earth. Sound turned to cannon-balls that raked intervening space. In Africa the roar of the lion at night had never bothered Payson. Now he wondered if his eardrums would last.

After a while he got sight. They approached in wide files, a magnificent black mane in the lead. And then, in an instant, as tho a signal had been passed along the line, the unbearable thunders ceased. The lions stood silent and still, vast ranks, bulking tawny against the moon-wet emerald of the jungle.

It was coming too thick and fast. From one direction, with a gentle rocking amble, in white satin dappled with brown, advanced the giraffes; like court ladies approaching presentation. Their heads, lost in the heights of the trees, found peep-holes among the leaves, through which, with an innocent credulity, attentively they gazed and listened.

From another direction flowed leopards, flecking the green with the gilt iridescence of velvety spots of brown on velvety sheen of yellow. Flittering black and white, one instant all black, another all white, the zebras streaked the night.

And now there were flickers of color everywhere; quivers of motion. Those wide-mawed, rolling hulks—hippopotami. Payson thrilled. He liked the river-horses. With solid step a monster rhinoceros led an armor-plated battalion of his kind. Bears, white, brown, black, shambled their section full, emitting a casual woof.

Suddenly came the pungent smell of the sea. Ah, his far right, which, crane as he would, Payson could not glimpse, must be given over to the ocean creatures. What was to his far left? Perhaps he would never know. Small, inarticulate, unimportant beasts, he guessed, whose meek voice of greeting or shrill pipe of protest could not rise above the hubbub.

Suddenly came action. The White Cow—all this time she had remained a marble monument—moved forward slightly; put both fore feet at the edge of the ring. Instantly fell silence—awful silence; dead, moveless, eternal silence. Had the whole world died? Payson's nerves crisped. Better the bellow of the buffalo than this denial of sound. Anything but a complete sidereal negation.

And then the White Cow spoke—spoke—spoke with words. An instant only, Payson was conscious of a miracle. Then he listened.

"Fellow creatures, you all know for what reason you have been called here to-night." The White Cow's voice was low, solemn, but of a thrilling serenity. It was balm to Payson's torn nerves. He strained to catch each word.

"But before we open the discussion, which will perhaps prove the most important in our history," the White Cow continued, "I will—as has been our immemorial custom on the Night of the Pact—call your attention to the law which provides that the expression of any natural preying instincts by the assembled delegates on this annual truce, or of any acquired murderous enmities, will be punished by immediate death.

"Also at the rise of the sun the delegates will disperse according to the prescribed immemorial rotation—the Sea Creatures departing first, the Domestic Animals next, and the Wild Beasts last. In my capacity of chairman I now throw the meeting open to you."

The White Cow's last word had scarcely dropped before there was movement at Payson's shadowy left. He leaned a little out of his leafy nest. A Hyena, slinking into the moonlight, carefully placed his fore feet on the edge of the circle. His snout pressed so far forward, however, that his high, powerful, ungainly shoulders overhung the ring. "Madam Chairman," he said.

"The delegate from the Hyenas," the Cow responded.

"I wish, first of all," the Hyena began, "to register a complaint. It may be in questionable taste for me to do this now and here; but I make it in the interests of our next meeting. I protested in committee, and I now protest before this assembly, against again choosing a chairman for the Night of the Pact from the Domestic Animals. In the first place, tho huge in numbers, the Domestic Animals—all the circumstances of their history prove this—lack both initiative and courage. In the second place, if this meeting ends as we Wild Animals hope it will end, as it should end, as inevitably a meeting will one night end, the logical leader should be one of us.

"I wish to register now my conviction that the chairman for the next Night of the Pact should be a Lion.

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"THE MOONLIGHT GREW TANGIBLE, SHARP, BLADE-LIKE. IT DREDGED THE JUNGLE OF SHADOW. FORMS MATERIALIZED; OUTLINES TOOK ON A PERTURBING FAMILIARITY"

"'PARDON ME,' SAID HIS VOICE, 'BUT AREN'T YOU MISS WILSON?'"

The part of a perfect hero and the end of a perfect day

ONE KNIGHT OFF

By ELISE JERARD

Illustrations by JOSEPH L. SABO

"EMBARRASSMENT MADE HIM KIND OF AWKWARD, SO DID HIS NEW SHOES"

AH, NAUGHTY NEW YORK!

ONCE again our esteemed fellow citizen and cross-country commuter, Willie Barnes, departs for points East in his capacity of buyer of leather goods for Newt Brothers, Banner Store. After a week's sojourn in the giddy buyer's paradise on the Hudson he will return to regale us with his usual glowing tales of how the bags are more beauteous than ever, girls, and how a good time was had in the gay and glittering burg. Good luck and good trip to you, Willie, as ever! Don't do anything you can't write home about! Lucky dog!

Every Spring and Fall this announcement, or the equivalent, appeared on the "Personal Page" of the Ormesburg *Gazette*. Every Spring and Fall the red-blooded, he-man citizens would assail him with a sly-dog dig in the ribs.

"All those bright lights! Boy! All those beautiful girls! Bet he sure does some steppin' out when he cuts loose of your apron-strings, Sallie! Yes, sir, bet he's a regular devil!"

Then they'd guffaw. And Willie would turn faintly green, and Sallie's wifely hand would shoot to his shoulder with possessive certainty.

"Oh, no, you can't get me nervous! You don't know my Willie if you think such things."

And Willie would twitch a little smile, feeling like a tame dog on a leash wagging its tail. Automatically four inches would fall from his five foot four, and personality dropped with a cardiac thud to minus.

Afterward he lay agonizing in his bed in the neat, white, jerry-made stucco house exactly like eleven other neat, white, jerry-made stucco houses, with a tree fore and aft and a dab of lawn ditto on Sunset Boulevard, north of the town where the rising young couples lived.

Exhibit A of inhibitions, that's what he was. Little, dull, mow-the-lawn, and push-the-pram husband you could be dead sure of. Stuck in his rut so that not even New York could budge him. Stuck so he couldn't even budge his wife.

And she hadn't been so sure of him once. Not in those courting days—some pep to him then. Able to get a rise out of her, make her eyes shine. But now they had that chronic calm. Just her oldest, helpful, and harmless boy to mother along with the other children and make the target for the other men. Some virile specimen. The Casanova complex that lurks in the humblest male bosom as in the hardiest—bled.

On this particular March morning, tho his hair had not turned white, his face was pale and set. He boarded his train with a determined swing. As the Knickerbocker Limited plunged panting forward, the thin streamer of Sallie's voice came fluttering after, final souvenir of home, sweet home:

"Will-lee, don't forget to wear your muffler!"

He turned sharply on his heel. He strode into the train. With all the dignity he could muster in a waving world he lurched through the Pullman to the smoking-car, that haven immemorial where men are men.

Dark Hades of tunnel heralding the coming of New York. A black face in a red cap swooping him to daylight and a yellow taxi. Stalled in a traffic snarl on Fifth Avenue to the tune of ticking meters and quivering cars, he sniffed the gas-fumes with a swift lift of freedom. A sense of quickened rhythm, life, snap, and speed. They inched west to the McAllister. The milling lobby gobbled him up. He didn't even flinch when there were only two-room suites to be had.

Once installed in his vast domain, he prowled luxuriously about, enjoying his royal flush and suppressing a tendency to arithmetic. Some setting, he'd tell the world. Tan-mohair living-room looking and listening right down on the Great White Way—blue-and-white bedroom—needle-shower bath. Some difference from the old, faded red plush and dark-brown-sauce furniture of his usual side-street diggings at the Schermerhorn. Still on the crest of his wave, he quickly seized the phone. He called Heimerdinger & Ryan, Luxor Leather Goods

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His finger-tips drummed little moist marks on the blotter.

Then came the big, booming voice, filling the phone and the room. Willie bobbed his speech to New York briskness:

". . . O. K., thanks. . . . Just blew in this minute. . . . Fine, and yours? . . . Great, growing by the hour. . . ." Slowly a blush spread to his ears. He cleared his throat, lowered his voice confidentially. "Say, listen, Heimerdinger. . . . What I want to ask is this. . . . The fact is, I won't be able to give quite the usual attention to business this trip. . . . Got a sick uncle in town. . . . Yeh, pretty bad—eh—Bright's disease. . . . Thanks, I hope so to. . . . But will you do something for me, Heimerdinger? . . . Send up, say, a dozen of your best numbers? . . . At the McAllister. . . . Save me a lot of time. . . . Thanks, that's awfully nice of you. . . . O. K., see you soon."

Subsequently, in similar vein, he called Schulhof & Gratz and The Bag Beautiful.

Then he slumped in his chair, mopped his brow. Pretty low. Short-changing the house that trusted you. He thought of his other trips. By this time he'd have been out buzzing around the leather zone on his round of conscientious calls.

He shrugged it off. He seized his hat. Wage-slave no more.

THE whirling door spat him out; Broadway's crowds sucked him up. He was borne along in the mob; he was a private in the army. A whistle blew. All halted. A whistle blew. All rushed on. This is the life, he thought.

He didn't know just where he was going, but he was on his way. Free as air. Pleasure-bound. The day lay before him. Just stroll along. As a matter of fact he wasn't strolling. He was walking very fast, but he was gazing into shop-windows. In Weller & Heilman's a pigeon-breasted dress suit posed. Willie paused meditatively. He entered.

A triple mirror showed him three unimportant, little men. They were all Willie. He'd never owned one of these infernal things. And the suit knew it. He looked like a tailor's dummy that wasn't making good. And what right, mocked the still, small voice, have you to buy a dress suit? Settled home man? Settled was just what he wasn't going to be. Anyway it would fit his son some day. Maybe. He hoped not.

The suit separated him from ninety dollars, the not without a struggle. The hard-boiled shirt, the little, pale tie, the vest, the silk socks, and glossy pumps that the clerk said would "give" excavated another fifty. Well, it was the price of pleasure.

Exhausted by his draining morning, he sought the nearest cafeteria and eased the inner man with a fifty-cent lunch.

At last when he and the afternoon were no longer young he gave himself up to the barber at the McAllister and let himself be unbearded, bobbed, and baptized; let his face, draped with mud, be sucked back to a bachelor trimness.

In the hands of a henna-haired manicurist with pert patter, roses grew on his nails and he learned about night clubs from her: "Club Cosmo's a 'class' room. . . . 'Heyhey's' only three bucks cover . . . that's a whoopee parlor. . . . If you want anything . . . you know . . . see Mike, captain of the bell-boys. . . . Most of the laughing water's bathtub stuff, but he'll treat you right. . . . 'Bye-Bye, Bacardi' is the best show in town . . . eight bucks per, if you get a break."

At six he lay strenuously trying to relax. His mind chugged like a hot motor. The big night lay ahead. What next? Where do we go from here? Plenty of people he could have asked to share his evening, of course. Might have asked one of the girls from the business houses. Miss Arno, for instance. She might have gone with him. Even if he was married. But he didn't want to ask Miss Arno. Might expect a big order or something. Or expect him to do it every time.

No use mixing business with pleasure. Besides he didn't want it all cut and dried. That was where the adventure came in, wasn't it? He was in a city where things happened every minute. You heard of things all the time—in the papers, from the other buyers. Man alone in the city of lights, romance. Moving-picture plots came to him.

At seven he had defeated the last cuff-link. He was ready to go down. Still he'd forgotten something. To write to Sallie. Every day, every trip. Her face rose before him. Firmly he waved her back. Not to-night.

The perfect hero strode down the hall. In the elevator he caught sight of his face. It was still a married face. He drew himself up; slipped on the Menjou manner. The perfect hero stepped jauntily into the lobby. He turned, walked to the north door, eyed the drizzle, turned, strolled to the south door and back to center.

Before him swirled something like the opening scene of a musical comedy, expensive, unreal. Stage business called for chatter; "walk on" parts; members of the ensemble leaned against marble columns; supers in perfect evening clothes— "What the Man Will Wear." Soft strains from behind scenes—the dining-rooms—seeping up from the grill. Noises without—slamming, whistles. Very well done. You wanted to give it a hand from your little seat outside it all. Small boy in buttons calling, "Mister McKenzie—Mister Coh-en!" What was Cohen to him—or he to Cohen?

He had a sudden acute attack of stage-fright, with complications of that strange disease, geographic inferiority complex. All about him Southern drawls, Western sharps, favorite sons of small-town firms—he could spot them. They could pick him. Beau Brummell from the sticks.

He stopped ten feet from the desk, with the phone screaming in his ears. He stood until he became one of the oldest inhabitants, one of the first families of lobby-lollers. Familiarity bred ease.

Gradually he began with a little more daring to steal glances out of the corner of his eye at the ladies in waiting on all sides. Ladies, ladies everywhere. Slim ones sheathed in shining metal clothes, voluptuous velvets; sleek-furred ladies, mostly with that big-city front boarding up their expressions. Protective hardness. Barbed-wire *hauteur*—"No trespassing." Made him stiff and half apologetic. Yet surreptitiously he got to know them; the big blond in the ermine; the little, long-nosed brunette; the one with the ears; the star-eyed baby—one by one they were picked off, borne away. Was it just his imagination or had the star-eyed baby really begun to melt?—as the hands of the clock turned round. He watched with a wondering eye, to her final exit with a mustached, masterful one in spats. Had he really witnessed something? How could you be sure?

He began to feel maybe he'd bitten off more than he could chew. A man could stand here all night. How was it—how did you— Boasts beat in his embarrassed ears. "Pardon me," he said, "but aren't you Miss Wilson?" It wasn't that simple at all. Either he'd missed a link somewhere or they'd lied.

Come on, he said to himself, this isn't getting us anywhere. Besides he was getting hungry. That lunch hadn't lasted. Vegetables *casserola*. That was the trouble with vegetables.

With fresh second wind he strolled urbanely to the door. A damp draft leaked from the satin street. Out of the corner of his right eye he surveyed "Miss Marcel Wave"—at least that's what he thought they were—bright, fascinating, mechanical, like rows in a vegetable garden. In her hand she had a bit of chiffon. With it she kept dabbing her eyes; then she'd peer at the street. Willie's heart knocked. Here, he wondered, could be a logical opening? Well, nothing attempted, nothing gained.

He leaned over swiftly, flicked her lightly on the elbow. She started.

"Pardon me," he said.

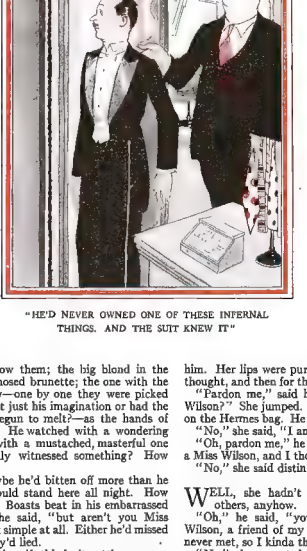
She gave him a swift, miserable glance.

"Oh, shut up!" she said without malice, but with infinite weariness.

RED-EARED, he escaped. The shock fluttered in his middle.

He climbed the stairs to the mezzanine, wanly lamplit, cozily cushioned. He paced. On the third trip around he saw the lovely red-haired girl. She wore a deep black hat, a gray suit, violets on one shoulder. She was on her way up. Delightful creature. Wide-eyed, she waved, she smiled—incredible—she came straight to him.

At a distance of three feet she stopped. Her face flushed slowly. She turned. Willie advanced boldly.



"HE'D NEVER OWNED ONE OF THESE INFERNAL THINGS. AND THE SUIT KNEW IT"

"Pardon me," he cleared his throat, "but aren't you," he asked with great politeness, "Miss Wilson?"

The lovely red-haired girl drew herself up to one inch above his height and gave him what is technically termed "the eye."

"I don't know you," she said haughtily, "and, what's more, I don't care to."

A slap in the face could not have tingled more: He crawled away. From his corner, like a rat, he saw her pass with an eager little man.

"So near-sighted," she said, "I actually took him for—" There was a glint on her left hand. With a sinking feeling he went down again. Quarter to eight. He had failed. He was a washout. Hunger gnawed him. One block away the savory Blue Cord. Brisket of beef with horseradish sauce and potato dumplings. Well, after all, he had done his best. Of course the Blue Cord in dinner-clothes—a little ridiculous, all by yourself. Desperately he eyed the underpopulated lobby. Only one had stood the gaff as long as he.

Determined, back to the flower-shop, the hanging ferns, the Spring's first tender daisy plants—the lanky girl stood, patient. Up to now he'd really only noticed her bag, imported, pearl mesh with rhinestone frame. A French house; he thought it a Hermes. Wished he could see the label. Now a personal note merged with the professional solicitude.

The girl—well, you'd really call her a woman—sure was a veteran of long standing. His heart went out to her by sympathy of common solicitude. She, too, must know the weariness, the burning soles, the aching appetite. Well, why not try her? Positively the last. He swallowed. He marched forward. The large, rather sad, dark eyes gazed through him. Her lips were pursed. Well, if we fail, we fail, he thought, and then for the brisket.

"Pardon me," said his voice, "but aren't you Miss Wilson?" She jumped. Her hands tightened perceptibly on the Hermes bag. He was sure it was a Hermes.

"No," she said, "I am not."

"Oh, pardon me," he said; "you see, I was waiting for a Miss Wilson, and I thought you might be her."

"No," she said distinctly, "I am not she."

WELL, she hadn't given him the count like the others, anyhow.

"Oh," he said, "you see, I was waiting for Miss Wilson, a friend of my sister's from out of town who I never met, so I kinda thought you might be her."

"No," she repeated with a ghost of a smile, "I'm sorry, but I'm not she."

"I'm sorry, too," he said.

Now what?

His eye took in her red-velvet wrap with the white-hare collar. He wondered vaguely why she wore red. She was too swarthy for red. He bobbed briskly up and down on his toes.

"Perhaps you're waiting for somebody too?"

She looked anxiously about

"Yes, a lady friend and her brother were to meet me here at seven o'clock. I can't imagine what happened to them. They must have gotten the wrong hotel, or the wrong night or something. Because I know *I* couldn't be wrong, because I always write everything down in a book."

"Well, it's three minutes of eight now," he said, tapping his foot. "There must have been a slip somewhere. What are we going to do about it? Starve?"

She laughed faintly.

He was slightly irritated. She might have helped a little. But maybe it wasn't the code. A man had to face it alone.

"Well," he said gaily, "suppose we call it a day and drown our sorrows over a little bite—together. I mean—you know—'misery loves company.'"

She looked startled, as if she were not expecting it.

"Oh, no, I couldn't. I've never done such a thing."

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One of America's most celebrated authors frankly confesses a preference

I'LL HAVE A LITTLE GIRL, PLEASE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

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KATHLEEN NORRIS

Photo by Arnold Genthe

ARE you goin' to have it for a boy or a girl, Ma?" asks one of the children of the immortal Mrs. Wiggs, creeping to her bedside when the doctor has brought the new baby in his black bag.

Mrs. Wiggs, wiser than the child, knows that she has no choice, and announces that she is going to have it for a girl. But if she were given her preference she probably would choose to have it for a boy.

Or at least if Mrs. Wiggs, wearily considering a fifth maternal responsibility, might not have cared much either way, the average young mother differs with her, especially about a first child. Most women, anticipating that important oldest baby, want a son, and the chances are that if young parents could select the sex of the first child, and the only child, ninety-nine out of every hundred of them would speak for a boy.

There is no reason, no logic in this, as far as they are concerned. But there is reason for it, a reason as old as the race.

Behind the little modern mother, with her safety, freedom, luxury, her lace-lined bassinet and gold safety-pins, is the biological record of the race—the fears and hopes of the generations of women who have gone before her. Without knowing it, she is one of them when this supreme experience comes. She remembers a world in which all women needed the protection of men, a world of wars, migrations, famines, pestilences, floods. She remembers the old duty laid upon her sex, to bring heirs to titles, estates, perhaps to a throne.

And she hopes her first baby will be a boy.

The prospective father hopes so, too. He likes the thought of a son—an heir, even when there is nothing much to inherit—a boy to carry on the line even when the line might be much better broken off short.

We all use those outgrown phrases complacently when the child is a boy: "Ah, that's nice!" "A son, is it?" "Just what they wanted!"

The congratulations strike a less certain note when the child is a girl.

"How do they feel about it?" we ask cautiously. And we brighten when we hear that they are delighted. "Plenty of time for a boy!"

It was compactly expressed by a young mother a few months ago when I asked her which sex would please her better in the expected second child. The older is a magnificent boy of five.

"Well, I'm sitting pretty!" she said contentedly. She had her son, and whatever the new baby proved to be she could not be reproached. Funny survival of old feeling! The years inevitably prove the little girl to be nearer her father's heart of hearts than the boy is, and when she gets to be a tall ten or twelve, with a mane of bright hair on her shoulders, and bright eyes piercing all the fascinating mysteries of the world about her, what a companion to mother's shopping-trips and club days she turns out to be!

Her brother, adorable and blunt and absorbed in chains and strings, never sees a baby, never sees a garden, never sees a twisted old beggar beside the road!

But Rosemary does. "Look at that serious-faced baby, Mother!" "Mother, couldn't we have those goldy flowers in with our blue ones?" "Mother, there's one of my poor pencil men!"

Her brother rarely, consciously, tries to be good. He appears neither to know that there is goodness nor to have any interest in exploring the spiritual or supernatural. But your little girl is born with a conscience. She runs for slippers, she pats an aching head with cool, tender—even if muddy or sticky—little hands. She studies, comes in with her speller to be heard. She conserves, cherishing the family treasures, listening entranced to its archives.

The boy is over at George's. He swoops mysteriously through the motor-gate on his bicycle; his bell echoes down unknown roads. It is only when she rescues him from mortal peril that his mother is rewarded by a casual "Gee, you're kind!" or "Thanks awfully, Mom!"

He begins, at fifteen, to need praise for any sort of family co-operation; his idea is to escape from dull, elderly relatives, emergency dish-washing, church attendance. One sees him, in his thousands, at the back of the church, kneeling on one knee, eying the ceiling, his hat in his hand.

But the daughter rejoices in her religious duties, delights in pretty attentions to grandma and Cousin Horace, putters away interestedly at the stove and sink, pleased with permission to make cookies when the dishes are done.

And later, when Billy is calling on a different girl every night, and away at least thirty week-ends a year, his sister is drawing her own group to the home circle. Her schoolgirl friends come first, and the boys follow. The fudge and rarebits of her teens give way to Sunday-night suppers, for which she plans interestedly—the ham, the cake, lots of hot coffee.

Of her son's girl friends his mother knows little. She wishes he would like darling Mary White, or dignified little Janet Brown, but he seems to know so many girls nowadays! She bags him occasionally, loving to rest her hand on the big, athletic arm.

"Want to take me to a picture on Friday? Daddy and Rosemary are going on a trip."

"Love it, Mom!"

"You hadn't an engagement, dear?"

"Nope. Well, I had. I was going with Tom to a party somewhere. But, gosh, I don't care anything about it! Sure I'll go to a movie."

Hopefully, she mentions ten. He has seen them all. Some are vile, some are the limit, but two or three he would just as soon see again.

And then he marries, and she really does lose him in earnest. Happily sometimes, gratefully sometimes. But no matter how interesting, admirable, affectionate a young husband and father he turns out to be, he is no longer his mother's little son.

Hard—hard on mother, that mother was so fatuously pleased with herself when the doctor said, "It's a little boy."

Dad minds it less. In the first place he lost the little boy, in a sense, many years before. There are exceptions, of course, but the general rule is that dad gives the boy up somewhere between the ages of ten and fifteen. Billy's ungainliness, his laziness, his attitude toward baths and lessons and manners generally, alienate his father.

"I'll be hanged if I can understand that kid, Rose!"

"But he's only a *little boy*, dear!"

This is the Greek chorus in any house with a little boy in it. Later many fathers have strange jealousies, strange curiosities where their sons are concerned "What does he *do* with his allowance?" "How far is he going with that girl?" the man of the family mutters uneasily.

The boy is reserved, mysterious. "Everything all right at school, dear?"

"Sure."

"You're not worrying about anything?"

"Nope."

His mother knows he is, just the same. But if she can not penetrate the fastnesses of his growing shell, his father rarely even suspects that the shell is there.

Because, if dad is fortunate, another baby came to the family not long after the desired and eagerly awaited male child. And this child was a girl.

Not in the lumpy, spotty, wailing stages, perhaps—no. But just as soon as the top of that little girl's head grew silky, and just as soon as her eyes came to distinguish her own daddy from all the other persons who were coming and going about her, then that little girl gripped his heart in her two microscopic hands—and she has never let go.

His daughter! That flying vision of skates and middy blouse and bright hair coming down the street like a whirlwind to meet him, that armful of soapy, powdery, sleepy sweetness creeping into his big chair to kiss him good night—his little girl.

"Isn't she sweet, Rose?" he says sheepishly, looking across her unconscious little head when Domestic Law descends to take her up to bed.

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PEACE AND CONTENTMENT

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Third and last of the fascinating series of mysteries in which Miss Marple again confounds her audience

"'TWO OF THE ENGLISH —LADIES—HAD GONE IN TO BATHE, AND ONE HAD SWUM OUT TOO FAR AND GOT INTO DIFFICULTIES'"

COMPANIONS

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

Illustration by DE ALTON VALENTINE

"NOW, Dr. Lloyd," said Miss Helier, "don't *you* know any creepy stories?"

She smiled at him—the smile that nightly bewitched the theater-going public. Jane Helier was sometimes called the most beautiful woman in England, and jealous members of her own profession were in the habit of saying to each other, "Of course Jane's not an *artist*. She can't *act*—if you know what I mean. It's those eyes!"

And those "eyes" were at this minute fixed appealingly on the grizzled, elderly bachelor doctor who for the last five years had ministered to the ailments of the village of St. Mary Mead.

With an unconscious gesture the doctor pulled down his waistcoat (inclined of late to be uncomfortably tight) and racked his brains hastily, so as not to disappoint the lovely creature who addressed him so confidently.

"I feel," said Jane dreamily, "that I would like to wallow in crime this evening."

"Splendid!" said Colonel Bantry, her host. "Splendid, splendid!" And he laughed a loud, hearty, military laugh. "Eh, Dolly?"

His wife, hastily recalled to the exigencies of social life (she had been planning her Spring border), agreed enthusiastically.

"Of course it's splendid," she said heartily but vaguely. "I always thought so."

"Did you, my dear?" said old Miss Marple, and her eyes twinkled a little.

"We don't get much in the creepy line, and still less in the criminal line, in St. Mary Mead, you know, Miss Helier," said Dr. Lloyd.

"You surprize me," said Sir Henry Clithering. The ex-Commissioner of Scotland Yard turned to Miss Marple. "I always understand from our friend here that St. Mary Mead is a positive hotbed of crime and vice."

"Oh, Sir Henry!" protested Miss Marple, a spot of color coming into her cheeks. "I'm sure I never said anything of the kind. The only thing I ever said was that human nature is much the same in a village as anywhere else—only one has opportunities, and leisure, for seeing it at closer quarters."

"But *you* haven't always lived here," said Jane Helier, still addressing the doctor. "You've been in all sorts of queer places all over the world—places where things *happen!*"

"That is so, of course," said Dr. Lloyd, still thinking desperately. "Yes, of course, of course. Yes. Ah, I have it!"

He sank back with a sigh of relief.

"It is some years ago now—I had almost forgotten. But the facts were really very strange, very strange indeed. And the final coincidence which put the clue into my hand was strange also."

Miss Helier drew her chair a little nearer to him, applied some lipstick, and waited expectantly. The others also turned interested faces toward him.

"I don't know whether any of you know the Canary Islands," began the doctor.

"They must be wonderful," said Jane Helier. "They're in the South Seas, aren't they? Or is it the Mediterranean?"

"I've called in there on my way to South Africa," said the colonel. "The peak of Teneriffe is a fine sight with the setting sun on it."

"The incident I am describing happened in the island of Grand Canary, not Teneriffe. It is a good many years ago now. I had had a breakdown in health and was forced to give up my practise in England and go abroad. I practised in Las Palmas, which is the principal town of Grand Canary. In many ways I enjoyed the life out there very much. The climate was mild and sunny, there was excellent surf-bathing (and I am an enthusiastic bather), and the sea life of the port attracted me. Ships from all over the world put in at Las Palmas. I used to walk along the mole every morning far more interested than any member of the fair sex could be in a street of hat-shops.

"As I say, ships from all over the world put in at Las Palmas. Sometimes they stay a few hours, sometimes a day or two. In the principal hotel there, the Metropole, you will see people of all races and nationalities—birds of passage. Even the people going to Teneriffe usually come there and stay a few days before crossing to the other island.

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THE DUEL OF THE QUEENS

By
E. BARRINGTON

Illustrations by
FORTUNINO MATANIA

"CHASTELARD GONE CLEAN MAD, AS SHE SUPPOSED, ENTREATING HER TO

THE STORY SO FAR

Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, and Queen of France for a brief interval, has decided to abandon the land of her adoption, which she loves, and return to the country of her inheritance, in which she has little faith. She must leave France to the ambitions of Catherine de Medici, Queen Mother, who tolerated her for reasons of state as long as her young husband, Francis, was alive, but now that the boy king is dead Catherine has turned a cold shoulder.

Having besought Queen Elizabeth for a safe passage back to Scotland, Mary meets only suspicion from this jealous monarch. But in spite of royal rebuffs Mary embarks for the Scottish coast with a small retinue of devoted Frenchmen and her loyal Scots—ladies in waiting—all Marys, all young, and all of them beautiful.

The English boats lie lurking to capture her bark, but a sudden fog settles on the sea and the desolate young queen escapes the trap of English intrigue. In wind and rain she lands, unexpected by her subjects, in some little port of Scotland—only another omen for one who even in childhood was aware that a tragic destiny awaited her.

BUT Mary Stuart must set her teeth to endure when, landing on the coast of Scotland in the gray, dank mist, she saw the pitiful train of half-starved nags with ragged saddles sent to convey her and her train to Edinburgh on hearing her own were lost.

To Mary Seton, who rode at her bridle-rein, she spoke in a bitter whisper:

"It was a proud thing to be Queen of Scotland in France, but, to think that the French lords should know what it is in truth! See them laughing at the poor little garrons. Oh, if I had wings to fly away to my Touraine from this cold and inhospitable shore!"

It was a girl's lament, not a woman's, and yet most natural. Cold rain soaked into their bones, cold mists, dank as death, veiled the countryside, and the miserable ponies stood drooping in the general wretchedness, a part and symbol of it all. At the moment Mary Stuart loathed her kingdom.

Mary Seton drew coldly away. She was not the girl to accept contempt for her country, and least of all from its queen.

"I am ashamed for you, Mary Stuart! Is it like a queen to trouble for a paltry pony and saddle? May you never have worse to blush for. You are a week before-hand with them—and whose fault is that? Scotland is a poor country, but you know well there are brave hearts here to love and serve you, and I take that for more than a padded saddle and a prancing steed. Let them see you have a heart, those poor laddies with their eyes on you!"

That was the right note. Mary lifted her head with spirit and laughed at the men about her. Mary Beton rode with an air of thwarted pride. Mary Fleming and Mary Livingstone, side by side, heads hung down, half dead with shame. The Mary of Marys laughed aloud, and clapped her gloved hands at the head of the disconsolate party.

"Lucky we are that have four feet each to carry us instead of our own two, for they never dreamed to see their queen this day! I welcome you to Scotland, my lords and ladies To hard living and gay adventure and the open moors and sport and dance and merriment. And if that is not enough for any man or woman here let them sail for France again Hands up for Scotland!"

Not a man or woman but accepted the gay challenge, and laughing hands were flung in the air as they set out for Edinburgh town, with the news flying before them on a hundred bare running feet that the queen was come

Out poured the people from every village they passed, falling in behind and around her, mad with eagerness to see the fair face whose fame rang round the world "Lord, save us, the bonny, bonny lass!" they cried, and the shouting grew and the volume of shouting, cheering men and women, and so in an avalanche of loyalty and wonder they descended in an invading host on Edinburgh. Out poured the lord provost and the bailies in hastily assumed robes of office Out poured the gilds, the honest citizens, their pretty daughters in sober dresses suited to the spirit of gravity spread abroad by Master John Knox and his seriously minded followers!

Yet even those lowering brows smiled at the sight of their laughing queen come among them in the perfect flower of womanhood, born in such cruel tempests of war, whose mother had discharged her great office with such courage and wisdom. Mary came to them unguarded, offering them her love with the gladdest, most confident smiles, assured of theirs.

And yet she had known sorrow. Those lovely eyes were scarcely dry from tears from her lost husband, her lost kingdom of France They would be good to her. She should not suffer! Eighteen! Not too late for joy and a prosperous reign.

The cavalcade reached her palace of Holyrood, lowlying, gray in its solitude. As if, holding its pride apart, it brooded darkly over the tragic memories of its stormy past. The sinister majesty of the place was the right setting for the splendors of her court, she thought.

"And thanks to the Blessed Virgin I do not come empty-handed," she said softly to Mary Seton. "Scotland has no riches to support a queen's pomp and pride. But I bring gold and plenty in my hand, and Holyrood shall outshine my good cousin of England's Greenwich and Hampton Court. We will make it beautiful, Mary Seton; so beautiful that all the world shall come to me!"

EXULTATION uplifted her quick spirit now because the people crowded and praised her, and because Holyrood lay dim and majestic in the setting sun and was her own.

For the rest of the day, folks crowded under the palace windows, shouting to see her. And when darkness fell and she had eaten her first meal in her own house and sat worn out with excitement, an appalling serenade arose under her window, sounding as tho all the saucepans and kettles of Edinburgh had been gathered

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Second instalment of a fascinating historical romance dealing with the bitter rivalry between Elizabeth, Queen of England, and Mary, Queen of Scots

VE MERCY ON HIS TORTURED LOVE AND RELEASE HIS SOUL FROM HELL"

in a crash-bang to do honor to the returning ruler. They were fiddles and rebecs, no doubt, but as the melody developed it seemed that every cat in Edinburgh had joined its voice to the tumult. Heavens, what could it be! Was it a premeditated insult? If so— But no, slowly, solemnly, nasal and strident, voices emerged, chanting a doleful strain.

"I think," said Mary Seton, "that it will be one of the psalms of David. Master John Knox has commended the use of only such words for the enjoyment of the godly. We must endure it."

"Indeed I consider it a very worthy and moving homage!" cried Mary with spirit. Not even the appalling disharmony wounding her sensitive ear should wring a criticism from her. Chastelard frowned until his eyebrows knotted. What a homage to beauty and royalty!

The psalm droned on intolerably, and Mary sat resolute, stifling the longing to stop her ears.

"I shall sit here until it is done and pay them with my best thanks and a drink of something heartening. The poor souls! It is well meant!"

"If you sit here, my royal sister, till it is done, you will sit until to-morrow morning," said a grave voice behind her chair.

A man had entered unheard, clothed in dark rich damask with a close-feathered cap in his hand. A tall man, light-haired and of a fair, freckled complexion, light eyes set close together in a narrow forehead. He with an air of breeding and command which would have stamped him anywhere as a person of consideration—her base-born brother, James Stuart, who was to visit his father's sin upon himself and her in many and strange ways. She loved him as she was ready to love all who showed her any kindness, and sprang to meet him.

"I AM right glad to see you, brother! You would have been at Leith if you had known I could slip with such ease and speed through the English net! Come, sit by me, and when the psalm is done we will show ourselves together at the window."

"It will never be done," he answered; "that is, until to-morrow morning. It is a compliment to your majesty and must be taken as such. Master John Knox has commended the psalms to the earnest study of the people, and they are sung now at all weddings and rejoicings according to the text, 'If any be merry let him sing psalms.' I own it appears reasonable."

"No doubt," said Mary faintly, "but all night! and my bedroom is this way. They are at my very chamber window."

"As a serenade should be, madam," Chastelard interposed with bitter sarcasm.

James Stuart shot a swift glance at the man. One might have to endure these French *mignons* for the moment, but their shrift should be short indeed.

"Scotland is Scotland!" he said, "and if her majesty approves the serenade it is good enough. May I counsel you to sleep early, madam, for to-morrow there is much business to discuss and you are wearied."

She agreed, rising hastily, and all dispersed. But in her chamber alone with Mary Seton, with the bellowing of the psalms still deafening her, she put her mouth to the ear of Mary Seton, and asserted:

"You do not like my brother James. You do not trust him. And why?"

"For reasons good and many. Bend your ear and I will tell you. I can not scream like a gull against the gale. Because you are Mary Stuart and he is James Stuart, and the man is base-born and disinherited, and a woman rules him and takes and gives as she will. Can a man bear that easily, especially a treacherous one? The Setons know him, as they have reason."

It was impossible to speak with dignity against the roar of psalm singing, but Mary Stuart did her best to assert her trust of the narrow-eyed batch of brothers and a haughty sister whom her father's amour had given her. She did believe in them, for hers was an easy heart to win, and she intended to make it clear that the bar sinister was no bar to natural affection. But it was impossible to protest against the bellowing under the window, and Mary Seton stuck her fingers in her ears and laughed, and the exhausted queen crept into bed under her embla zoned coverlets of velvet.

BUT the psalms redoubled in vigor as more and more Reformers added themselves to the crowd beneath. Beautiful and winning their queen might be, but she must not forget that she was unregenerate. And the very thought spurred them on to miracles of endurance. Brantôme, sitting sleepless in his own chamber, wrote a paragraph in the new chapter of his history.

"There came under her window five or six hundred ragamuffins of that town who gave her a concert of the vilest fiddles and little rebecs, which are as bad as they can be in that country, and accompanied them by singing psalms, but so wretchedly that nothing could be worse. Ah, what melody it was! What a lullaby for the night!"

"She can never stand this country!" he thought. "We must have her again in France. Better marry some true French nobleman and send a son trained to the manner to rule these barbarians than waste her heavenly beauty and wit on the impossible. And to-morrow she must grimace and thank the brutes for their howling."

He was right. Pale from sleeplessness, she had to appear at the window next day and tender gracious thanks to the shouting crowd.

"My good lieges, I thank you for your melody of last night, which I enjoyed with all my heart both as to its manner and matter. I ask you to continue it this night also if that be your pleasure as it is mine."

"Your majesty did not think they had lungs left to accept your invitation!" said Mary Livingstone mischievously next evening when it broke forth again like the braying of millions of donkeys. But Mary was past jesting

"For the love of God, change my room to another," was all she could say, "for nothing will stop them but the last trumpet unless it were my death, which is much to be wished."

But next day and for some days to come things bettered on that harsh welcome. Great noblemen came crowding to give her greeting from castle and towers. Their eager wives and daughters crowded up in the best imitation of French fashions to see their queen and her ladies pass their dresses in review. Holyrood was a gay tumult of coming and going, of clashing swords and ringing spurs and the jest and oaths of merry men-at-arms.

Buchanan, her tutor, who was beginning to plumb the depths of public opinion, was making notes all the time for his own guidance and that of others. Grave doubts began to trouble him. All were crowding to see and welcome her, and that was natural enough, for, as he wrote, "The excellency of her mien, the delicacy of her beauty, the freshness of her blooming years, and the elegancy of her wit recommended her to all." But to his keen eye the formation of two strong parties was becoming visible under the surface of unity.

And if that were so the one party would be headed by herself, an inexperienced girl, and the other by the

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bastard James Stuart, whom she was creating Earl of Moray as a token of her love—Moray, experienced in intrigue, a bitter foe to Catholics, on whose lands and church estates he had fattened, with Elizabeth to back him in England and the powerful Master John Knox in Scotland.

It would perhaps be wise for a tutor to royal personages to stint a little in his praises of the young queen until he saw which way the cat would jump. It had been politic to sing them *fortissimo* in France, where all adored her. Would it be so in Scotland?

SUNDAY morning dawned on the Chapel Royal of Holyrood, in readiness for what Moray called in his own heart "the mummery of the mass" as he strode up the great stair to his sister. To him religion meant nothing spiritually, but politically it was a mighty engine. One must stoop to conquer, one must shout with the biggest crowd, and in that way bring them to heel.

But at that moment, like her old tutor Buchanan, Mary was uncertain of his course. Which was the party to be well with? Would John Knox, with his eternal hell aflame, his difficult heaven, capture the dour obstinacy in the Scottish people and rule them through it, or would the amazing grace and winning charm of the girl on the throne enlist the whole nobility of Scotland under her banner and restore the feudal aristocracy with all its powers and privileges in the very teeth of the dogged democracy which was coming in with the Reformers?

He pondered the matter deeply as he kissed her hand and then her cheek and asked her how she did.

"Well, brother, and very well, and now give me your arm and lead me to the Chapel Royal there to hear mass and thank God for my safe arrival. Come, lords and ladies all."

They were assembled, men and women, watching the face of Moray to see how he would take it—he who had suffered public rebuke from Master Knox and accepted it meekly. Would he go? Would he defy the queen? They did not know their Moray.

He stood leaning on his sword.

"Madam, it is true I assured your majesty in France that you would have the freedom of worship for yourself and your followers, but yet I think you will do wisely to delay the privilege. There is thunder in the air. The Scots people take kindly to no priest, and so will you find it, I fear."

She answered temperately as heart could wish.

"My lord, I will constrain none. Let each find his own road to heaven. But I too will keep my own. Again I ask your arm to the Chapel Royal!"

Instead of moving he flung up his hand in a quick gesture to call attention. There was a roar of cries and shoutings outside, and the cry of a man as tho in desperate fear and agony.

Mary rushed to the window with Moray at her shoulder.

A man in knightly armor led the throng, brandishing his sword. A knot of the crowd was struggling over some one fighting for his life.

"What is it? Send out and save the poor wretch. Who leads the cowards?" Mary said to Moray.

"Lord Lindsay of the Byres and a man of proved worth and fidelity!" he answered gravely. "And what he shouts is, 'The idolater priest shall die the death.' Be warned, madam, there should be no mass to-day."

"There shall and will," she cried, "if there is a priest in Scotland to say it! What is this? *Mon père*, how have these devils used you?"

For faint, bleeding, and tattered, a man rushed into the great room and fell exhausted at her feet. It was the good old Father Ambrose, who had served her in France, himself a Scotsman of noble birth, and now thus used by his own countrymen. She knelt beside him with quivering lips.

"Father, you will forgive the offenders as I forgive them, as the Mother of Sorrows forgives them. But we will hear the mass to-day, if we die for it, you and I together. You can not serve it, but you will bless the Chapel Royal with your holy presence. Send for Father Lawrence, Mary Seton, and bathe his forehead with the essence in my *gibecière*."

As he lay recovering, Moray looked down upon him with an immovable expression. Finally the priest rose unsteadily to his feet.

"Madam, the mass shall be said before your majesty this day, and I myself will say it. You say true. We forgive our enemies. They know not what they do. I follow your majesty."

She put her arm through Moray's and walked on proudly, followed by all. At the door of the chapel she looked up in his face.

"Brother, will you enter?"

He disengaged his arm.

"Madam, that is impossible because I am by no means assured that the crowd will not break in upon your devotions. I will guard the door."

They trooped in, and Mary Seton unable to concentrate upon music and chanting, considered his attitude. He would guard the door for the queen's sake! Yes, she would remember that gratefully. But to John Knox and the Reformers he would say:

"I would not enter the cursed place of idolatry, not I! I would stand only at the door to guard my queen as is my duty. She will get no more of me than that."

Whatever might be Mary Seton's opinion as to second marriage, it had taken very few days in Scotland to convince her that the queen must have a husband, strong, wise, and true, who would have the wit and power to hold both parties in check and blend them into unison for the sake of all Scotland and Europe. But where could that paragon be found? Not a foreign king—the Scots nobles would never brook that or a Catholic, nor would Elizabeth, sitting like a spider in her web in London. Surely not a Protestant, for Mary Stuart herself would never endure a heretic.

"Perhaps after all she had best give up this stormy crown and settle in France and send her children to rule here!" she thought, rising after the last Latin prayer. "It is too hard a task for a woman. God help her! What shall she do?"

What she did was to send immediately a proclamation to the Market Cross of Edinburgh, there to be affixed for the information of all the city. It proclaimed in no uncertain tone that her determination was to compose all the religious distractions of her realm. That she would neither interrupt nor interfere with the form of religion which she had found established there upon her return and would punish with death any attempt on the part of any person to molest it. But that for herself she claimed the same liberty of conscience to follow her own faith, and commanded her subjects not to molest any of her servants nor those who had accompanied her out of Paris, under the same penalty.

It was a proclamation that no sovereign but herself could have issued at that time. Her sweet-spirited tolerance for other men's opinions set her so far in advance that men could not comprehend her attitude and thought it weakness. It was far enough from that. She considered Knox's doctrines dangerous to the state, but they were his, and if that was all he could accept let him go his way. But for herself, she would hold on the ancient way illuminated by the great lights of the saints whom all Christendom revered. They illuminated her path, and she asked no question.

She spoke of this to Brantôme one evening as she sat in the great embrasure of one of the windows, adding:

"You will think it strange, my friend, but this struggle gives me the first joy I have had in Scotland. One may gnaw one's heart over little things, but the great are a trumpet-call to the battle-field, where to fight and triumph or to fight and die are the rewards, and I do not know which is the greater. I have half forgotten France. No, not my gratitude, never that! I could as soon forget my natural mother. I mean I have forgotten the idle joy I took there, for I was a child then. I am a woman now."

A woman! He could have smiled thinking of her eighteen years, but yet, on second thought, it was true in certain ways. She who had been all laughter and candor was assuming a reserve and gravity he had never suspected in her. Courage he had always allowed her and a certain gallant dash and daring, but wisdom! He scarcely knew what to make of this new Mary as yet.

SHE confirmed all men's notion of her courage by commanding a visit from John Knox after she had been about ten days in Edinburgh. Indeed it astonished himself. He sharpened his weapons for the attack as tho she had been a council of grave doctors of the church in session. Theological questions were to be discussed, and what hope could she have of controverting his arguments, his fiery flow of eloquence, and above all his deep and rooted contempt for her sex?

Might it not even be possible that he might overpower her reason and lead her captive as the most glorious triumph of Reformers? He said as much to Moray, who by no means loved him, and would have dreaded such an outcome as a death-blow to his own hopes. Moray shook his head sadly.

"I fear, Master Knox, you will find her an unpersuaded princess. Nor did she consider the belaboring of her priest the theological argument that perhaps she should. Indeed she had the malice to question its Christianity!" For the life of him he could not forbear that barbed dart. It did not, however, change Knox's attitude.

So with clasped bible under his arm he set forth to the assault, comparing himself to the young David advancing upon the giant Goliath.

Goliath received him robed in black to the feet and, more, sleeved in black to the wrists, a black transparent veil falling from her coif of lawn and enveloping her in cloudy folds, the sole ornament a row of large pearls about a milky throat. She was stitching at embroidery in a frame, with the design before her to work from, and two of the Marys, also in black, stood behind her chair. Knox bowed and waited.

Mary's eye, keen as it was soft, spied the Bible stored under his arm, and swift as a ship on the wind changed her course. Half rising, she bowed and reseated herself, motioning him to a chair beside her, and herself opened the attack.

"Master Knox, I have desired to see you relative to a book which I am told you have written and which does you little credit. The name itself is an offense to my good sister of England and to me, for it is called 'First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Regiment (or Rule) of Women.' What right have you, being my subject, so to speak of the just and lawful authority of women as rulers? I desire your full reply."

Full it was, flowing and impassioned. She bore it with composure, secretly rejoicing that she had diverted him to earthly concerns, and made no answer except gently shaking her head now and again at his scorn of her sex and office.

"Women," he almost shouted at the end of his tirade, rising hawk-like in his black-winged robe and pouncing over her, "are excluded alike by the law of nature and their weakness and the law of God as expressed by Paul from ruling as kings. It is a disgrace to——"

She cut across him with a clear question.

"You think then that I have no just authority?"

And so took the wind out of his sails that he sat down discomfited for a moment.

She had him on the horns of a dilemma. To answer "Yes" would be treason. To answer "No" would be to stultify the book which he had said was unanswerable in Europe and the world.

He temporized as a painful and unusual expedient.

"IF THE country approves your grace's rule, I content myself with living under it as Paul did under the Emperor Nero's. And that is all I can say."

The comparison with Nero was offensive as it could be, but Queen Mary took it in silence. Not for nothing had the new English ambassador Randolph written of her:

"She is patient and bears much."

It may have been her silence which caused Knox to add:

"My hope is that so long as you do not defile your hands with the blood of saints that neither I nor that book shall hurt you, for it was written against that Jezebel, Bloody Mary of England, who set the fires alight to roast them for their constancy."

And so into another long tirade, which she still heard patiently, having laid aside her work and sitting with her chin upon her hand. She looked at him almost with despair as he raged and shouted, and he did not cease until Mary Seton warned her that dinner was at hand.

When he was gone she said wearily to the girl:

"What chance have I? I let them go their way and they force me to follow it. Is there no patience, no tolerance in all the world but mine? Alas, that I am born to put a most crooked world straight and can not! Yet I could make them glad if gladness is in them."

And he, meeting Moray at the foot of the great stairs and questioned by him eagerly as to the meeting, answered scornfully:

"If she has not a proud mind, a crafty wit, and a heart hardened against God and His truth, my judgment is at fault."

She had made an enemy of the most powerful man in her kingdom. It was to influence Moray's conduct profoundly. He heard the verdict with joy.

But there were gaiety and grace as well as political and religious rancor, and Mary would wake in the mornings to a delightful sense of the duty of making her house so beautiful that all should own her taste and imagination and be softened and civilized by its manifestation. The stately rooms and galleries lent themselves very well to the rich furnishings she had sent from France, which Elizabeth had not been able to intercept as she had done the horses.

Mary and her Marys flitted through the reception-rooms, planning, commanding, putting the finishing touches for the grand receptions to be given to her loyal subjects. She herself could not shine, for the dowager French queen must still wear her weeds for her consort; therefore her palace must sparkle for her.

"Beautiful!" pronounced proud Mary Beton, "worthy of our mistress, and I can say no more. Mr. Randolph will find even the splendor of Greenwich and Hampton Court outshone by our French taste. And how this barbarous Scotland needs it!"

Mr. Randolph, a fine, courtly Englishman with an eye to pierce an oak beam, was the brand-new English ambassador to the court of Scotland, Mary's old enemy Throckmorton remaining now in London, in high favor with Elizabeth. It was hinted already among the courtiers that Mary Beton's fine eyes had launched a shaft at Randolph's well-guarded breast. But how deeply it had pierced and what Mary Beton thought of her captive yet remained to be seen.

Yes, the rooms were beautiful indeed. The great

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tables of carven oak were draped with rich velvet boardcloths heavily fringed with gold. The old walls were hung with rayed cloth of gold from the looms of Arras, worked with noble designs in tapestry—one of the Lady Venus, landing from the sea in her great fluted shell, so beautiful that it might have been taken as a parable of late events had not her goddess-ship worn a little less than Mary's majestic robe and floating veil.

There were the newly introduced sofas heaped with the luxury of Turkish cushions, and no rushes disfigured the floor or entangled themselves in the trains of the ladies' broadcloth. Those oaken floors were covered with Turkish rugs too beautiful to tread upon. Randolph owned to Mary Beton that Elizabeth herself had not the like at Greenwich. And on the marble tables, drawn aside to make room for gay crowds, were chess-boards with carved kings and queens in ivory, white or stained with rose, and beside them porcelain vases delicate as egg-shell. And beside them clocks, set with gems in glowers and scrolls, made only to strike the happy hours.

At the upper end of the great hall was a raised dais, and upon it the queen's chair of state under a most glorious canopy blazoned with the royal arms of France, Scotland, and England, and written along the front the strange motto she had chosen for herself as her guide in life:

"In My End Is My Beginning."

Strange that already her thoughts should center on death as the gate and beginning of bliss.

She sat enthroned with Moray, her brother, beside her, and the Marys at each side of her chair as the company entered, dumb with amazement at the flush of youth and splendor that grim old Holyrood had taken on. For each stiff noble leading his wife to presentation the queen had a kindly word and smile. It was the kind heart burning to set all at their ease. Randolph noted it as he bowed before her, contrasting it with Elizabeth's manner, a little too stiff on one hand and certainly too familiar on the other for a lady who pretended to a virginity which the world at large denied her.

On that delicate point he had no convictions, but he was very sure that Elizabeth had the qualities which make for worldly success. Might Mary be credited with the same after a little further knowledge? His intimacy with the handsomest of her Marys might be useful indeed if it gave him insight there.

"Your queen looks younger than her years, which God knows are few enough," he said to Mary Beton when the presentations were over and the guests grouping about the rooms and galleries, the queen among them, with Moray at her elbow and Chastelard as near as he dared. And, seeing him, a frown drew in Mary Beton's handsome brows, for his infatuation had become too evident.

Already whispers were circulating, and tho none of the wildest could impugn the honor of their queen, her love of poetry and of the beautiful induced her to admit the madman to the inner circle, where music, literature, art, were the favored subjects. She would lean her head upon the violet and golden cushions lost in a dream of France, while Chastelard, low-voiced, sang Ronsard's lyrics or his own—often addressed to the queen herself, plucking hints of harmony from the lute to accompany his golden barytone. A dangerous business with Moray's cold eye upon him and the jealousies of others on guard.

Mary Beton caught the flash of Randolph's sleek glance and trembled to think the story might be reported in England, and Elizabeth triumph in the thought that other great ladies had their chamber favorites. She would venture a word.

They were dancing the purpose later, a stately minuet, which afforded the happiest chances for coquetry by obliging intervals of talk between partners in some secluded nook. It was perhaps with a view to the purpose that the Marys had arranged so many shadowy corners in the great gallery as would have made John Knox's hair stand rigid. She and Randolph sat in one now where a great golden banner with the Lion of Scotland drooped over one side of their retreat and a folding screen with French lilies in gold on the other.

The queen, who was dancing the purpose with Chastelard, passed them, laughing and waving her hand to Mary Beton. Chastelard, with feverish eyes, followed, seeing none but his liege lady in all the world, and Randolph's eyes made quiet note. He was mentally composing his dispatch to Elizabeth.

"A handsome man!" he said. "In that pourpoint of black slashed with silver he reminds me of a portrait I saw in Italy when I made that tour. A favorite of an Italian duchess who came with him to a bad end."

Mary Beton bridled in her ruff.

"There is no other likeness than the face, Mr. Randolph. Our queen makes no favorites, but she loves poetry and music as simply as a child. Monsieur de Chastelard sings as divinely as Apollo and——"

Randolph laughed.

"And looks as handsome as Apollo when he sings. Don't frown. Song itself is set off by a handsome face, and no doubt your queen thinks so too. I can answer that my queen does."

Mary Beton resented the comparison, as who would not who had heard the stories of Elizabeth which circulated at the French court? But she said with dignity:

"The pleasure is on the side of Monsieur de Chastelard, for even to look at our queen is an inspiration to lute and words——"

"And to more. Much more!" Randolph interrupted teasingly. She flushed at the hint in his voice. Pure as snow the queen's reputation had come through the iniquities of the French court. Pure as snow it must remain.

"At all events his pleasure will soon end!" she said with tartness. "For the queen has decided that all the French folk must leave for France. She knows that queens must not keep foreigners about them. It causes jealousies, and Monsieur de Chastelard, of course, goes with the rest."

"She is very well advised in that decision, tho they invariably return," Randolph said gravely, and whether he alluded to Chastelard or to general principles Mary Beton could not tell.

"I could wish that one or two queens I know had your dignity, Mistress Mary!" he said abruptly. "They are too apt to think the distance between them and the rest of the world too great for hands to touch, or else they are too forthcoming. But if hands touch they should certainly have hands like these lovely ones which I permit myself to kiss."

And he promptly did it. Mary Beton sighed. Would he go further, and if so, how far? Did she desire it? And if so, how much? Perhaps by accident his hand retained hers gently.

"Dear lady of my heart, have I wounded you by disparagement of your queen or any other in comparison

Continued on Page 99

"SIMPLE AS A CHILD IN LOVE AND TRUST, 'WE WILL FACE THE WORLD AND ENGLAND TOGETHER!'" SHE SAID

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THE NEW PATRIOTISM IS PEACE

Third and last article, in which women from many lands make their pleas

By DOROTHY THOMPSON
(Mrs. Sinclair Lewis)

Ewin Landrel-Hesken

GERTRUDE BÄU MER, MEMBER O THE GERMA REICHSTAG; MI ISTERIAL COU CILOR IN TH DEPARTMENT O THE INTERIOR GERMANY

Underwood & Underwood

MISS MARGARET BONDFIELD, MINISTER OF LABOR, GREAT BRITAIN

MANY women have contributed to this last article in Pictorial Review's series on world peace. We needed but to make a gesture toward England and France, toward Germany and Austria and Denmark, and some of the most thoughtful and busiest women in those countries responded, congratulating Pictorial Review on its effort to present the peace problem to its readers, and offering their opinions on what women can do to promote permanent peace amongst the nations, along the lines of the general pact for the renunciation of war.

These women can not be grouped into any one political class. Some of them belong to the more radical wings of public opinion in their countries; some are conservative; some have never been active in politics at all. Their unanimity on the matter of peace testifies to the truth of the statement by Karin Michaelis of Denmark: For all of us—conservatives and radicals alike—there is only one peace.

Miss Margaret Bondfield—"Saint Maggie," as they call her in England—is that remarkable woman who, starting as an underpaid dry-goods clerk, became a Minister of the Crown, the first woman in the world to hold a position of such importance. As Minister of Labor she is charged with the solution or mitigation of England's most pressing domestic problem, that of unemployment.

Pressed by the manifold duties of her high office, she nevertheless found time to send a message to Pictorial Review, significantly optimistic in tone, stressing the happier relations between England and the United States, and begging women to co-operate to strip war of its glamour and to insist that their political representatives in whatever country shall learn to look at both sides of the dispute:

It is interesting and significant that of the seven women who have contributed to this symposium, without, of course, any collaboration amongst themselves, five place the greatest emphasis on the need for the reform of education in the spirit of peace.

It ought to be obvious that if war is really to be renounced forever as an instrument of national policy; if the disputes which, in the future, arise between nations, are to be settled by peaceful means *only*, as the nations signing the Kellogg Pact promise, then there is no longer any reason why the youth of the world should be brought up in a military spirit or trained in anticipation of war. And this concerns us, as well as nations where universal war-training is traditional, because in the United States military training has not decreased since the War, but has increased greatly, both amongst students and in the augmentation of reserves.

Only the contributor from Austria can report optimistically on the reform of elementary education in the direction of training for peace rather than for war, altho Karin Michaelis, writing from Denmark, calls attention to the existence of an international teachers' organization pledged to activity in behalf of peace.

Of our contributors, Mrs. Bertrand Russell is the wife of England's foremost mathematician and philosopher. But for Bertrand Russell philosophy has never been an ivory tower into which he might seek refuge from the responsibilities of citizenship. On the Russell estate in Petersfield, formerly the home of his brother, Lord Russell, he is working out an experiment in pedagogy, convinced that education as a whole has failed to produce people who are both free- and socially-minded.

And in this experiment Mrs. Russell collaborates to the utmost. It is therefore natural that Mrs. Russell should stress the importance of a world campaign to show governments the value of human life, and that she should emphasize that progress toward peace involves the creation of a happier society in the place of one from which men actually seek release in war.

Mrs. Russell has the courage to say that a potential cause of war is European and South-American dread of economic and military imperialism from the United States. That this dread exists is obvious to any one who, like myself, has lived for a considerable time outside the United States. It is another argument for the widest collaboration between our own country and all others who are seeking new roads to permanent peace.

And Mrs. Russell pleads for disarmament and more disarmament, thereby joining all thinking people who agree that the state of affairs described by President Hoover in his Armistice Day address—thirty millions of men in arms, ten millions more than at the outbreak of the World War—is an outrage in a world which has renounced war forever.

NOR can we, as citizens of the United States, dodge the fact that we are amongst the nations who have greatly increased their armaments on land and on sea. "From a total expenditure for national-defense purposes in 1914" (I am quoting President Hoover's message of December 3rd) our expenditures for military purposes have increased "during the current fiscal year to $730,000,000 as compared with $267,000,000 in 1914."

Our army contingents, the President tells us, have been expanding ever since 1924. In 1914 the officers and men in our regular forces, both army and navy, were about 164,000. In 1929 they were 250,000. But our "citizens' army" has increased prodigiously. In 1914 the National Guard and other forms of reserves numbered only 135,000. In 1929 they numbered 478,000—an increase of over 300 per cent.

It is impossible effectively to train men for war without the presumption of a future war, and an increase of 300 per cent. in civilian military training is certain to mean an increase of at least that proportion in the military spirit.

Madame André Siegfried is the wife of the famous French sociologist and writer whose study of the United States, "America Comes of Age," is regarded by many critics as the finest analysis of our civilization since Bryce's "American Commonwealth."

I am especially glad to have Madame Siegfried's contribution, because I believe it to be broadly representative of the sentiment of the women of France. Madame Siegfried is conservative rather than radical, intensely French, with that love of country, rooted in devotion to its very soil, which is so typical of her race.

She insists, as France has officially insisted from the beginning, that peace must be coupled with security, that it must be *guaranteed*. No country like our own, to whom peace has been chronic; no country like ours, protected by two oceans and its own vast resources, can fully realize the fears of a country like France, to whom war is a chronic condition.

Nations to whom war is chronic demand more of peace than a gesture of renunciation. They demand the organized collaboration of the world for the maintenance of peace; they see hope only in a militantly peace-supporting world community.

Dr. Eugenia Schwarzwald writes me from Vienna: "I send you the message you ask, but not in the best of moods. For why must one still champion what to every civilized human being must be taken as a matter of course? And where in the world is there any one interested in what a citizen of little Austria may think?"

Dr. Schwarzwald writes out of the prevailing melancholy of a country with one of the finest civilizations in Europe, which day by day feels increasingly the miserable results of a war from which it has never recovered, and perhaps never will. And yet our Austrian contributor sends us a note of optimism, because she is able to report a new spirit in Austrian elementary education.

Every one who knows Vienna at all well knows of "Frau Doktor," as Eugenia Schwarzwald is familiarly called by children and grown-ups alike. Eugenia Schwarzwald, gray-haired and curly headed, with her little dimpled hands, sharp black eyes, and gentle mouth, is, I am sure, the most energetic woman in Europe. And in all Europe no one has a better right to speak in the cause of peace.

Not that she has ever been active politically—she belongs to no political party, altho she has friends in all of them, and her husband was Under-secretary for Finance in the first cabinet of the conservative Monsignor Seipel, that cabinet which put through the League of Nations loan and stabilized the Austrian currency after the War—but because all through the War she never for an instant was swayed by hatred, but with devotion, courage, and enormous energy spent herself to save Austrian children from war's worst horrors of body and mind, and since the War has used her great influence and her international connections to influence young people on behalf of international understanding.

Many are the German and Austrian youths, boys from proletarian, middle-class, and the highest social circles, whom she has sent to attend the meetings of the League of Nations Assembly, or persuaded to spend a year in England or America to "learn how the rest of the world thinks and feels."

DR. MARIE ELISABETH LUEDERS, MEMBER OF THE GERMAN REICHSTAG; GOVERNMENT COUNCILOR IN THE DEPARTMENT OF LABOR, GERMANY, DELEGATE TO THE WORLD ECONOMIC CONFERENCE

MRS. BERTRAND RUSSELL WRITER, LECTURER, TEACHER, GREAT BRITAIN

MADAME ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED, FRANCE

DR. EUGENIA SCHWARZWALD, WRITER, SOCIOLOGIST, TEACHER, AUSTRIA

KARIN MICHAELIS, NOVELIST, PUBLICIST, DENMARK

What she writes about Austrian schools is particularly interesting because she must be given a large measure of credit for the great change in Austrian primary education since the War. More than twenty-five years ago she established the first modern school for girls in Austria, and from the beginning she brought them up to be "citizens of the world."

That the Austrian schools are to-day among the finest and freest in the world, purged of everything militaristic and chauvinistic, is partly due to her example. She began her work with public hostility and skepticism, and celebrated a quarter-century of service, with members of the government paying her the highest tributes.

Modestly enough she does not mention the fact that she was among the first to organize the movement to send Austrian children, in the terrible days following the War, to the neutral countries. There, entrusted to the tenderness of unknown foster-parents, they were housed and fed, and taught that human kindness is not the monopoly of any one nation.

She is the woman who organized a score or more of co-operative restaurants, during and after the War, where thousands who might otherwise have starved ate nourishing meals at incredibly low cost or were fed by a system which completely concealed that it was a charity, and therefore saved its beneficiaries from humiliation. She is also a brilliant writer, a contributor to Austrian, German, Swiss, Scandinavian, and occasionally even to English and American periodicals.

Karin Michaelis, famous Danish novelist, sends a word from one of Europe's smallest countries. To her mind there is no hope for tiny countries like her own in armaments. In any case they are defenseless against greater powers. She puts her trust, rather, in perfected international organization, and praises the idea of a United States of Europe which may open the way for a more united world.

Marie Elisabeth Lueders and Gertrude Baeumer are brilliant and outstanding examples of German feminism; they are representative of the new German woman; efficient as ever in home life, and as home-loving, devoted as ever to the welfare of children, but continuously extending their activities into public life. Both are members of the German Reichstag and of the Democratic party, a liberal, moderate group.

Frau Lueders is government councilor in the Department of Labor, in charge of welfare for children, female workers, and home-workers.

Gertrude Baeumer is ministerial councilor in the Department of the Interior, and as such holds one of the highest political positions ever accorded a woman in Germany. She is a doctor of philosophy, is president of the German equivalent of the Federation of Women's Clubs, and is editor-in-chief of two magazines, "Die Hilfe" and "Die Frau."

Both of our German contributors plead for a better spirit in international relations; and Frau Baeumer, especially, warns that the spirit of mutual trust is not yet strong enough to influence armaments.

Disarmament accompanied by world organization for the protection of the weaker; renunciation of the right of the stronger against the weaker; organized co-operation between the women of all countries; above all the reform of education in the spirit of world sympathy—these are the ways to peace suggested by our contributors from Europe.

WORLD PEACE DEMANDS WOMEN'S HELP

By Miss Margaret Bondfield

Minister of Labor, Great Britain

I AM very glad to hear of your campaign for the education of your readers in the necessity of practical measures for attaining world peace.

This is surely one more indication that the seeds which Mr. Hoover and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald have together sown at Washington have taken root in the national consciousness of our two peoples.

World peace is an ideal which is *utterly beyond our power of attaining without the co-operation of women in all countries.*

The point is so important that it can never be repeated too often. I hope women will strip war of all of its romantic glamour, and will know it for the unrelieved tragedy which it is.

It is not enough to dream of the blessings of world peace. We must "seek peace and ensue it," like practical women. The means we use will vary with the necessities of time and circumstance, but we shall not go far wrong if we keep one resolution steadily before us—never to form a judgment on a point of international dispute without first making a genuine effort to put ourselves in the place of the other side, and to look at the question through their eyes.

I wish you every success!

WOMEN AND WORLD PEACE

By Gertrude Baeumer

Member of the German Reichstag; Ministerial Councilor in the Department of the Interior, Germany

THE crucial problem of peace is how to quicken simultaneously in all nations that immense power of mutual trust which alone will succeed in bringing preparations for new wars to a stop.

At the present moment this mutual trust is still too weak to be able to exercise any decisive influence on armaments. Side by side with a pacific policy of pacts, of the outlawry of war, of arbitration, goes a policy of military safeguards which shows quite plainly that the policy of peace is not taken sufficiently seriously, or that it is not being trusted.

While this is so, one single outbreak of the old evil may destroy all the beginnings of a peaceful policy, and throw the world back into the state of 1914.

And sometimes one seriously doubts whether the nations of the world have not got to go through another war before finally banishing war from the earth. Sometimes one thinks that peace will not come step by step at all, but will be brought about by one definite, great resolve, literally spontaneously.

That is why I believe that the most important thing we can do is to strengthen this decisive power of mutual trust. We women ought to work much more strenuously and energetically, helping to make this flood of trust so strong that it will suddenly break through and literally inundate the fields of politics with the will to peace.

THE BEST FIGHT IS THE FIGHT FOR PEACE

By Dr. Marie Elisabeth Lueders

Member of the German Reichstag; Government Councilor in the Department of Labor, Germany; Delegate to the World Economic Conference

THE placing of all of one's powers behind the fight for permanent peace—this is the greatest as well as the hardest task confronting each civilized nation and the whole world.

But the promotion of world peace and of understanding amongst the peoples is not to be accomplished by organizations and laws. It is a matter of mental attitude; it depends upon the spiritual constitution of mankind. Understanding and respect for the interests and the view-points of others, voluntary renunciation of the right of the stronger against the weaker—these are necessary preliminaries for peaceful co-operation amongst nations.

The mental and spiritual state necessary for the attainment of world peace can be achieved only through the reform of education in a new spirit, and in the service of this new spirit, and to the women and mothers of the world falls the task of helping this spirit to victory. For as truly as wars are prepared in nurseries to-day, out of the spirit of national arrogance instilled into the young, and out of the admiration and love of power, so certain is it that the nursery is the only ground where seed can be sown which will germinate in a new attitude toward peace.

Women must recognize this as their duty, and make it

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A SQUARE MEAL

You can't tell what will happen when a gallant man meets a hungry woman

By MARGARET AYER BARNES

Illustrations by C. R. CHICKERING

YOU see, it really worried Bill. I think it always will. Bill's a conscientious cuss, and he never could make up his mind whether or not he'd done the right thing by her in holding his tongue. It seemed all right at the time. Or, if not all right, at least the safest alternative. In his place, of course, I should have spilled the beans. But Bill's a frightful sentimentalist and he sized her up as another. He did as he'd be done by. You can't ask more than that. But, considering the way it all turned out, it did seem as if he'd given her the wrong steer.

He told me all about it one September evening, just after the wretched *dénouement*. I had come upon him unexpectedly after dinner, wandering disconsolately around the University Club library, looking lonely and dejected. I was surprized to see him there.

"Cheerio, Bill!" I said. "You look like a lost dog. What's wrong? Your wife gone to the country?" Bill adored Polly, and she ran his life just right. He nodded morosely.

"Hoorah! Hoorah!" he quoted gloomily. "She's up at Huron Mountain for two weeks with the kids. I miss her like the dickens."

"What's on your bean, Bill?" I asked. I knew something was. He looked very grateful.

"Got half an hour," he asked, "to listen to me?"

We dropped down on the leather divan by the southeast window. Eight stories below Michigan Boulevard stretched like a black river, hung with jeweled lights, glittering with moving traffic. The soft September breeze drifted into the dim-lit room across the roofs of the city, vaguely stirring the window-curtains and waving the blue smoke of our cigarets. It brought with it the faint pungent aroma of the Chicago stock-yards. The club is always empty on September nights. We had the room to ourselves.

Bill sat beside me, talking steadily, looking eager and conscientious and worried. His nervous hand rumpled occasionally his bright-red hair. His pale-blue eyes peered perplexedly at me through his gold-bowed spectacles. He looked just the way he did ten years before, discussing the problems of life and love on my window-seat in the freshman dormitory in Cambridge. Bill's a good scout.

He plunged into his story at once without wasting any time on introductions.

It had happened in Boston two months before, when Bill was down there on business with Lee Higginson. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred would never even have noticed it. Or thought nothing of it, if they had. But Bill was always a noticing guy. A detached observer of the game of life. A real fan. He likes to sit on the side-lines watching the play through the gold-bowed spectacles, never missing a trick, infallibly making four out of two and two.

He said, himself, that he would have thought nothing of it if he hadn't seen her do it three times before that very week: Monday noon at the Ritz, Tuesday evening in the main dining-room at the Touraine, Thursday noon at the Copley Plaza, and then, Friday night, at the Touraine grill.

There was nothing to think, of course. It was nothing out of the ordinary. A charming young lady entering a restaurant with a casual smile for an obsequious head waiter. A charming young lady seating herself at a corner table for two and indicating to hovering attendants that she was awaiting a companion. A charming young lady growing a bit impatient as the minutes passed, taking abstractedly a sip of ice-water from her newly filled glass and helping herself indifferently to the French bread and butter set suavely before her by the expectant waiter. Quite casually buttering and consuming three or four rolls, with occasional and increasingly annoyed glances at her little gold wrist-watch. Then finally rising with a quite definitely irritated gesture, asking the waiter, "Where can I find a telephone?" and leaving the table, not to return.

The first time that Bill had noticed her he was lunching with his great-aunt Lucy at the Ritz in an idle noontour in his week's business trip. His aunt was telling him all about the late crisis in the executive sessions of the Watch and Ward Society. Bill wasn't much of a Watcher and Warder, so he had plenty of leisure to notice things.

He was grateful for a little pleasant distraction, and he took the girl all in pretty carefully. He had marveled, at the time, that any one could keep so lovely a creature waiting for even a moment, and had decided quite definitely that the defaulting companion must be feminine. The man did not live, he was convinced, who would not have been first at the rendezvous.

She was a knock-out according to Bill. Distractingly pretty in the cool New England manner, fresh of cheek, candid of gaze, calm of brow. Self-possessed, too, in spite of her youth, with character in the curves of her soft red mouth and adequacy in the tilt of her little decided chin. Simply dressed, with a certain discreet distinction, in a dark-blue street frock and stole of Summer fur, with a little dark hat pulled down over her blond bobbed hair and tranquil blue eyes.

He saw her again, twice that week, across a crowded restaurant, and Friday evening he was buying a package of cigarets at the cigar-stand at the door of the Touraine grill when she came out of the elevator behind him. Bill frankly confessed that he loitered near the entrance, opening the package and lighting his cigaret with a certain deliberation, in order to watch, without suggestion of annoyance, her subsequent action.

One glance at her quiet, commanding presence was enough for Perkins, the head waiter. He ushered her at once, with deference, to the best table left vacant in the room. His minions stepped forward obsequiously to receive her order.

SHE made her brief, abstracted comment, and in a moment the ice-water, the rolls, and the butter were placed before her. She stripped off her gloves, glanced casually at her wrist-watch, and settled back in her chair, her eyes fixed in placid expectancy on the entrance. There was quite a definite little lapse of time before she began buttering her first roll.

She had just begun on her second, when Bill heard the door of the elevator clang once more behind him, and the head waiter from the up-stairs dining-room stepped competently down the passage. His glance roved professionally over the tables and, as it rested on Bill's young lady, he beckoned discreetly to his colleague. As Perkins approached he moved a step or two away from Bill to whisper in his ear. The guarded glance of Perkins wandered at once toward the girl. Bill moved a little nearer and handed his hat to the check-boy.

"Twice before, in the main dining-room," he heard the majordomo from above stairs murmur.

As Bill turned again to face the grill-room he observed that the girl had noticed the whispered colloquy. She moved a bit uneasily, then, pulling herself together, she met the waiters' covert glance with calm, indifferent eyes. She had dropped the second roll, however.

With a curt nod for his companion, Perkins turned definitely toward her. There was no doubt about it—the girl was clearly apprehensive. She had pushed back her chair and placed her napkin on the table. And Perkins meant business. There was no trace of deference in his manner now.

If you knew Bill as well as I do, you'd understand just why he jumped into it. He's freckled and red-haired and short-sighted, and his clothes always look as if he'd slept in them, but he's a knight in armor at heart. He was saving the damsel from the dragon.

"Hello, there, Perkins!" he said affably as the man passed his elbow. Every Harvard graduate knew Perkins. The head waiter paused abruptly.

"Why, Mr. Leonard!" Perkins never forgot a former undergraduate. His face was wreathed in smiles. He remembered the night undoubtedly in our sophomore year when he made Bill and me pay for that broken window-pane. He had no idea he was a dragon. "You back in Boston?"

"Just for a day or two. I knew where to come for a good dinner."

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The old home favorite made even more tempting by Campbell's.

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Solid pieces of tender meat blended with vegetables in a hearty soup.

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Clarified beef broth, flavored with vegetables; valuable for invalids also.

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All the tonic goodness of snow-white celery; also makes wonderful Cream of Celery; see the label.

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A rich chicken broth with rice, celery and diced chicken.

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All the zest and tang of the sea; a real treat for your appetite.

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The formal soup. Amber-clear beef broth, with delicate vegetable flavoring. A triumph in blending.

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Shredded vegetables and whole peas in a clear beef broth—famous as a Banquet Soup.

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Difficult to make at home, yet a favorite wherever known. Substantial meat broth and vegetable puree deliciously flavored with sherry.

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Chicken soup, Oriental style, with curry and East India chutney.

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For children and invalids; broth of mutton with vegetables.

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Thick, rich broth of selected ox tails and beef blended with vegetables and garnished with ox tail joints; hearty.

Pea
Rich in wholesome vegetable nutriment. Sweet nutritious peas, fresh creamery butter, dainty seasoning. Easily prepared as Cream of Pea!

Pepper Pot
What a Soup for hungry men! Real Philadelphia Pepper Pot. Tempting macaroni dumplings, potatoes, high seasonings and meat, according to an old Colonial recipe.

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Clear chicken and beef broth with vegetables in fancy shapes; jells in can over night on ice—a rare delicacy.

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The most popular soup in the world. Pure, tonic juices of sun-sweetened tomatoes, blended with creamery butter, fresh herbs and skillful seasoning. Extra delicious prepared as a Cream of Tomato.

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The favorite hearty soup. "A meal in itself." Its fifteen different vegetables, invigorating broth, alphabet macaroni, barley, fresh herbs make it a luncheon or supper.

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Also extremely popular; another thick, hearty vegetable soup, with tempting pieces of meat.

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A sparkling tomato puree deliciously flavored with cheese and bacon. Vermicelli garnish completes the distinctive touch of Italian cookery.

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Extra-rich suds –

notice how long they last

in tub or washing machine

Rich, lasting suds—that's why these thin flakes loosen all the dirt so quickly.

Almost all the women who write to me about Chipso, mention Chipso's wonderful suds.

"I find Chipso a wonderful time saver because it makes such quantities of beautiful suds at the touch of hot water, and the suds stand up for such a long time." Mrs. J. U., Calgary, Canada.

"With other soaps I find I must keep adding soap to keep my suds. But Chipso! What there is about these thin flakes that makes the suds last, I do not know, but *Chipso suds stay*." Mrs. L. C., Massachusetts.

When you run hot water on Chipso's thin white flakes, they fluff up into a velvety rich, thick foam. Then—when you put in your clothes—comes the real test! These suds "stay up."

There are other soaps, of course, that give nice-looking suds, but *often these suds don't last long enough* to do real work. They have no "body." They fall down almost as soon as they meet dirt, and practically stop working.

But Chipso is extra-rich soap—the suds *last*. Chipso suds are so rich they soak dirt out of clothes. In the tub they save hard rubbing. In the machine they save time and power. And what a marvelous, spotless wash!

Chipso is economical too—I've had letters from women who tell me that they get 8 washes out of the 25¢ Chipso box. Even if your washes are larger you'll do 4 or 5. Chipso goes far because it is a *rich* soap.

And a new *Chipso Granules* that washes dishes a new speedy 1, 2, 3 way

If you're like me, and would like to save as much time from your dishwashing as possible, you'll be delighted with the new form of Chipso that's been made especially for dishes.

I've never washed dishes so quickly!

This new form of Chipso is Chipso Granules, a *ready-prepared soap for dishes*. It looks almost like a powder, but isn't a powder. Chipso Granules are rich, lasting *Chipso suds in steam-dried form*, and they wash dishes like magic.

1 You merely add water and there are your suds! Special, rich, lasting suds!
2 Then let your dishes soak for a moment—grease and stickiness vanish. A swish with a mop and your dishes are clean!
3 A hot rinse and no wiping! Your dishes will dry themselves with an extra sparkle.

I found that I could save about 10 minutes each time with Chipso Granules. It was nice to discover too that I used very little soap because the rich suds were so lasting. (A box of Chipso Granules, the same size as the Chipso flakes box, does a whole month of dish-washing for 25¢. And I think that is thrifty, don't you?)

Ruth Turner

Important! Chipso–Now in 2 Forms–*Flakes* and *Granules*

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The girl was picking up her gloves and purse, preparatory to rising. Her cheeks were quite white now. Her eyes had never left Perkins's face.

"One moment, Mr. Leonard," said Perkins, remembering the call of duty. He turned again toward her table. Bill brushed quickly by him. He reached her side an instant before him.

"I'm afraid I've kept you waiting," he said with a bravado he did not entirely feel, smiling down at the young lady, whose startled eyes were staring straight up into his own.

She looked frightened now, frankly frightened, but whether of Perkins or himself Bill could not quite determine. He grinned reassuringly down at her, and immediately the panic in her eyes faded faintly, humorously, into a gleam of relief.

"But you came in time," she said simply. Then, with the ghost of a twinkle, "I—I think I was about to leave."

"I should never have forgiven myself," said Bill as he slipped into the seat beside her. An impassive Perkins, admirably conquering his extreme surprize, presented him with a bill of fare.

Bill distinctly elated. The dragon lay shuddering and writhing in death, a golden lance in its vitals, its dry scales rustling pleasantly in its last throes. Bill glanced discreetly over the margins of the menu at the rescued damsel. She *was* twinkling now with an air of complete reassurance. The wave of color had flooded back into her cheeks. He felt for a moment like a champion of the Round Table.

Then he noticed that she was considering his countenance quite detachedly, appraising the hair, the freckles, and the gold-bowed spectacles with a sisterly smile. He knew then why she let him sit down by her. It was perfectly true—what his wife always said of him—he looked incorrigibly respectable. Nevertheless there was something rather tender about her twinkle.

"I'm very glad to see you," she said earnestly. "I guess you know that."

"Let's have a good dinner," he urged persuasively. "I lunched early."

"I didn't lunch," she said, "but I breakfasted late."

"Cold consommé," Bill suggested, "and lobster and a salad?"

She was twinkling again.

"Not for me," she said firmly. "Clam chowder, if you don't mind. And roast beef," her voice lingered lovingly over the items, "and baked potato and string-beans and blueberry pie—*à la mode*. And a large cup of coffee, if I may, with the beef."

She knew it was funny, and Bill laughed back at her.

"A square meal?" he inquired.

"A square meal," she replied succinctly. "A square meal—absolutely on the square." Her blue eyes countered his a little anxiously.

"Of course you understand that. You—you haven't made any mistake?" Her hands groped tentatively once more for gloves and pocketbook.

"A square meal—on the square," Bill reassured her. And I bet he looked as good as gold. He gave the order. As the waiter departed, check in hand, his eyes returned to her face. He hoped they didn't seem too curious.

"You see," she said gently, apologetically, "you see—I am really very hungry."

"That seems—quite impossible."

"Yes. I hoped it would. To the waiters, at least. It has until to-night. But I think my luck was breaking. I was about to be turned out on Tremont Street."

Bill made a little helpless gesture of deprecation. But Bill's a gentleman and he was determined not to ask a single question. There was a tiny pause. They were both at a loss as to how to break it.

"My name," she said presently, "is Elizabeth Martin. Mrs. John Martin."

Bill had already noticed her shiny new wedding-ring. Bill's like that. It was the only ornament on her slender fingers.

"Mine's Bill Leonard. I'm married too. Got a wife and two kids home in Winnetka, Illinois."

"You look somehow—married." In spite of her smile Bill didn't feel entirely flattered.

"So my wife says. I guess she's right. This isn't, you know, my ordinary line in restaurants."

"Nor mine," she assured him earnestly.

"You didn't have to tell me that," said Bill.

"'I'M AFRAID I'VE KEPT YOU WAITING,' HE SAID WITH A BRAVADO HE DID NOT ENTIRELY FEEL"

THE waiter presented the little silver soup-tureen with a flourish. Then turned with it to a side-table to fill the plates.

She was considering Bill very gravely.

"There *are* things," she said at last, "that I think I'd like to tell you." And then she paused, a trifle diffidently.

"Well—shoot," said Bill after a moment. "I'm a very safe fellow to confide in."

"So I've just decided," she answered soberly. "And I need advice at the moment even more than a dinner. I don't know a soul in Boston."

The waiter passed the soup-plates and provided them with oyster-crackers and withdrew. For a moment Elizabeth devoted herself to her chowder.

"I've always lived in North Conway, New Hampshire," she said presently. "I've only been married six weeks."

Bill didn't know just what to say to that. Her honeymoon didn't seem at the moment a subject for congratulation. He couldn't think of any snappy comeback, so he just sat in silence and looked sympathetic.

"I think I'd better tell you all about it," said Elizabeth, and her voice was tremulous.

"I wish you would."

"It's just a little difficult to get started." She managed a nervous smile.

"The first hundred words are the hardest," said Bill brightly. "You'll be all right once you plunge in."

She laughed at that a little shakily, and got herself in hand again over the last of her chowder.

"I was the librarian," she said finally, "of the North Conway Library. I had been for five years. Since I was seventeen. That's when my father died. I haven't any family. I boarded with the doctor's wife. I liked my job. And I loved North Conway. Do you know the White Mountains?"

Bill nodded. He's a passionate Appalachian.

"I've climbed them," he said.

Her face lit up.

"Aren't they lovely? Do you know them in Winter? When there aren't any tourists?"

Bill nodded again.

"That's when they're nicest. Did you ever snow-shoe up the Crawford Notch after a big blizzard, before the road was broken, with the trees all hung with crystal, glittering in the sun? And the sky so bright and blue that—" She paused, and her eager face grew somber. "But that isn't my story."

She seemed hung up a bit, and Bill suggested:

"You were saying you were the librarian——"

That seemed to help her. To bring her back to the case in hand.

"Yes. Just the librarian. And North Conway is a very little town. I never knew many people from anywhere else. Only a few Summer boarders. Until seven weeks ago." She paused again. The waiter was passing the roast beef.

"And then?" said Bill gently.

"And then, one afternoon about five o'clock, the library door opened and a strange young man came in and said his car had broken down and asked me if there was a garage in town."

"Enter the hero," suggested Bill encouragingly.

"Enter the hero," she smiled in acquiescence. "And, really, to me he looked very heroic. Attractive, you know, and really in trouble and——"

"In brief, Prince Charming."

"In brief, Prince Charming. And there *wasn't* any garage. Just a gas-station with no tools. But I knew a mechanic on the back street."

"You would," said Bill admiringly. "I can see you're a woman to tie to in adversity." But she ignored him. She was lost in her vision of just how it happened.

"And I often closed the library early—no one used it on hot afternoons—so, it was after five, you know, I said I'd lock up and walk over there with him."

"Was his car really broken?" asked Bill skeptically.

"Of course it was!" she cried with indignation. "It was an expensive roadster and he'd cracked the high and intermediate shifter-fork."

She was so serious Bill couldn't keep from laughing.

"They had to send to Boston for another——"

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Original from

"That young man played to luck," Bill interrupted frivolously. But again she ignored him.

"So he put up at the hotel, and that evening he came around to call on me at the doctor's, and next day we had a walk in my noon-hour, and he spent the afternoon in the library, and that evening we climbed up Blue Hill and watched the moon rise and——"

"AND when the high and intermediate shifter-fork arrived from Boston," observed Bill astutely, "he didn't leave North Conway right away, after all."

She was blushing now, extremely engagingly.

"No, he didn't," she said. "Not for a week. And when he did, why, I—I left with him.

"I suppose you can't understand just why I did. It's hard to explain. But—it—it was love at first sight, you know, tho I never really believed in it."

Bill always had. He understood, all right. That was just the way Polly had bowled him over. I can imagine how his pale-blue eyes were beaming with sympathy behind the gold-bowed spectacles.

"We were married by the Unitarian minister," she said, "and the doctor's wife gave us a little wedding-breakfast, and the school-teacher took my job at the library, and we motored up to Quebec for a wedding-trip."

"In the enormous roadster," Bill said. "on the new high and intermediate shifter-fork."

"Exactly," she said. "He's a motor salesman. That's how he happened to have such a good car. He lives in Detroit and he works for the Ford factory. He had just motored East on business."

"Business in Quebec?" Bill inquired gravely. Bill loves his Polly, but it was only human to feel slightly inimical toward any young man who had acquired so easily, in the lottery of life, a prize like Elizabeth.

"No," she said gravely. "Business in Boston. But he wired his chief that he was getting married, and they gave him a week's vacation. Then we came down here and put up at the Vendome, and John saw all the motor people, and made some good sales, and said matrimony, despite all reports to the contrary, was distinctly *not* a failure."

"And what did *you* say?" asked Bill. Looking at Elizabeth, it seemed easy to take the bridegroom's reaction for granted.

"I said the same," said Elizabeth gravely. "We were perfectly blissful. In the daytime, when John wasn't busy, we saw the town—I'd only been in Boston three times before, you know—and in the evening we went to the theater or motored out on the North Shore for dinner. And John was—" her voice again grew tremulous—"terribly good to me.

"He bought me some lovely things. This dress I have on, and this fur, and—other things too—" She paused, blushing faintly. "I—I didn't know there *could* be such happiness."

THE waiter had brought the dessert, but she didn't seem to care for it. She didn't seem to care for anything much just then.

Her cheeks were very pink and her lips were trembling, and when her eyes met Bill's they filled with tears.

I guess Bill's own must have done the same. Anyway, he says his spectacles were suddenly misted and the room grew dim for a minute, and then he found himself awkwardly patting her hand across the table.

"I know," he said, "I know just how it was."

Her hand slipped out of his, and she took a tiny handkerchief out of her purse and wiped her eyes quite frankly. She even managed a wavering little smile, but she couldn't seem to get started again on her tale. Bill waited a moment, eying her a little anxiously.

"Well, what then?" he asked at last. "Is he—ill—or something?"

She was looking at him very solemnly.

"I don't know," she said. "That's just the terrible thing about it. I don't know."

Bill was astounded at that.

"You don't *know*?" he echoed.

"I don't know anything," she said miserably, "and of course I'm terribly worried. Something—something dreadful must have happened to him. Something that's kept him from letting me know."

Looking into her tragic, confiding eyes, Bill began to feel very queer and uncomfortable.

"He—he didn't leave you?" he asked hesitantly.

It seemed to comfort her a little to go on with the story.

"Three weeks ago to-day," she said, "he got a wire telling him to go up to Portland and see a salesman there. I wanted to go with him, of course, but he said it would be a tiring run and he'd be back in two days, so he thought I'd better stay quietly at the Vendome and get rested. We *had* been going a great pace, you know, and I wasn't used to late hours. So he left me—he left me—and——"

"He *left* you—like that—alone, at the hotel?"

"Yes. But it was quite all right," she urged eagerly. "He'd paid for the room a week ahead, you know, and he gave me a hundred dollars, tho I said I didn't need half as much. He—he expected to be back," she insisted miserably, "in two days."

"And you never heard from him?"

"Of course I heard from him!" she cried indignantly. "He wrote me a—a lovely letter from Portland, saying he found he had to go on up to Bangor to see a man there, so he'd be gone three days longer. And then I had a wire from Bangor just—just saying he was thinking of me always. And that was all I ever heard. And I didn't know where to write. Or when. Or just *what* to do. And of course I was terribly anxious.

"I—I knew there must have been an accident. He was a frightfully reckless driver. And I tried to find out through the people at the hotel. But we couldn't get in touch with him.

"I DIDN'T go to Bangor, for I didn't know where he was going there. But we telegraphed the hospitals up and down the road. And we couldn't pick up any news of a motor smash. I didn't want to leave Boston at first, of course, for I thought every day that he'd wire. That perhaps he'd need me, somewhere, in a hurry, and I wanted to get that message without delay.

"But it—it never came. So I just stayed and—and watched the newspapers. I'm watching them still. Do you—do you think I should have gone to Bangor?" she ended desperately.

"No," said Bill soberly. He felt terribly sorry for her. "I think not. But what did you do? At the Vendome, I mean? At the end of the week?"

"Oh—I gave up the room. I thought I'd better. And I went to the Y. W. C. A. That's where I am now. It's very inexpensive. But I've called twice every day at the hotel for news and nothing has come."

"Have you noticed the papers?"

"No. For the hotel people were so kind. They made all possible inquiries. *Should* I notify the police? That seems so dreadfully—public."

"How long, did you say, since he left you?"

"Three weeks to-day."

"And you've lived three weeks in Boston on that hundred dollars?"

"Oh, yes. I could have done it easily, except that just that first week I was fearfully extravagant. He—liked me to be, you know. He was awfully generous. He loved me to have new clothes. The ones I brought from North Conway weren't very nice.

"That day he left I paid sixteen dollars for this hat. I meant to surprize him with it. And I bought a pair of slippers that came to twelve. And two pairs of silk stockings. And some books to read while he was gone. And I ate at the Vendome. I—I didn't like poking around alone very much, just at first, at strange restaurants.

"AND all those telegrams were fearfully expensive. I didn't have very much sense about the money, I'm afraid. When I left the Vendome I had just thirty dollars in my purse."

"Why didn't you go back to North Conway?"

She shook her head very positively.

"Oh—I couldn't do that. I'd lived there all my life, you know, and my marriage made quite a little stir. The doctor's wife thought that perhaps I wasn't very—wise. To do it quite so suddenly. Tho she liked John, of course. And he liked her. No one could help liking John. Still—she *had* thought that it wasn't quite—prudent. I couldn't go back to North Conway."

"But—thirty dollars?"

"Well—I tried to find a job. I tried first at the libraries. But nothing was open. Then I went to the stores. I usually ate at cafeterias, but when I got really scared—about the money, I mean—I—I did what you saw to-night. I lived on bread and butter at the big hotels."

Bill made a little exclamation of horror. She didn't understand it.

"I suppose it *was* stealing," she admitted apologetically. "But somehow it didn't seem so. Taking three rolls from the Hotel Touraine. And it was very easy. No one ever seemed to suspect anything until this evening."

"And to-morrow?" asked Bill.

"Oh, I'm all right now," she said simply. "I've had a job a week. I'm selling stockings at a department store. I've got just ninety cents left from that one hundred dollars and I get paid to-morrow."

Well, there it was. The same old story. The conventional plot for a 'way down East melodrama. A good scenario for the screen.

But somehow the tragic confidence in Elizabeth's stedfast eyes carried conviction with it. There *was* amnesia—loss of memory—a blow on the head in some dark alley—a shot of poisoned hooch in a Bangor bar. Such things happened. One read of them every day in the papers. How

BOYS WANTED—WHY?

By ELEANOR MERCEIN (Mrs. Kelly)

In the April number of Pictorial Review Mrs. Kelly explains exactly why she can not agree with the view-point of Kathleen Norris expressed so frankly on page 20 of this issue.

could Bill tell? There might be explanations. For Elizabeth's sake, at any rate, Bill tried to think so.

"I think you'd better call in the police," he said gravely.

"What will they do?" she asked.

"They'll page the country for him," Bill answered. "And they'll ask you questions. Where did he work in Detroit?"

"I don't know the address. He never told me. For Mr. Ford, he said. I wrote him at the Ford factory, but there was no answer."

"You haven't got his picture? That's the first thing the cops will ask for."

She seemed to hesitate.

"Why, yes, I have. But I hate to give it up to them."

"Is it good?" Bill asked. "Fairly recent?"

"It's just a snap-shot," she said eagerly, "but it's very like him." She was opening her purse as she spoke. "I took it in North Conway on our wedding morning. We both forgot I had it. It wasn't developed until after he went away. I can't say what it did to me when the films came back from the developers—to find him there, among all the views of the scenery, the mountains, you know, and the pine-woods, and Quebec, all the things we'd seen together. To see his face like that—so happy and unsuspecting—when he'd gone—I didn't know where——"

She couldn't go on with it a minute longer, but she had found the snap-shot. She passed it over to Bill without even glancing at it, and began fumbling for her handkerchief again in her little bag.

BILL took the picture with considerable curiosity. You might be able to tell a good deal, he thought, from the fellow's face.

"He looks so young," she said brokenly. "He was only twenty-seven. Just a kid like me, really." She paused again and manipulated the handkerchief. She didn't call Bill any questions. He was certainly glad of that. He had plenty of time to recover.

He needed it. For, you see, he knew the man. Or at least knew of him. And I'm not going to try to explain the coincidence by the familiar aphorism that the world's a small place. The world could be a great deal larger than it is, and, with a yellow press on the job, every one would have known of Hendriks Vanderpool Schuyler. Yes, it was he, grinning ingenuously over the mud-guard of the roadster, his curly hair ruffled in the Summer breeze, his frank young eyes squinting cheerfully in the Summer sun.

Hendriks Vanderpool Schuyler, whose engaging young features first figured in the press of the nation six years ago, when his father refused to settle with that South-American dancer and took the case to the courts and Hendriks to India, out of Harvard and away from New York, the middle of our senior year.

We'd known him slightly, seen him around the yard, and studied those early pictures with interest. Read, too, Hendriks's ill-advised correspondence, spread luridly before our adolescent eyes in the columns of the Boston *Globe*. Noted finally the sum that ran up into the hundred thousands that old Schuyler came across with—a gallant jury's gesture toward beauty in distress—and set down on the tablets of memory the timely warning that, contrary to the popular platitude, it's not always the woman who pays.

AND that was only the beginning. Hendriks lingered in Asia, and a year later it appeared that he had inadvertently married a geisha girl in a dive in Tokyo. At least she said so, and a good many japs seemed to share her opinion. The embassy rescued him somehow. You can get away with that "Butterfly" stuff in Japan. The tabloids all ran photographs of old Schuyler's yellow grandchild. But, to judge by his pictures, happy-hearted Hendriks was none the worse for the experience.

The next thing we heard of him was his wedding in Newport. The fashion magazines and the society columns of the newspapers all carried photographs of it. Pictures of the bride and the bridegroom and the eight bridesmaids with bouquets and the eight ushers with *boutonnières* and two little flower-boys in Kate Greenaway trousers. Hendriks was married by a bishop. They ran the prelate's picture, too.

Reel four was his Paris divorce, of course. Pictures of Hendriks again, and his wife and his kid. Pictures of Hendriks and the movie queen in Biarritz the day the decree was announced. The lady's fair, familiar countenance smiling brilliantly into the camera and Hendriks ducking a bit, grinning disarmingly over the wheel of his car, modestly informing the Associated Press reporter that he had nothing to say. The movie queen was never featured further. Old Schuyler had discovered perhaps that a check in time saves nine.

Two years later came his elopement with the coal king's daughter from Pittsburgh. Married at a road-house, so the story ran. "They dared me to do it," was the flapper's

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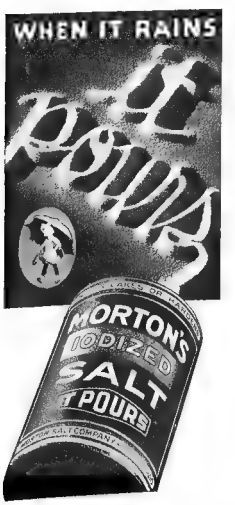

IODIZED TO PREVENT GOITER...ALSO PLAIN

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Continued from Page 34

statement. He took her to Palm Beach, and the pictures were very romantic. Hendriks and bride in a double bicycle chair in an avenue of palm-trees. Hendriks and bride in twin bathing-suits on the beach. A little later Hendriks and bride got into the news reels in all the picture-palaces, movie snapshots of them being forgiven by the bride's family under the Georgian portico of the coal king's residence on his Bar Harbor estate.

AND that was just a year ago. Bill hadn't seen any other pictures of Hendriks until Elizabeth handed him the snap-shot over the little rose-lit table in the grill-room of the Hotel Touraine.

It was a knock-out for Bill, all right. He doesn't know how long he sat there, speechless, his eyes on the picture, just taking the count. It was as clear as day. Hendriks was running perfectly true to form. He must have been going back to his wife, running the roadster up the coast to Bar Harbor, when he sent that letter from Portland and that wire from Bangor. Why he bothered to send them, Hendriks only knew. To keep her quiet a few days longer. Or really to tell her that he was thinking of her always? Considering Elizabeth, Bill reflected, that might well be true.

And there she sat across the finger-bowls, trying to rally her gallant smile.

"He was always so gay," she said, "just like that. You couldn't imagine anything dreadful ever happening to him. Whoever went under, you felt he would always come out on top." Then her manner changed. She became suddenly practical. "Do you really think—if he's alive—the police could find him from that photograph?"

"I think they could," said Bill very gravely. "I think they'd bring him back to you."

"Bring him back *to* me?" she questioned artlessly.

Bill took the leap. He felt he really had to.

"Have you ever questioned at all—ever considered—?" he began a trifle lamely. "Has it ever crossed your mind that perhaps—perhaps he mightn't want to come?"

He felt instantly as if he had struck her. She looked outraged and insulted and angry. But he saw immediately that it was not for herself.

"If *you* knew him," she said with quiet dignity, "you wouldn't ask that question."

Bill *is* a knight in armor. He went right on with it. Some one would have to tell her. This was just another, much more dreadful dragon in the path. He lifted his lance.

"How well did *you* know him?" he asked guardedly.

"That's a funny question," she said, "when you know that I married him."

"Just the same, I ask it," said Bill.

Her eyes grew vague and visionary.

"John was awfully easy to know," she said at last. "Open-hearted—and frank—and funny. Just a boy, really. I'm sure I knew him. And I trusted him and I adored him."

"But what," insisted Bill miserably, "if you were mistaken? If he *were* a —a rotter, you know—if he'd skipped—if the police could find him——"

"That's impossible," she said.

"But if it weren't?"

"If it weren't?" Her gaze met his. Her cheeks grew pinker. She looked very solemn. A little flame of pride seemed to flicker in her eyes. "If it weren't, do you think for one moment that I'd *want* him back—with everything spoiled and soiled and broken between us? If John were a rotter, do you think I'd even want to know it? That I wouldn't always rather keep my vision of what I'd had—of what life could be—of what love might mean?"

I DARE say you won't believe me when I say that that settled it, then and there, for Bill. I told you that he was a sentimentalist. And that he sized her up as another. He knew she meant every word of it. And he thought she was right. For him, as for her, you see, there could be no ultimate tragedy but disillusion.

"If Polly ever double-crossed me," he said very seriously in the dim-lit library, and his funny freckled face was twisted with feeling, "I'd never want to know it. I'd rather think her what I know she is—" He broke off abruptly.

"So you didn't tell Elizabeth?" I asked.

"I didn't tell her. I just crawled down and apologized and said I guessed I wouldn't give that snap-shot to the police after all—they might lose it. It was very easy. She was so guileless. And that was what she wanted to hear. And then she got up and thanked me very gratefully and said she must be going back to the Y., and she'd rather go alone. They locked the door at ten-thirty. And the square meal—on the square—was over. I don't know how square it was, tho, really. I'll never know."

"Why not, Bill?" I asked cozeningly. Bill needed bucking up.

"I *ought* to have told her," he said. "I ought to have taken her to a good lawyer. I ought to have made her go. But I just couldn't see Elizabeth pressing her chin through a threat of criminal prosecution. Nothing short of blackmail would have made old Schuyler loosen up. He's paid till it hurts already. Bigamy's an ugly word. But—I couldn't see her using it. I couldn't even see her taking any money if it were freely offered. So I left her—with her vision——"

"AND a good thing, too," I said, the of course I didn't think so. Bill looked very miserable.

"I thought so, myself, until yesterday," he said unhappily. "I thought she'd keep the vision."

"And won't she?" I queried. "What happened yesterday?"

"Didn't you see the Sunday papers?"

I couldn't remember anything in particular.

"At four o'clock last Saturday morning, at a grade-crossing near Poughkeepsie," said Bill very solemnly, "Hendriks Vanderpool Schuyler was killed at the wheel of his roadster."

"And a very good thing!" I maintained stoutly, in spite of my surprise.

"Vera Vane, the Follies favorite, was with him," said Bill quietly. "Her face is cut and she wants damages out of the old man."

"Got a fat chance!" I observed cynically.

"Yes, but she's telling the world. Says Hendriks was drunk at the time. Headlines an inch high. Story of his life on the front page. All the old pictures all over the photogravure section. Benton's a small town, of course, but I'm sure the *Herald* carried them. She was watching the papers, you know, for news."

I'LL HAVE A LITTLE GIRL, PLEASE

Continued from Page 20

"She's—pretty nice," the mother concedes.

The Sunday trips, the snap-shots, the Christmas trees center about her. The world centers about her on that terrible day when the fever goes up, and a business man, far down-town, reaches for his desk telephone and winces away from the tired voice at the other end of the line.

"What'd the doctor say?"

"Just—that we have to wait, Jim. Nothing new."

"Still a hundred and two?"

"Practically."

"How d'you mean 'practically'? It's gone up?"

"Oh, maybe a tenth of a degree. He said that didn't mean anything!"

And dad goes out to walk the streets. He passes a woolly cat in a drug-store window and remembers taking her one—she was only three then.

ONE hundred and two. It doesn't really mean anything! One hundred and two. It doesn't mean a thing!

When she is eighteen he begins to worry about her marriage. A fairly simple, humble man himself, he has for long years believed himself to be good enough for her mother—both human, and all that. But the man fine enough, sensitive enough, pure enough for his little girl doesn't live!

In five years what he feels for his daughter's daughter is simple idolatry.

All this we know. We know that dad loves the girl best, from the first. We know that mother gets response, devotion, companionship from the girl, unasked, and has to coax it from the boy. We know that when the family needs the boy's help he is apt quite sweetly, quite simply to get married, and remove that help. And we know the girl will stand by, turn her earnings into the family account, plan and worry about mother's comfort and dad's age, and let her young man wait.

And still—*still* the woman who bears four sons is mildly complacent, even while admitting that in the last case they would have liked a little girl for a change, and *still* the woman who bears four daughters in succession is apologetic. "We like girls!" she says gallantly.

His friends tease her husband goodnaturedly. One father of a fourth girl told me last year that eleven of his business associates hilariously called his attention to an article in the paper on the day his last daughter was born—an article stating that in a certain Scandinavian town only boys had been born in the last four years. It was extremely expensive for the town, incidentally, for the biological statisticians tell us that when the male birth-rate exceeds the female—well, something goes wrong, I forget exactly what, with the nation.

Some years ago I rushed through the night to assist the third daughter of a humble little neighbor into the world. The struggle was long and exhausting. In the weary dawn the father greeted the newcomer with a hearty "Damn!" that was quite audible to the barely breathing mother.

"You'll have your little brother yet!" he said savagely to the older baby, a child of two, as he carried her from the room.

SO CLOSE are we, in modern America, to the old ways of thinking!

Small wonder, too. England has but recently abolished the cruel old law of primogeniture that inspired about half of the Victorian novels. The boy, to an entailed estate, meant fortune, home, title, jewels, silver, portraits—meant everything, in short, and his mother rated nothing until she brought him into the world.

Only six years ago, in a fashionable sporting monthly, I saw a photograph of the American-born wife of a British peer—with her eight children. This was just before the end of the primogeniture law. Seven girls—poor little superfluous scraps—and then the boy. One knows that that little aged estate were entailed, and that she had no choice but to try to save them for her own line.

ONE wonders if the change in the law didn't make this particular woman what children call "mad."

Not long before that the whole world curiously, sympathetically watched the heroic efforts of a little German princess to bring an heir to the Russian throne. Four times the stork disappointed her, and beautiful, starry-eyed, intelligent little girls were left at the old palace of Tsarskoe Selo.

Then—at long last!—the bells rang out and the bonfires blazed, and paeans of thanksgiving fairly burst the old temples open in rejoicing. The Czarevitch was born!

Born, as it fell out, for twelve years of cruel suffering, and a violent death in a prison cellar. But the bells and organs did not know that, and the newspapers of Russia magnanimously announced that the country "forgave" the Czarina all that had gone before, in the light of this final achievement.

Nor is it only in the palaces—or where fortunes and titles are concerned, that European women desire male children. The girl, in France, means the dot, and a dot is sometimes a serious thing. One mother I knew, bearing a fourth child, and a third girl, felt that she must hand this child over to a prosperous childless sister. "I prayed for a boy," said this woman to me, tears in her fine eyes, "for I know that, in our

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position, we simply could not provide for another girl!"

In the six years of this last baby's life the mother had seen her only for brief visits, at long intervals. "My sister is very jealous," she further confided, smiling, "and doesn't want the little girl to put me first!"

A girl's dot is quite definitely proportioned in France. The dot of this particular woman's daughters had to be in the neighborhood of twenty thousand dollars each—formidable enough to make any mother pause before undertaking a third daughter's settlement!

Unthinkingly, we American women, for whose daughters the world is so different, are influenced by all these things. Brought up on the novels of Trollope and Dickens, Miss Cary, Miss Yonge, the Kingsleys, Bulwer-Lytton, we carry old-world inhibitions on the subject of sex into the life of our different world—this world that has opened all doors of work and sport and schooling to women as well as men, this American world in which a girl has all the advantages her brothers used to monopolize, and all of her own as well.

Which isn't, after all, to say that one "likes girls better than boys." Children are individuals, not form-types, and the affectionate, companionable, thoughtless little boy, if he is not quite as usual as the affectionate, companionable, thoughtful little girl, is a close runner-up for first honors.

Even the unmanageable little boy, the freckled, pimpled, broken-pantsed, dirty, slangy, lost-schoolbook type of little boy, is a delicious and stimulating possession.

Numbers in the nursery count, too. Two boys are greater richness, perhaps, than one girl; three girls than two boys. Given a wise mother and a good father, a mixture of both sexes is an ideal thing—girls adoring and horrified at the recklessness of brothers, brothers admiring and bracing in their treatment of the girls. Little-girl faults—sensitiveness, complacency, moralizing—blow away before their brothers' laughter, and little-boy faults yield to the influence of a real big sister. The old-fashioned nursery was a pretty good school in which to start life when all's said and done.

Girls *or* boys, children are the sweetest, the realest, the most important thing in life. The marvel is that any one ever sees them, or ever saw them, as being less than that, who are the living, flaming, sparkling fluid of which the world is made. The wonder is that any one can spend money for hats or jewels, dead canvases or flying-machines, while there is an unfed, unadored, unspoiled, and unpetted baby alive in the world.

Boys or girls, they pay their lovers royally in that old coinage we all are seeking in this short journey of ours, "life more abundant." The only truly dead lives among us, if the term may be permitted, are those lives that do not touch the world of children. The happiest women in the world are those women who are bearing them, feeding them, worrying about them, loving them. The most exquisite hour in life is that hour when consciousness slowly, confusedly returns, after the fiery flight to the very gates of death, and warm human voices, congratulatory, reassuring, phrase the miracle once more, "You have a little boy."

But, just the same, if I were a young mother-to-be, and could have the choice of sex, and knew that the coming child would be the only child in the family I would have it "a little girl."

A SEEKER FOR BURIED TREASURE

Continued from Page 4

prehistoric ash-heaps, the method of procedure is the same. First of all you begin by "prospecting," which is perhaps the most thrilling and also the most deceptive aspect of the work.

In the foot-hills of the Pyrenees there is no lack of caves: big caves and little ones—some that open gaping doors in the hillside; others barely big enough to admit the body of a dog. There are "wet" caves with underground streams, "wells" that drop away vertically, caves like gray tunnels or snowy-white with stalactites.

Nearly all the great caves have been known for centuries and more or less carefully explored. These offer little chance of fresh discoveries. What I set out to discover was a cave that had never been visited. For weeks at a time I clambered up and down steep limestone ridges, searching in thickets of gorse and scrub-oak for a fissure in the rock—sometimes barely more than a crack—that, when you apply your nose to the opening, gives out a rush of cool air and a damp, musty smell: sure evidence of a cavern.

SOMETIMES the crack, when found, proved to be merely an entrance that it took dynamite to widen; sometimes it was all that remained of a former cave-entrance choked to-day with earth and fallen rock. To clear a passage through the débris, just wide enough for a body to wriggle through, took hours and often days of energetic digging. At times we had to blast away tightly wedged boulders.

When the path was cleared, my companion—an intrepid peasant, rare in that region where all men have a healthy fear of caves, which are currently supposed to be haunted—would thrust head and shoulders into the hole, pushing his miner's lamp before him at arm's length. After a brief survey he would squirm out again to announce dejectedly, "It's only a little chamber," or with repressed excitement, "There's a gallery that goes ahead."

Whereupon we hastily assembled our cave-equipment: two acetylene miners' lamps, matches and candles in case the lamps should give out, a coil of stout rope, a pick and a poker—classic prospecting-tools. Our clothes: a Basque beret to protect the head from jagged stalactites, and mechanics' overalls, the latter ideal for cave-exploring since they are one-piece affairs. If you wear a two-piece garment you risk leaving the upper or lower half behind you when you are hauled, head or feet foremost, out of a passage that has proved too tight a fit!

On all our prospecting expeditions we were never fewer than two. It is not prudent to go into a cave alone; not because of any imminent danger, but a slight accident —a slip on greasy clay, a sprained ankle—might keep the explorer shut up for days underground with no one knowing where he was, and no possibility of getting out.

When we had crawled through the opening made in the débris of the cave-entrance, Georges, my faithful cave companion, and I would find ourselves in a passage, at times large enough to stand upright, but more frequently so low that we were forced to lie full length on the damp clay while we coaxed our sputtering lamps into a clear fan-like flame. Then began the business of exploring.

We moved forward slowly in the darkness, our lights dancing on the cave-walls, pale limestone clotted with clay or hung with fantastic stalactites. Underfoot, the littered stone and earth of the entrance gave way to slippery clay or cement-like stalagmite puckered into folds, with pools so transparent as to be invisible until you splashed into them. Always only the distant drip of a stalactite or the whir of a bat that our lights set fluttering in a panic of flapping wings.

AS OFTEN as I visited caves, I never entered a new one without a thrill of excitement as if I were really stepping down into another world, silent and timeless. The knowledge that hundreds of prehistories no man had trodden those still passages gave additional mystery to the experience; tho many times, alas, we discovered that we were the first human beings to penetrate into the cavern. Even the caveman had not preceded us there.

Sometimes the caves were merely ancient bear-dens, where we found the bones of slaughterer and slaughtered lying in touching proximity. Or, less romantic, they were merely the haunts of modern foxes, strewn with yesterday's chicken-bones, or badger homes with comfortable mattresses of dried grass. As a rule, the animal inhabitants were absent, except for the bat colonies and a few small insects; tho once—horrible recollection!—we found a little cave with its walls covered with great hairy spiders.

And on one occasion, in a very tight

Continued on Page 40

Lovelier, younger Skin

when you guard its health in *6 vital places*

Study my mannequin to know why

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

by Frances Ingram

THIS wonderful truth about my Milkweed Cream puts it on the dressing tables of a million beautiful women—it is much more than the most perfect cleanser you have touched to your face . . . *it is a marvelous corrector of the health of your skin!*

For Milkweed Cream *tones* the skin as it cleanses it. It coaxes impurities from the pores, and your skin is left fresh, immaculate . . . satin to the touch. And, in addition, Milkweed's special toning properties free the complexion of blemishes and aging little lines and wrinkles. Swiftly the skin becomes healthy—gloriously clear—*young!*

The method these women use is simple—just as easy as ordinary cleaning. For the difference lies entirely in the healthful ingredients of my cream.

Guard your skin health this way

First apply Milkweed Cream generously. Leave it on the skin a moment to allow its special cleansing and toning ingredients to penetrate the pores. Then carefully pat off every bit. Next, apply a fresh and light film of Milkweed Cream and, following the six starred instructions at the right, pat the cream gently into the skin.

- THE FOREHEAD—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.
- THE EYES—If you would avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.
- THE THROAT—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with a rotary movement at base of neck.
- THE MOUTH—Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.
- THE NECK—To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.
- THE SHOULDERS—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

All drug and department stores have Milkweed Cream. Begin this sure method tonight. If you have any special questions, send for my booklet, "Why only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", or tune in on "Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram", Tuesday 10:15 A.M. (Eastern Time) on WJZ and Associated Stations.

INGRAM'S *Milkweed Cream*

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. E30, 108 Washington St., N. Y. C.
Please send me your free booklet, "Why only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

"Yeast is used constantly in my

. . says world authority on nutrition, PROFESSOR DR. CARL VON NOORDEN, GEHEIMRAT

A MAGICAL NAME in medicine — Dr. Carl von Noorden! Each year hundreds of Americans go thousands of miles for his advice. He says:

"Yeast is used constantly in my clinic. Its results are astonishing. Its regular use can in a short time bring about normal functioning of the bowels. It increases secretion of the digestive juices, improves appetite. For over thirty years it has been used, with surprising results, to cure certain diseases of the skin.

"No other food—and yeast *is* a food—is richer in vitamin B. When 'irradiated,' it contains great quantities of the 'sunshine' vitamin D. This vitamin strengthens endurance, fortifies against colds and disease. In those of growing age it builds strong bones and teeth. In expectant and nursing mothers it prevents and cures the softening of bones and teeth so common at these periods and protects the unborn or nursing child against rickets.

"Yeast has an extraordinary tonic effect on the system. It is a powerful agent for building up in a run down condition."

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast daily, following the directions on the label. Every cake is rich in the *two* indispensable vitamins, B and D. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Let us send you a booklet giving the health advice of world-famous doctors. Address Health Research Dept. YB-3, Fleischmann's Yeast, a product of Standard Brands Inc., 597 Madison Ave., New York City.

(*Above*) "How I dreaded those terrible colds and winter sicknesses!" *writes* MRS. R. F. FINNERAN *of Columbus, O.* "I felt sluggish, listless—due perhaps to staying indoors too much . . . I started eating yeast chiefly for its laxative effect. My sluggishness disappeared. I had worlds of new pep. And I found I could go through a whole winter without one of those awful colds."

(*Below*) "I am a commercial artist and sometimes have to work late into the night," *writes* JOHN C. PELLEW *of New York City.* "A year ago I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Fleischmann's Yeast was what pulled me through. I was skeptical about trying it but it worked wonders in my run down condition."

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THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

clinic··*its results are Astonishing*

Founder of Europe's most exclusive clinic, at Frankfort, Germany; physician to royalty; recently appointed consulting head of the leading hospital in Vienna; author of hundreds of medical articles and books; bearer of titles from all the governments of Europe.

Famous Specialists Give Simple Health Rule—

Europe's greatest stomach specialist, Dr. Maurice Delort, says: "Yeast acts as a digestive cleanser. It stimulates gastric secretion and encourages the working of stomach and intestines."

Dean of Stockholm's skin specialists, Professor Dr. Johan Almkvist, says: "For twenty-five years I have successfully used yeast for skin troubles such as acne and boils."

Austria's great internal specialist, Hofrat Professor Dr. Gustav Singer, says: "Yeast is the best intestinal purifier known."

MILDRED CAN'T COME BECAUSE IT'S WASHDAY. SHE'S SCRUBBING HER CLOTHES—JUST IMAGINE!
HOW OLD-FASHIONED! LET'S TELL HER ABOUT OUR "NO-WORK" WAY

NEXT WASHDAY
SO YOU TOOK OUR ADVICE, MILDRED! ONLY RINSO CAN GET CLOTHES SO WHITE
YES, AND IT SAVES SCRUBBING AND BOILING TOO

This safe, scrubless way washes clothes whiter

THERE are several ways to do the family wash. Modern women do it the *easiest* way—without scrubbing or boiling. And they get *whiter, brighter* washes than those who scrub for hours!

The secret? There is no secret! Millions of women all over the country know that Rinso soaks out dirt and gets clothes gleaming, snowy white—safely. Millions of women know it's foolish to scrub when Rinso soaks clothes so much whiter.

And the most wonderful thing about Rinso is not the way it saves work—but the way it *saves the clothes.* Linens and cottons stay new-looking much longer, for they aren't scrubbed and boiled threadbare. This scrubless way spares the hands, too.

Rich suds . . . for tub or washer

Even in hard water, Rinso whips at once into rich, creamy, *active* suds. These suds loosen the dirt so that it rinses off easily. The most soiled cuffs and edges come so snowy with little or no rubbing.

"It's almost like magic!" say women all over the country.

Rinso is wonderful in washing machines, too; the makers of 38 leading washers recommend it. "Use Rinso for safety and for whiter, brighter clothes!" they say.

Rinso is great for dishes—loosens grease like magic. In fact, Rinso makes *all cleaning easier.* Just try it for woodwork, tile, porcelain, linoleum.

And so economical!

Cup for cup, Rinso goes twice as far as lightweight, puffed-up soaps because it's granulated and *compact.* It's all you need on washday — no bar soaps, chips, powders, softeners. *Just Rinso.* Get the BIG household package today and follow the easy directions on the box.

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—
LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, MASS.

For whiter clothes in tub or washer

Continued from Page 37

passage, I met a badger face to face. It was a very angry badger, that, to my excited vision, looked big as a bear. (I was lying full length, and the teeth and claws of the bristling little animal showed only a few feet from my nose.) At the sight I beat an undignified and crablike retreat, almost telescoping my companion, who was creeping behind, close at my heels.

However great our interest in the caveman's kitchen, what we hoped most of all to discover was a painted cave with frescoes in black and red and intricate networks of engravings. Each new cave meant a fresh possibility. We explored rock-galleries whose walls, we felt, ought to have tempted the prehistoric artist, but for some inexplicable reason had not done so. But like all prospectors, we comforted ourselves after each disappointment with the hope that the next time, surely, we would "strike it rich."

WE DID find isolated drawings: one little horse, cut with exquisite precision on a smooth stone panel; the outline of a deer, carved on the rock-ceiling of an oven-like chamber; and occasional painted arrows—prehistoric sign-posts often pointing to inaccessible galleries. But the great painted cave of our dreams still remains to be discovered.

In a dozen caves, however, I found humbler evidences of the caveman's presence: hearths with the customary litter of charcoal, flint, and bone. In chambers relatively far from the cave-entrance and vast enough to allow building a fire without the risk of being smothered by smoke, such hearths were often on the surface of the cave-floor, as if stone-age man had cooked his meal there only a few days before, except that bone and flint were generally locked in an ice-like pool of stalagmite that it had taken thousands of years to form. And the animal bones were those of the reindeer, which to-day is not precisely an animal of the Pyrenees!

But often the floor of what seemed a very habitable chamber showed no trace of a primitive "kitchen." On such occasions I would inquire of Georges, who as a Pyrenees peasant knows a great deal about chimneys and drafts, "Now, Georges, if you were a caveman where would you build your fire?" And my companion, after a moment's thought, would select a spot near the rock-wall.

"THIS is the best place," he would declare soberly, taking up the pick to make a trial hole. If that particular chamber had ever sheltered a prehistoric hunter, George's guess would generally prove correct. Beneath a layer of gray clay brought there by water, we would find the fossil remnants of a caveman's dinner, or, lifting up a stony fragment of stalagmite, we would discover a hearth intact.

Such hearths, however, were rare. The stone-age men rarely camped for more than a meal or a night in the inner chambers of a cavern. There was always a risk that the great cave-bear, whose claw-marks we saw everywhere on clay and rock, might have been lurking dangerously near. The primitive hunter preferred to camp at the entrance of the cavern, where he found daylight, shelter, and relative security from hungry beasts. It was there that he built his fires and piled up his kitchen refuse that accumulated layer on layer.

Dozens, hundreds of centuries passed; men of different races inhabited the cave. Their diet varied as the game differed with the changing climate. Each successive race had its own special technique of chipping flint and working bone. So that to-day the excavator can tell by examining the instruments and animal bones whether he is digging in the kitchen of the bear-hunting men of Neanderthal or the fish-eating Azilians, last and latest of the old stone-age peoples.

Cave-prospecting in the Pyrenees, while it may never bring you the sensational discovery of a painted cavern, is bound to end sooner or later in a caveman's kitchen. But that find represents merely the initial step in the work of the prehistorian. Next follows the less glamourous business of excavating. Like prospecting, digging also may reserve many deceptions.

The most promising site often proves of no consequence when you have lifted off the top layer. Or it may lure you on with occasional scanty hearths buried in tons of sterile earth; so that when the excavation is finished you have only a few splintered bones and a mere handful of flints to show for weeks of patient grubbing. Nevertheless even a "poor" site may reserve agreeable surprises. The little "Venus" of Lespugue, the loveliest of stone-age sculptures, came from an insignificant little cave in the Pyrenees foot-hills.

In one of the most disheartening of my own diggings, we uncovered a prehistoric grave containing a very rare human skeleton. However discouraging the apparent results, an excavation once begun must be dug to the very end, for the story of the caveman has not yet been completely told, and there is always a chance of happening on a new discovery that may fill up a gap in the tale.

But neither cave-prospecting nor excavating is work for the amateur. Whether one's primary interest lies in ancient man or in the lower forms of animal life, paleontology is a science, and as such demands the service of trained workers.

To investigate the caveman's kitchen you must be able to recognize geological formations, to identify animal bones, and to distinguish the different types of flint and bone instruments, which vary radically according to the race of prehistoric men that fashioned them.

Then, too, there is the actual technique of digging, the work with poker, chisel, brush, and sieve, which can only be learned from some one who is already an expert. In short, the seeker for buried worlds needs considerable preparatory training before he dares venture alone in the field.

BUT once that initial preparation is out of the way, the science of ancient forms of life whether human or animal, represents, to my mind, a very complete profession. It offers work for brain and fingers; its scope is as wide as the world, and it reaches back in time to the very beginnings of life. It can even furnish material to the philosopher.

It is an outdoor as well as an indoor profession. Part of the year one spends in the quiet of library and laboratory, preparing specimens, reading, comparing, and working out reports.

Even there comes at times the joy of discovery: an unknown species of animal to baptize and classify; an unsuspected geological formation, identified from the fossils it contains; a new type of stone or bone tool that sheds fresh light on the caveman's industry. Or the more manual satisfactions: the successful extraction of a rat's skull from a stone fragment, or a bone needle from a block of stalagmite.

When Summer comes the paleontologist takes to the "field." It may be to the haunts of ancient man or of "centuries," far more ancient, of mammal and reptile; or to search in the rock and clay of some former ocean bottom for delicate sea-creatures to-day congealed in stone. It may be in France, Mongolia, Palestine, Morocco or our own Southwest.

As yet few women are actively engaged in paleontology, chiefly, I imagine, because field-work, whether at home or abroad, has generally been considered a "man's job." The siren myth, which is still persistent among certain English and American scientists, has rather tended to shut out the woman from participating in expeditions unless she happens to have a husband in the party who can serve as guaranty for her good behavior!

On the whole, Russians and French seem more inclined to judge the scientific worker on his own merits, irrespective of his or her sex. During the years spent in French laboratories and in the field, I have observed that while Frenchmen like to theorize on the limitations of women and verbally restrict her sphere of activity to hearth and home, they accept the individual woman quite as a matter of course.

"OF COURSE, you are different," they will invariably tell the woman recruit in the field of science. "You are not like most women—*you* work like a man!"

Until now much of my own work, as one of my French colleagues likes to point out slyly, has been within the limits of a "kitchen," tho to be sure a very ancient one. But to-day, like many paleontologists, I find myself drawn toward wider and more distant horizons: toward Africa and the Far East, where scientists are uncovering finds which may help to clear up some of the most obscure pages in man's early history and in fact the history of all animal life on the globe.

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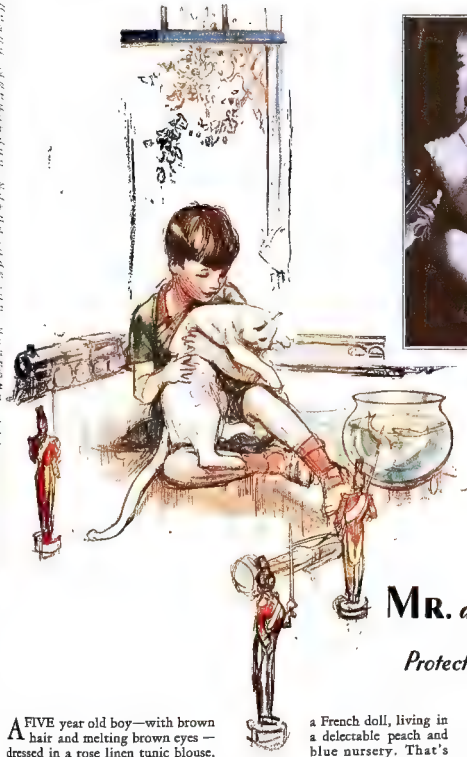


Little P. A. B. Widener, III, and his sister Ella are the children of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. B. Widener of Elkins Park, Pennsylvania, of Newport and Santa Barbara—famous for their interest in sport and the breeding of race horses

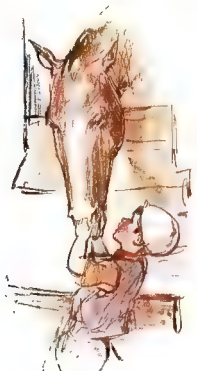
Healthy and merry in their story book world — the children of

MR. *and* MRS. P. A. B. WIDENER II

Protected by a modern care all mothers can give

A FIVE year old boy—with brown hair and melting brown eyes—dressed in a rose linen tunic blouse, and diminutive rose "pants." That's Peter A. B. Widener, III.

A baby, as exquisite and lovely as a French doll, living in a delectable peach and blue nursery. That's Peter's little two year old sister Ella.



Charmed lives they lead — this little pair. Their parents' estate is a dream place. Palatial Italian house . . . far stretching lawns with clipped hedges and lovely vistas . . . jetting series of fountains . . . greenhouses . . . polo fields . . . kennels . . . race track.

With the children, health laws are scrupulously observed. The dictates of famed child specialists are unfailingly enforced, especially in that all important matter of diet. For both children a special point was emphasized early in their lives. That was the habit of eating a *hot, cooked* cereal.

A particular cereal advised by child specialists

And the cereal specified by the Wideners' physician and approved by the children's trained nurses was that universal favorite—Cream of Wheat.

"We follow the pediatrician's advice in giving both children Cream of Wheat," says Mrs. Widener. "Ella eats it twice a day, and Peter always has his hot cereal breakfast. Cream of Wheat has certainly played its part in the children's good health."

Mothers of thousands of other little boys and girls share this same conviction. Their judgment is reinforced by the verdict of 221 members of leading medical societies in four great cities—Chicago, New York, San Francisco and Toronto. In a recent investigation all of these noted specialists went on record as approving Cream of Wheat.

They value its rich energy content —its quick digestibility. For, with all the harsh part of the grain removed, Cream of Wheat is more easily digested than any other cereal in common use.

To give your children the very best possible preparation for their day, start them off in the morning, regularly, with a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

FREE—this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their *hot, cooked* cereal at breakfast. The H. C. B. Club, with badges, pictures, gold stars, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club, with 796,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to:

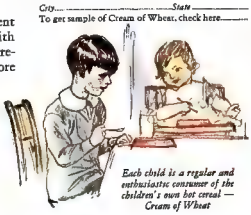
THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION DEPT. E-40
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Child's name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here.....



Each child is a regular and enthusiastic consumer of the children's own hot cereal — Cream of Wheat

CREAM OF WHEAT

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Presenting NEW DESIGNS Spring 1930

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM RUGS

Here are introduced the very newest styles in America's favorite floor-covering. Here, in rugs that any one can afford, are patterns by the world's leading rug designers and colorists.

Designs whose sheer loveliness wins your instant admiration. Color harmonies that suggest endless ways to brighten up your home. And in every rug, an indescribable something that marks it as a real masterpiece. Don't they fill you with ambition to bring their rich beauty into your home—make you just long to "get after" some of your rooms?

Modern in Time-Saving. A damp mop over the smooth, water-proof surface of *Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs* and jiffy-quick they are immaculate.

Modern in Trouble-Saving. These rugs lie flat without fastening—never kick-up or slide about.

Modern in Money-Saving. The purchase of several generous, room-size *Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs* will not strain even the most modest budget.

Weigh all the facts and your sense of values will tell you that the "golden rule of rug-buying" is to *look for the Gold Seal on the rugs you buy.* Purse-size booklet showing all patterns, sent free on request.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., *Gen'l Off.*, KEARNY, N. J.
New York Philadelphia Chicago Boston Pittsburgh Kansas City San Francisco Minneapolis New Orleans Atlanta Dallas Detroit Rio de Janeiro. *In Canada*—Congoleum Canada Ltd., Montreal.

WOMEN'S RADIO INSTITUTE—look for it in the radio column of your local newspaper. A morning program of delightful entertainment and practical help. *Ask your Congoleum dealer*—or write us—for the *Institute* folder with broadcasting time-table. (*Not yet on Pacific Coast.*)

This Gold Seal appears only on

genuine Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs!

"MECCA"

Gold Seal Rug No. 615

This distinctive pattern shows a number of interesting Mohammedan prayer rugs as they are often seen side by side on a Mosque floor.

"PLANTATION"

Gold Seal Rug No. 616

Hooked rugs are one of the smart things today. This design enables you to follow this popular style without spending a mint of money.

"ARCADIA"

Gold Seal Rug No. 618

Imagine this refreshingly original Congoleum design in your dining room, or picture how charming it would be in a Colonial bedroom!

"TURKAN"

Gold Seal Rug No. 621

Oriental designs are popular for dining rooms, living rooms and bedrooms. This pattern is a reproduction of a rare old Persian carpet.

"FLOWRET"

Gold Seal Rug No. 614

An intriguing modern-art floral effect that will appeal especially to those women who like something that is a little bit "different."

"OLYMPIA"

Gold Seal Rug No. 623

If you have a breakfast room, sun porch or kitchen which you wish to brighten up, here is the very rug you are looking for.

"DIXIE"

Gold Seal Rug No. 617

Here is a rug that will go beautifully almost anywhere—in your bedroom, living room, sun porch, dining room, even in the kitchen.

"SPRING"

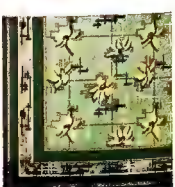
Gold Seal Rug No. 613

Delightfully different—and definitely modern! A lovely combination of colors that will be a never-ending source of joy wherever used.

"SPARTA"

Gold Seal Rug No. 624

Something new for your kitchen. Square tiles in lustrous marble effects . . . insets of bright blue . . and a most unusual border.



"DUVAL"

Gold Seal Rug No. 619

A very "modern" design in oval—yet so appealing in motif and colorings that it will please even the most conservative taste.

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INFORMAL DINING-ROOMS

By ETHEL DAVIS SEAL

Drawing by Marion Dismant

DINING-ROOMS CAN BE CHEERFUL AND HOMELIKE AT REASONABLE COST IF YOU PLAN THEM CAREFULLY

TO THIS day I look back with surprize on the inexpensiveness of my first little dining-room, and with surprize I still realize its charm. That it was a success I've never had the least doubt, for not only did the room suit me and my house, but people talked about it, copied it, and wanted to paint pictures of it. This first dining-room of mine invited informal treatment, which undoubtedly suggested the exact combination of furniture I finally acquired, and which proved to be my greatest expense-saver. I decided to seek out cheap, old-fashioned pieces and unpainted new ones. I had not decided which pieces I preferred, but intended to let bargains guide me. The first bargain I found broke the world record for old corner cupboards, I'm sure, and of course I never could have bid mine in for a dollar and a half if anybody else had wanted it.

Stationed in just the right corner of my dining-room, the old cupboard looked delightful, especially after I had painted it black on the outside, peacock-blue on the interior, and arranged brilliant-hued china on the shelves. Much of this china was a bright orange-red, some yellow, some a greenish turquoise—a cheery collection which added zest to the cupboard and to the room-scheme.

The table was a large drop-leaf of the kitchen variety, the largest I could find. This I painted peacock-blue and decorated with a two-inch band of black running near the edge on the top of the table and leaves. Needing a bit of accenting color, every once in so often I painted a disk of some bright hue on the black border. I got my outline by running a pencil around a small coin laid on the table. I got my colors from the china on the cupboard-shelves.

Next I bought an inexpensive chest of drawers. The shape of this chest was pleasing, but the finish was an objectionable oak-stain. This I removed, and then painted the piece black, with peacock-blue knots and drawer-interiors of the same color. I used this chest for linens and flat silver.

I hunted chairs for a long time, and finally found a half dozen farmhouse side-chairs at a country dealer's. I painted them black and trimmed them with peacock-blue, and in addition I bunched three of the tiny disks, which looked like cherries, right in the center of the widest crosspiece of each chair.

My next problem was the covering of the floor. Temporarily I used a dark rag rug, but I was so anxious to have a peacock-blue rug with accents of orange and yellow, red and black to harmonize with my room-scheme that I determined to *make* one. It was easy enough to hunt up the rags, then dye them the desired colors, and the crocheting of them was sheer fun. The rug cost very little, tho it was of a very large oval size, sufficient to accommodate comfortably the table and chairs. New material to eke out the old rags and four packages of dye were the chief expenditures.

The window-curtains were pretty and cheap. I found a bargain in a remnant—lovely stuff with orange-tailed birds, and oak-leaves in peacock-blue, and deep, shadowy amethyst on a sand-colored ground, exactly matching the walls of the room. The glass-curtains were made of silk muslin. Since the views from the room were so pretty, these curtains were slipped into tie-backs.

I did not like the lighting-fixture over the dining-table, so I removed it, using instead a straight metal tubing, from which was suspended one bright light supplied with an oval shade, which I covered with a thin, silky, sand-colored material, and lined it with cretonne. Blue moss edging finished the shade at top and bottom, which made it blue and sand-color in the daytime, but at night, when the light was in use, the brilliant colors of the cretonne lining made a fine showing indeed.

THIS dining-room of mine was so successful at such a very low cost that it is well worth duplicating in any number of ways, and it is possible to do so at such varying expense that it can be made to suit any budget at all. Those who have small budgets will be glad to spend extra time in bargain-hunting and in painting and crocheting in order to save money. But when extreme economy is not necessary changes and amplifications may be made to suit individual needs, still keeping to the character of this original plan.

There are many suitable choices in tables. Drop-leaf kitchen tables, of course, are the cheapest types in the world, and when painted one would scarcely suspect their humble origin. Some degrees higher in kind and price we find tables of the refectory type, extension gate-legs, and square tables with semicircular console ends, which between meals may be used as console-tables and set against the wall in order to help out in the general appearance of the room-furnishing.

Corner cupboards may be new and unfinished, ready for paint; they may be carpenter-made and built in; they may be antique, whether a prized family possession or of a modest type bought inexpensively after long search.

Rarely are they bought ready-finished where cost is a consideration, for fine new mahogany or maple cupboards are usually high-priced.

Chests of drawers are almost as convenient as are sideboards for use in a dining-room, especially when a corner cupboard is included, with its closed-in compartment at the bottom.

A chest should be chosen for good lines, and if it is of four-drawer height it rarely looks like a bureau. If there is a back ledge this should be removed. And it may or may not have a mirror hung on the wall above it. Additional choices are offered by either a wall-hanging or a suitable oil-painting; or the chest may be placed below a window, which is the position the chest was given in my own dining-room, with the tall window treatment furnishing a really delightful background behind it. Very attractive four-drawer chests may be found in collections of unpainted furniture.

Low-boys are also effective, tho these are more expensive. Chests of mahogany, walnut, or maple offer further choices. Sometimes one of these is already owned, and may be used in the dining-room or breakfast-room with an extension gate-leg table of matching wood, and with cupboard and chairs painted a gay color.

Chairs similar to those shown in the drawing may be found most reasonably in unfinished wood. Other attractive types, including any of the Windsors, ladder-backs, and copies of the farmhouse varieties, may be found in the unfinished furniture departments of shops or stores. Other chairs suitable for use in such a room are the ladder-backs of French Provincial style, and reproductions of our own early American chairs, to be found in shops handling new furniture.

Rugs should be of rag, linen, straw, or of any of the various carpet weaves, in a plain bright color. Hook-rugs are ideal also. In a small dining-room sometimes a six-by-nine size will be quite large enough, and so prove an economical feature. Machine-woven rag rugs may be found in any room size, and the plain deep blue ones or the dark mottled ones are particularly effective. Oval straw rugs, or square rugs made of large blocks of color, are very good-looking for the informal dining-room. And

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TEN MINUTES A DAY TO KEEP WRINKLES AWAY

By
DORIS LEE ASHLEY

Drawing by Erich Berry

PAT UNTIL THE SKIN IS ROSY AND WATCH THE WRINKLES DISAPPEAR BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES

IT WAS quite late that night when we returned, and frankly I was as tired as a person could be. I had undressed, cleansed my skin, and was seated at my dressing-table, patting in my favorite skin-food with a rhythmic pat, pat-a-pat, pat that had long since become part of my day's work.

I thought I heard a gentle knock on the partly opened door of my room, and without stopping I invited my friend to enter.

"You must forgive me for disturbing you, but I heard such a curious noise and thought I'd better investigate. Now, for goodness' sake, do tell me what you are doing, for it looks so mysterious and—professional."

"For beauty's sake I will not only tell you but show you how you can get rid of those tired lines in your face," I said laughingly.

"Here, my dear, sit down at my dressing-table, for I have just finished. Let me put this band around your hair to keep it free from the creams. First take a generous amount of this delightful cleansing cream. Doesn't it smell delicious? Now, beginning at the base of your throat, apply the cream in upward strokes to your chin; from your chin along the jaw-line upward to your temples; then again from your chin up to your eyes and gently around the eyes; from the nose outward toward your ears, and from your eyebrows up to the hair-line.

"Don't worry about getting the cream on the band, for it is rubber and easily washed. Above all do not neglect the back of your neck, for you will be surprized at the amount of dirt it collects from fur collars. You will notice that this cream melts as soon as it touches your warm skin. It softens and lubricates the dust, powder, and rouge that have been collecting and adhering to your skin all evening. Many women prefer an oil to lubricate the make-up. Now go into the bathroom and with the neutral soap you will find there wash your face and neck with warm water and I will tell you what to do when you return."

I opened again my jar of nourishing antiwrinkle-cream and washed off my rubber patter in readiness for the next step in eradicating the tired lines that marred the beautiful skin of my friend.

When she was again seated before the mirror I instructed her to apply the antiwrinkle-cream with the same upward and outward strokes she used in applying the cleansing cream. Then I handed her the rubber patter and told her to begin patting gently from the base of the throat to the ears and to pat quite vigorously under the chin, for she was inclined to be the double-chin type. Then I told her to pat at the corners of her mouth and watch closely in the mirror and she would see those tiny, fine lines actually disappear.

I insisted on her continuing the patting until her skin was quite rosy—always in upward strokes. Then I handed her two soft absorbent tissues and requested her to wipe off the cream with the same gentle upward outward strokes so as not to stretch the skin unduly. Now she was allowed to examine her skin. I handed her my pet crystal mirror, and she was astonished and delighted with her rosy, lineless skin, and said that I had worked a miracle.

It does seem like a miracle really, but it is simply the result of the research work of the beauty specialists who turned to science in their endeavor to keep the signs of age at bay.

Now, to keep the skin thoroughly nourished and to offset the effects of this changeable weather I suggested that my friend apply a thin film of the rich nourishing antiwrinkle-cream over her face and throat and especially around her eyes. I told her of a special eye-cream for aging eyes that is wonderfully nourishing. I promised that in the morning I would show her what to do, and she tripped off to bed most happily.

Next morning she was delighted that the lines had not returned, and was most eager to learn the next steps of her treatment.

I had placed a bowl with several ice-cubes on the dressing-table. I had also prepared two pads of absorbent cotton. One I had saturated with skin-tonic and had placed it on one of the ice-cubes to cool. This I handed to her and told her to "wash" her face with it and to be sure to remove all traces of cream from around her eyes and nose While she was doing that I placed the second cold pad of absorbent cotton, which I had saturated with a special astringent tonic, into the pocket of another rubber patter and handed it to her.

"Why, this is not the same patter I used last night!" she exclaimed.

"No," I replied, "it is a special one for applying skin-tonics and astringents. It is lighter in construction, flat on one side, with a clever little pocket on the other for holding the dampened absorbent cotton."

A friend of mine, to whom I had presented one of these patters, wrote me that she had discovered that for her supersensitive skin she found the unfilled pocket side of the patter excellent for stimulating the circulation, as the empty pocket caused a certain amount of suction when it was patted on the skin, which quickly brought the blood to the surface. And for that type of skin I imagine it would be very satisfactory, but not so good as the hard-rubber patter for the woman whose muscles were firmer in construction and who had a double chin to reduce.

The ice-cold, mild astringent was patted into the skin until my friend's face glowed with renewed circulation. This particular astringent lotion leaves a light powdery residue which is easily brushed off. Now, I told her, her skin was ready for an application of a foundation cream or liquid as a base for powder. I then bade her accentuate her natural coloring with a bit of cream rouge. When I handed her my special box of complexion-powder she exclaimed, "Why, I have never used a powder as dark as that!"

"Just try it," I recommended. She was so pleased with the result—for it matched her skin so closely it could hardly be detected—that she wanted to know at once the name of the shade, the price, and the name of the manufacturer. A lipstick was applied and the edge of the line softened with the cushiony tip of one finger, and she was indeed lovely to look upon.

Now, my dear readers, you will gather from this treatment that the most important part of the ritual of eradicating lines is to stimulate the circulation of the blood, which in turn will help the muscles and skin to function properly. It is quite as necessary also to supply the proper nourishment to skin inclined to wrinkle.

IN ADVANCE cases of wrinkles, when the skin has become so marred from neglect or age, it is wise to follow such a treatment every day. When it is found difficult to stimulate the circulation use a stimulating preparation that will do what the patting does, but in half the time.

These preparations, cream, liquid, ointment (and I have recently discovered a new mask that is stimulating), should be applied over cleansing cream, removed when the skin begins to tingle, and followed by patting into the rosy, stimulated skin a nourishing skin-food or antiwrinkle-cream.

When the skin is much relaxed there is a jelly-like preparation which will help to correct the flabbiness. Apply a tiny bit of this jelly under the chin and over wrinkles and pat the skin until all of the jelly has been absorbed. Do this several times. No, a greater amount will not do the work that repeated small amounts, patted in until the skin is dry, will do This should be done at night, leaving the jelly on the skin until morning.

Now, if two or three minutes of patting will not arouse the circulation, use one of the stimulating preparations. If you are clever with your hands you may find that you can pat with the cushiony parts of the three fingers of each hand instead of using a patter; but it can be done much quicker with one of the new rubber patters attached to a long flexible handle. It is not only a quicker method but one that requires less energy.

Spend seven minutes on the night treatment and three in the morning, and I assure you that this use of ten minutes a day will amply repay you in preventing tiny, fine lines from becoming wrinkles. I know this to be true, for I have proved it.

If you'd prevent lines from becoming wrinkles and wrinkles from becoming deeper, you'll want to know the best preparations to use; so write for the free leaflet "For Lines and Wrinkles," sending a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to the Beauty Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

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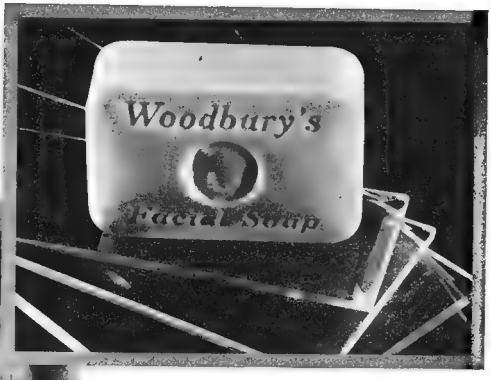
In This Soap ... *the Secret that keeps Face Pores Unseen*



You can feel it shrinking the pores · · Cleansing deeply · · the very first time you use it!

Keep your skin lovely and smooth—the skin he loves to touch—by keeping the pores fine!

THERE ARE THREE PLACES *where your face pores are apt to be most conspicuous—on the forehead, nose and chin. Use Woodbury's Facial Soap to keep the pores small, clean and active—the only way to have lovely skin texture.*

BIG PORES, coarse texture—they are almost never seen in a very young skin. Definitely, unmistakably, mercilessly, they say of a woman—"middle age!"

Keep the pores of your skin small and fine! Small, clean, active pores mean lovely skin texture—freedom from blackheads and blemishes.

Even if your pores are becoming enlarged—you can overcome this condition. Every day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new skin takes its place. This is your opportunity! With the right care you can arrest this coarsening process and make the new skin, as it forms, smooth—clear—fine-textured.

A skin specialist has created the soap that will help you to do this—Woodbury's Facial Soap, which was formulated after a lifetime of study of the skin and its needs. Woodbury's gives you lovely skin texture because it actually *shrinks the pores*—freeing them of the hardened fatty substance that has caused them to enlarge, contracting them to natural size, keeping them small, clean and active. The first time you use Woodbury's you will feel its astringent action on your skin. You will feel how much finer and smoother it is than ordinary soaps—how much more deeply it cleanses.

Begin using Woodbury's today! See how it shrinks the pores—makes your skin finer, lovelier in texture!

Around each cake you will find the booklet of Woodbury treatments—the most famous skin treatments in the world—which have helped literally millions of women to free their skin from blackheads, blemishes, and other common skin troubles. To meet a skin specialist's exacting requirements for a facial soap, Woodbury's is very finely milled. This also makes it last much longer than soaps for general toilet use. Get Woodbury's today and let it help you, too, to have "A Skin You Love to Touch"!

WOODBURY'S *is 25 cents a cake at any drug-store or toilet-goods counter. It also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.*

Send for the large-size trial set

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2105 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
For the enclosed 10¢—send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

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Food and Cooking for the Up-to-Date Housekeeper

THE HOME BUREAU
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Modern Methods and New Devices for the Home

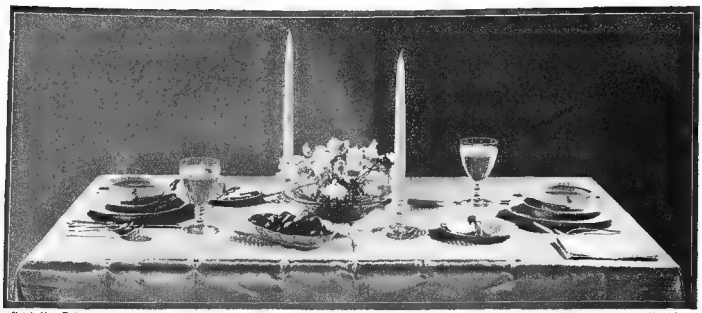

Photo by Mayer-Ewig — Table accessories courtesy G. U. Many & Co.

COOKING FOR TWO

By MABEL STEGNER

YOU probably do not have to be told that 3 teaspoonfuls equal 1 tablespoonful, that 16 tablespoonfuls equal 1 cupful, and that 1 cupful equals ½ pint. Yet when you have decided to have gingerbread for dinner and find the recipe large enough to make a dozen or more generous squares, perhaps you feel rather hopeless. If your favorite cake recipe calls for 3 eggs it is hard to decide whether to cut the recipe in half or in thirds. Four waffles make an adequate breakfast for two, and 2 waffles make a sufficient accompaniment for fried chicken, yet most recipes make 6 or more waffles.

Supposing to-morrow night you try this combination for two:

Savory Broiled Hamburger — Baked Potatoes
Green Peas — Lettuce Salad with French Dressing
Coconut Apple Betty

YOU probably know that Idaho potatoes, when properly baked, just melt in your mouth. The baked potatoes and apple betty may be baked together at 350 degrees F.; then the temperature of the oven may be raised for broiling or baking the Hamburger.

Savory Broiled Hamburger

1 Pound Hamburger Steak — ½ Cupful Green Pepper
1 Teaspoonful Salt — ¼ Cupful Chopped Onion
1 Can Tomato Soup

MIX the Hamburger with the salt. Spread in a shallow pan, about ¾ inch thick. Cover with the chopped green pepper and onion. Pour the tomato soup over the meat. Broil for 8 or 10 minutes under the flame, or bake in a hot oven (425 degrees F.) for 20 minutes.

Coconut Apple Betty

6 Apples (Sliced) — 1 Cupful Coconut
1 Cupful Soft Bread-crums — 2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Teaspoonful Cinnamon

ARRANGE the ingredients in layers in a baking-dish, topping with the coconut. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 40 minutes. Serve with hard sauce.

For another dinner try this menu:

Baked Salmon Casserole — Scalloped Potatoes
String-Beans — Mixed Fruit Salad
Lady Baltimore Cake — Coffee

Baked Salmon Casserole

1½ Cupful Flaked Salmon — 1 Egg
2 Tablespoonfuls Melted Butter — 1 Tablespoonful Chopped Parsley
1 Cupful Milk — ¼ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Bread-crums — Few Grains Pepper

COMBINE all the ingredients. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 30 minutes.

Lady Baltimore Cake

3 Tablespoonfuls Shortening — ¾ Cupful Flour
½ Cupful Powdered Sugar — 1 Teaspoonful Baking-powder
3 Tablespoonfuls Milk — ½ Teaspoonful Vanilla
2 Egg Whites

CREAM together the shortening and sugar. Add alternately the milk and the flour, which has been sifted with the baking-powder. Fold in the vanilla and beaten egg whites. Bake in a layer-cake tin in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 20 minutes.

Filling and Icing

2 Cupfuls Powdered Sugar — ½ Cupful Chopped Raisins
¼ Cupful Butter — ½ Cupful Chopped Nuts
Orange- or Other Fruit-juice — ½ Cupful Chopped Figs
Few Drops Vanilla

CREAM together the sugar and the butter. Add the orange- or other fruit-juice, enough to moisten sufficiently to spread easily. Add the other ingredients. Cut the layer-cake in two. Fill and ice.

HERE is a waffle recipe that will furnish 2 waffles to accompany fried chicken. For breakfast you can just double the amounts. The waffle dessert is one solution for a hot dessert to serve with a top-of-the-stove meal.

Waffles

¾ Cupful Flour — 1 Teaspoonful Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Baking-powder — 1 Egg
¼ Teaspoonful Salt — ½ Cupful Milk
3 Tablespoonfuls Melted Shortening

SIFT together the dry ingredients and add the egg yolk and milk, which have been beaten together. Stir in the melted shortening and fold in the stiffly beaten white of egg. Bake in a hot waffle-iron, preheated according to directions.

HERE is a gingerbread recipe that is delicious enough to be served generously and eaten appreciatively, yet modest enough in proportion, so that you are not forced either to give some to the neighbors (friendly an act tho that may be) or include them in the menu for a week.

Rich Gingerbread

¼ Cupful Sugar — ½ Teaspoonful Cinnamon
½ Cupful Shortening — ¼ Teaspoonful Ginger
1 Egg — ½ Teaspoonful Salt
¼ Cupful Molasses — ½ Teaspoonful Soda
⅛ Cupful Buttermilk — 1 Teaspoonful Baking-powder
1¾ Cupful Flour

CREAM together the sugar and shortening. Add the egg, molasses, and buttermilk, which have been beaten together, and the dry ingredients, which have been sifted together. Bake in a square cake-pan in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 45 minutes. Serve with whipped cream or as an accompaniment to apple sauce.

Rice with curried chicken is suitable for Sunday night supper. Add a vegetable or two and it makes a delicious main course for an informal dinner.

Rice with Curried Chicken — Buttered Carrots
Parsley Potatoes — Orange Salad
Camembert Cheese and Crackers — Coffee

Rice with Curried Chicken

½ Cupful Rice — ½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Tablespoonful Shortening — ⅛ Teaspoonful Pepper
2 Teaspoonfuls Chopped Onion — ½ Cupful Chicken-stock
1 Tablespoonful Flour — ½ Cupful Milk or Cream
½ Teaspoonful Curry-powder — 1 Cupful Diced Cooked Chicken

COOK the onion in the shortening until a delicate brown. Add the flour, curry-powder, salt, and pepper. Add the liquids gradually, and cook until smooth and thickened. Stir constantly. Add the chicken and heat thoroughly. Cook the rice in boiling salted water for about 20 minutes, until tender. Turn into a strainer and rinse with hot water. Serve with the curried chicken.

THE following menu could be used for either luncheon or dinner. The molded ham is not so expensive as a whipped-cream gelatin-mold and is very savory. Veal could be substituted and the seasoning increased. If you want to serve it for a bridge luncheon double the amount.

Ham-Mold — Creamed Potatoes
Boston Brown Bread — Brussels Sprouts
Peach Shortcake

Ham-Mold

1 Tablespoonful Gelatin — ½ Teaspoonful Salt
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter — 1½ Cupful Milk
2 Tablespoonfuls Flour — 1½ Cupful Chopped Cold Ham
3 Tablespoonfuls Chopped Pimiento

SOAK the gelatin in ¼ cupful of the cold milk for 5 minutes. Make a white sauce with the flour, butter, and the remaining milk, and while hot add to it the soaked gelatin and the ham. Mix well. Pour into a large or individual mold. Unmold. Garnish with the pimiento or olives and serve on a bed of lettuce.

Peach Shortcake

¼ Cupful Sugar — 1¼ Teaspoonful Baking-powder
¼ Cupful Shortening — ½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Egg — ¼ Cupful Milk
½ Cupful Flour — Few Drops Vanilla

CREAM the shortening and sugar together. Add the beaten egg. Add the vanilla to the milk. Add alternately the milk and dry ingredients, which have been

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"Ordinary soaps can do great harm"

says the famous beauty expert

CARSTEN of Berlin

"Daily cleansing with Palmolive Soap is the basis of all my treatments, even the most elaborate."

"Ordinary soaps can do great harm. Modern beauty specialists advise a soap made of vegetable oils . . . the pure oils of palm and olives. Palmolive Soap is fresh and bland, safe for the most sensitive complexion. It leaves the skin in the best possible condition for a beauty expert's treatment."

Leo Carsten
BERLIN

Facade of Carsten's famous beauty salon on the Kurfürstendam in Berlin . . . one of the most elegant shops on an avenue famous for its smartness.

Today, more than ever before, it is important to wash the face with this olive oil soap which is safe, bland, non-irritating.

NEW beauty treatments, such as ultra-violet rays and radio-active preparations, undoubtedly have their value in certain conditions of the skin, but it must not be imagined that older and simpler methods are superseded," says Leo Carsten, proprietor of the famous "Figaro" beauty shop on the Kurfürstendam in Berlin.

"Soap and water, for example, are still the finest possible *cleansers* for the skin," he adds. "You will realize the importance of this when I say that daily cleansing with Palmolive Soap *is* the basis of all my treatments, even the most elaborate."

Herr Carsten, better known as "Figaro," is head of the leading beauty salon in middle Europe . . . located on one of the most fashionable streets in the world. He, himself, is well known in Berlin social circles as well as in the world of beauty science.

18,900 famous experts agree

In this shop . . . in other beauty shops patronized by the smart women of the world's leading capitals . . . the advice to use Palmolive is part of every recommended home facial treatment.

Palmolive is made of the oils of palm and olives . . . no other fats whatever. Its color is the natural color of those oils. Its natural odor makes unnecessary the addition of heavy perfumes.

This is the Palmolive treatment

This is the way to get the best results: make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Massage it into the face and throat. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. That's all. Yet thousands of great beauty experts, millions of their clients, find it the most effective safeguard for beauty. And Palmolive costs so little that one uses it for the bath, of course, as well. Begin these twice-a-day treatments tomorrow. They will protect your skin from irritation . . . keep it fresh, glowing, lovely.

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2163

Photos by Meyer-Kiwit

VARIETY AND INTEREST MAY BE OBTAINED IN MEATLESS MEALS IF YOU UTILIZE FULLY THE OTHER PROTEIN FOODS AT YOUR COMMAND, MILK, EGGS, CHEESE, LIMA BEANS, WALNUTS, PEANUTS, FISH, FRESH OR CANNED

LENTEN MENUS

By INA B. ROWE

NOW is the time when abstinence rules the table. Women are searching for dishes new and tasty, easy to prepare, and not too costly, to replace meat. Fasting-days call for special meal-planning study by the housewife who wishes to keep her family well fed, but not "fed up" on the customary Lenten staples, fish, cheese, eggs, milk, and nuts.

The qualities that make meat valuable—proteins or body-builders, minerals, vitamins, and digestive stimulants—are widely distributed. When foods containing these are combined in an orderly diet, meat is not needed. Animal foods other than meat, such as fish, eggs, and milk products, take the place of meat when used liberally. They should always be combined with a variety of vegetables and fruits.

The legumes, such as peanuts, beans, peas, and lentils, help out the protein diet, especially when used with milk, cheese, and eggs, and at the same time furnish some food constituents in which meat is deficient. Gelatin also helps to meet the requirements for body-building foods.

Mushrooms have a trace of the properties of meat, but the common idea that they are a meat substitute is no doubt due to their pronounced flavor, which helps to satisfy the natural craving of the appetite. Their value in replacing protein foods is generally greatly overrated.

The foods which compensate for meat need not all be found in the main course of the dinner. The legumes of one course may be followed by a milk and egg dessert, such as custard or ice-cream. A substantial egg salad or a frozen cheese salad makes other protein foods unnecessary.

Since the most commonly used meat substitutes are somewhat bland in flavor and yielding in texture, those meals in which they are used are improved if foods of a pronounced flavor or of a crisp or chewy character are added. This is more important from a dietetic viewpoint than may at first appear, as a diet to be complete should give exercise to the teeth and jaw-muscles.

The menus given below were selected to give adequate food values, but also to make a colorful and interesting plate, to be a little "crunchy," and to balance bland foods with those of a decided flavor. Some are planned to be cooked chiefly in the oven, while others are to be cooked on the surface-burners of the stove. Food begun in one stove-zone on one day may often be finished on the other the following day. To use either the surface or the oven to the exclusion of the other at any given meal saves both labor and fuel.

Recipes are given for those foods which are marked with an asterisk (*).

FILLET OF FISH
WITH SPINACH AND CHEESE SAUCE*
BREAD-STICKS CUCUMBER AND LETTUCE SALAD
LEMON PIE BEVERAGE

Fillet of Fish with Spinach and Cheese Sauce (for Six)

STEM and wash 2 pounds of spinach and shake dry. Place in a kettle or baking-dish and sprinkle with 2 teaspoonfuls of salt.

Heat 2 cupfuls of milk and pour it over 4 level tablespoonfuls of flour mixed smooth with water.

Select 1 pound of fish fillets, boned and skinned. Flounder is excellent, but other fish may be preferred. Arrange in a baking-dish. Sprinkle with salt, and over each serving put a single thin slice of onion.

Place all these, covered, in a moderate oven (325 to 350 degrees F.) and bake for 20 to 30 minutes, or until the spinach is tender, the white sauce thick and smooth, and the fish cooked. Cut through the spinach several times with a sharp knife and arrange it around the fish. Add to the white sauce 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1 cupful of finely cut cheese, and 1 tablespoonful of butter. Pour this over the fish and spinach. Sprinkle with crums. Return to the oven, and bake, uncovered, until the cheese is melted and the surface browned.

While these foods are baking the meringue for the lemon pie may be browned.

Note: It is customary to cook spinach and other green vegetables, uncovered, over a surface-burner in order to preserve the green color. The oven method is offered here as a time-saver, because it makes watching and stirring unnecessary, and the food value and flavor are virtually unchanged. Cooking the white sauce in the oven is also recommended as a labor-saver for the same reason. To add the milk hot and to keep the pan covered are important rules that assure success by this method.

SPANISH BAKED EGGS*
WITH PARSLEY AND STUFFED TOMATOES*
BUTTERED STRING-BEANS* TOAST MELBA*
CHERRY-ROLL* BEVERAGE

Spanish Baked Eggs

HARD-COOK 6 eggs. Peel and slice. Arrange in layers in a buttered and well-crummed baking-dish, alternating slices of egg with about 2 dozen ripe olives, pitted and cut. Prepare a white sauce with 2 cupfuls of milk and 4 tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed smooth in 4 tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Season well, and pour this hot over the eggs, adding a few slices of red or green pepper for color. Sprinkle with buttered crums and bake, until set, at 325 to 350 degrees F.

Stuffed Tomatoes

CUT 3 large or 6 small tomatoes crosswise into halves. Remove the pulp, and dust the insides with salt. Mix the pulp with 6 tablespoonfuls of bread-crums, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, 6 chopped English walnuts, and enough mayonnaise to bind the other ingredients. Refill the tomato-shells and place, uncovered, in the oven for 15 to 20 minutes before serving-time.

Buttered String-Beans

DRAIN part of the liquid from a can of string-beans. Add salt and butter. Heat in the oven, either in a baking-dish or in the can in which they were purchased.

Toast Melba

CUT and butter quarter-inch slices of bread, and then cut these cornerwise into triangles. Place them in the oven and brown with the other foods, allowing about 10 minutes.

Cherry-Roll

ROLL out a rich biscuit dough made with 1 cupful of flour. Spread it with butter and with canned sour cherries which have been well drained. Roll it up like a jelly-roll and cut into portions. Place each slice, cut side down, in a baking-dish containing boiling syrup made with 2 cupfuls of cherry-juice and water and 1½ cupful of granulated sugar. Bake at 350 degrees F. for about 40 minutes. Do not crowd the roll in the pan, or the center may be doughy. Serve with hard sauce, whipped cream, or in its own syrup.

To serve the dinner turn the baked eggs out on a platter or on the individual plates, garnish with the stuffed tomatoes and parsley-sprigs, and place the beans at the side.

SALMON-LOAF*
OVEN-FRIED APPLES* BUTTERED GOLDEN CORN*
WHOLE-WHEAT CRESS AND CUCUMBER SANDWICHES
LEMON ICE BEVERAGE

Salmon-Loaf

6 Tablespoonfuls Quick-cooking Tapioca	1 Egg, Well Beaten
1 Teaspoonful Salt	½ Cupful Nut-meats
2 Cupfuls Hot Milk	¼ Cupful Cracker-crums
1½ Cupful Canned Salmon or Other Cooked Fish, Coarsely Cut Up	2 Tablespoonfuls Butter

ADD the tapioca and salt to the hot milk, and cook in a double boiler until the tapioca is transparent. Stir frequently. Add the fish, and cook for 5 minutes longer. Add the egg and the nuts. Place in a buttered baking-dish, cover with the cracker-crums, dot with butter, and bake in a moderate oven (325 to 350 degrees F.) for about 40 minutes, or until brown.

Oven-Fried Apples

WASH and slice but do not pare 6 small tart apples. Sprinkle with ¾ cupful of sugar or more if the apples are very tart. Add 4 tablespoonfuls of butter. Place in a baking-dish, cover, and bake until tender. During the last 15 minutes remove the cover to cook down the sirup and let the apples brown. Use no water.

Buttered Golden Corn

POUR a can of best-quality yellow canned corn into a baking-dish, season with salt, dot with butter. Bake until heated through and the surface browned.

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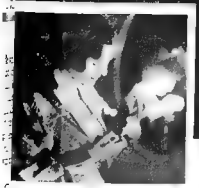
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Your Teeth aren't Really Clean if You Only Polish the Surfaces

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high Surface-Tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's penetrating foam (having "low Surface-Tension") gets down deep into the spaces between teeth, cleaning them where ordinary brushing cannot reach.



ECONOMICAL—The 25c tube of Colgate's contains *more* toothpaste than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.

Half-clean teeth invite decay. Why not have the extra protection of Colgate's, whose penetrating foam cleanses the tiny fissures and the spaces between teeth where decay may start?

Some toothpastes merely perform the single duty of polishing the outer surfaces of the teeth.

Colgate's does that, of course . . . *and something else besides!* When brushed, it breaks into a sparkling, bubbling foam which has a truly remarkable property. This active foam *penetrates* into the tiny fissures of the teeth and the hard-to-reach spaces between teeth, softening the impurities which become lodged in these places and *washing* them away in a cleansing, hygienic bath.

Thus Colgate's cleans completely . . . giving your teeth a double protection against the impurities which cause decay. Scientific tests prove that Colgate's has the highest penetrating power of any of the leading dentifrices . . . hence, Colgate's ability to clean teeth best.

Superiority and economy have made Colgate's the world's favorite dentifrice—used by more people, recommended by more dentists.

WARNING! Don't attempt to "doctor" your mouth with a dentifrice. A toothpaste cannot cure pyorrhea, cannot permanently correct acid mouth, or firm the gums. Its one and only function is to *clean*. Self-medication is always dangerous . . . if you have any fears for the health of your teeth or gums, see your dentist at once!

For those who prefer a powder, Colgate's comes in this form. Ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-570-P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City. Please send a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name.....

Address.....

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IF YOUR BABY IS A BOTTLE BABY

READ:

BOTTLE babies sometimes have a pretty hard time of it. They gain slowly—nothing seems to "agree" perfectly. Mothers can't help worrying.

In thousands and thousands of cases like this, Eagle Brand has come to the rescue. Again and again this marvelously digestible food agrees when all else fails. Many a baby, literally starving to death because unable to digest his food, has been saved by Eagle Brand. Countless mothers and doctors, during the 70 years that Eagle Brand has been in use, have written to express grateful praise of this remarkable milk.

What is Eagle Brand? Simply pure, fresh, whole cow's milk, modified by the addition of refined sugar and condensed by the removal of most of the water. The sugar supplies carbohydrates required by all infants. The milk supplies bone and tissue-building material and growth-promoting vitamins—the same food elements that are supplied by pasteurized Grade A milk. But here is the difference: Eagle Brand is so easily digested that it is comparable to mother's milk in this respect. It is so readily and perfectly assimilated that every drop of it goes to nourish the infant—to build firm bones, strong muscles, healthy tissue.

Your baby—is he thriving on his present food? If not, we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Send for two free booklets. The new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare"—containing practical feeding information and suggestions for supplementary foods advised by doctors—orange juice, cereals, cod liver oil, etc. "The Best Baby"—a beautiful little book, illustrated in color for keeping records of baby's growth and development. Mail the coupon today.

Eagle Brand

CONDENSED *Milk*

THE BORDEN COMPANY,
Dept. J. S., Borden Building
350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copies of "Baby's Welfare" and "The Best Baby." My baby is.....months old.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Please print name and address plainly.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

News Notes for Home-Makers

THE small comforts are the ones we are most likely to deny ourselves. Very often it is the little, inexpensive things which make life easy. Antiquated appliances and makeshift equipment in the kitchen and elsewhere in the household are poor economy of time, patience, and nerves. Housekeeping should be made as cheerful and as easy as possible. The right tools and appliances are the first step in this direction. A few suggestions for the modern household are presented here.—N. H. E.

WHEN your hostess serves festive little butter-balls you mentally note that she knows the niceties of table-service. The secret lies in having the proper sort of paddles. The ones shown are of very hard wood and will make perfect balls.

SOMETIMES for decoration we like to hang a very choice pin, but obviously the otherwise useful nail won't do. This inexpensive little wire holder with an adjustable coiled spring is the answer.

GETTING the dust and lint out of upholstered furniture is always difficult. This little brush has very stiff bristles and will enable you to keep the furniture spick and span between regular cleaning-days.

CAREFULLY prepared food is sometimes spoiled for attractive table-service in the handling. This new device, with its broad blades and lever arrangement, is useful for handling steaks, fish omelets, and other foods.

THE new styles demand many frills. Every woman knows that there are many little things which always need tubbing. This wee little beast fits your hand and helps clean the grimy spots in a jiffy. It is small and light enough to be slipped into your luggage and carried with your small electric iron when you go traveling.

CRISP rosette wafers were once considered the height of elegance for reception refreshments. So you see the idea isn't new, but they are still very, very good.

It is also a great convenience to own an iron for making cases for creamed food. You can then be sure that they are fresh. The cost of both iron sets is low. Accurate recipes and directions are included.

For further information about any of these articles send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to Household Hints, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

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Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Any food containing starch leaves a residue chemically like glue on your teeth. Coffee, other beverages, fruits, tobacco, many things stain the enamel. That is why there are two gentle polishers, added to cleansers, in Dr. West's Tooth Paste

EACH DAY *this restores* natural white brilliance of teeth

. . . *daily dimmed and stained by food and drink*

DOUBLE POLISHING (*not scouring!*) MAKES THIS SAFE MODERN TOOTH PASTE DIFFERENT FROM ANY YOU HAVE KNOWN

NEVER before have you been able to give your teeth such thorough brightening as this. Because *this* is cleansing *plus* gentle polishing that brings back the smooth brightness Nature gave to tooth enamel.

Daily food and drink leave deposits. Starches, for instance, stick like glue. Coffee and fruits stain.

That's why Dr. West's Tooth Paste has been made *not only to cleanse but to polish your teeth each time you brush them.*

2 polishers softer than enamel

Two exceedingly fine polishing agents were developed for Dr. West's Tooth Paste. Working together they are many times more effective than either would be alone. They are much softer than tooth enamel, and cannot scratch or scour. But they gently polish away all deposits and stains—revealing the smooth *natural* brilliance. An aid to white teeth such as you have never before had.

It's something like what you do to fine silverware when it darkens. You apply a non-scratching polisher and soon have the lovely lustre back again.

In addition, Dr. West's Tooth Paste contains pure vegetable cleansers that fairly *foam* into action—purifying and sterilizing every crevice.

Everything a dentifrice can safely do is provided by Dr. West's Tooth Paste. *And it acts quickly.*

It is the most sensational success in tooth paste history. Produced by the makers of famous Dr. West's Toothbrushes, it is backed by their name and reputation, valued at millions.

Try it—tonight

At your favorite store get Dr. West's Tooth Paste. Extra large 25c tube—or the double-quantity 40c tube; largest quantities offered by any standard dentifrice at these prices.

This safe polishing will give back the natural brightness of your teeth. Start it tonight, and *note how quickly your teeth become more attractive.* The Western Co., Chicago, Toronto, New York

COOLEST REFRESHMENT!
For hours you enjoy the coolness left by Dr West's Tooth Paste Your mouth *feels* better, everything you eat, drink, or smoke, tastes better.

If you want another surprise, replace your present toothbrush —today — with one of the famous Dr. West's *brushes!*

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THE WESTERN COMPANY (PM) 8-30
402 W Randolph St., Chicago
Send free test of Dr. West's Tooth Paste to:

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Address .....
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An announcement to every lover of good coffee

A NEW COFFEE ~ a modern coffee ~ created for critical 20th century tastes ~ ~

Look around you! On every side you see a picture of a new age—an age of new desires—and new achievements.

The luxuries of our grandparents are the necessities of today. We ask for new and finer things—with an impatience, and a discrimination, never equalled before in history.

For such an age, and for its critical tastes, Del Monte Coffee was created

—a coffee, we believe, better than any coffee ever blended before—a coffee flavor that only modern resources and modern scientific care could have produced—a coffee richness and aroma as new as this modern age itself.

The Story of a Better Coffee

For many years, Del Monte has brought you food products of finer flavor. The quality and dependability of Del Monte Fruits and Vegetables have given them more friends than any other canned fruit or vegetable label on the market.

We were willing to put Del Monte Coffee on your table only if it came up to the same high quality in its own field.

We analyzed, tested and re-tested every leading brand of coffee on the market. We said "Del Monte must equal the best of these. If possible it must be an even finer, truer coffee flavor. It must meet modern, critical tastes."

With this ideal, we put the full resources and experience of the Del Monte organization behind this new blend. We enlisted the knowledge and skill of coffee specialists, long trained in creating and improving flavor.

Backed by the best traditions of the past—but hampered by no old prejudices or out-worn habits—these men have created a brand new quality standard in coffee—a truly modern coffee for modern tastes—the coffee you would expect Del Monte to put on your table.

It is a blend of the finest coffees it is possible to buy—premium coffees from the premium coffee districts of the world—mature, full-bodied coffees that deliver true coffee flavor in every cup.

Lift Del Monte Coffee to your lips. Revel in its rich aroma and full-bodied goodness. Here, at last, is a friendly coffee—a coffee to start your busiest day—a coffee you will be proud to serve to any guest—a coffee flavor to match your most critical, twentieth-century mood.

As Fresh as the Day it was Roasted

Del Monte Coffee comes to you only in our own modern vacuum tin—always fresh as the day it was roasted.

Ordinary containers would not do. Too much effort and expense have gone into perfecting the flavor of Del Monte Coffee to risk losing any part of it! And in any but an air-proof package the volatile, aromatic coffee oils that give this new coffee so much of its finer flavor and aroma would quickly be lost. Enjoy the fine fragrance that rises the instant you open the can. Coffee as fresh—as rich in flavor—as the moment the vacuum process sealed it for you fresh from the roasting.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION

DEL MONTE COFFEE

Over a hundred Del Monte FRUITS *delicious varieties*

A modern coffee for modern tastes

Always fresh
IN THIS MODERN VACUUM TIN

Go gle

PERFECT ROASTS

The A-B-C's of Cookery. Article VI.

By HELEN TREYZ SMITH

FOR perfection in roasts, as in any other meat-cookery, we must start with correct buying. Always choose a cut of meat that is well suited to the method of cookery you intend to employ. Meat for roasting should be tender, and poultry should be young.

Tender meat is made up of short fibers and is fine-grained. Coming from the parts of animals where the muscles are little used, there is little, if any, tough connective tissue. *Dry* heat is found to be ineffective in breaking down connective fibers, and it is this fact that bars so many of the inexpensive tougher cuts from the roaster. For them we must use the *moist* heat and long, slow cooking of the casserole and stew-kettle.

Dry heat—that is, the heat of roasting and broiling—develops unusually delicious flavors. The meat-juices, which contain the flavorsome substances called "extractives," are sealed in, as it were, when the meat is seared, and the meat literally cooks in its own juices. Since there are no tough tissues to be broken down, the moisture in the juice is sufficient to cook the short, tender fibers of the meat. Little wonder that roasted meat is so delectable!

Of course the tender cuts of meat are the most expensive ones. But if for the most part we practise economical meat-buying, we should be able to treat the family to a choice cut occasionally. Feast-days really demand it.

The choice cuts of *beef* are from the loin and ribs. The tenderloin, which comes from the hind quarter, just inside the sirloin, is probably the tenderest, while the porterhouse and prime-rib cuts are close seconds. The porterhouse cut consists of the first ribs of the hind quarter, and the prime ribs are the last six ribs of the fore quarter.

If the bones are left in the rib-roasts, they are called "standing rib-roasts." If the bones are removed and the meat rolled in shape and tied, it is called a "rolled rib-roast." Each cut has certain advantages. While the rolled roast requires a little longer cooking because of the compactness of the meat, it is very much more easily carved and served. The bones of the meat do contribute to the flavor, however, so the standing rib-roast is conceded to be the better in this respect. It becomes a matter of personal choice.

The Best Cuts for Roasting

THE leg and loin of *veal* are the best cuts for roasting. The rack or ribs of veal and the shoulder, boned and rolled, are also used. The leg, which consists of the hind quarter above the knuckle, is of excellent quality and there is very little waste. The loin is also a hind-quarter cut and makes a flavorsome and compact roast.

Veal is lacking in fat, and if it is to be kept moist and tender it should either be larded or have strips of fat pork over it during the roasting. Veal should always be well cooked; slow cooking at a low temperature gives the best results.

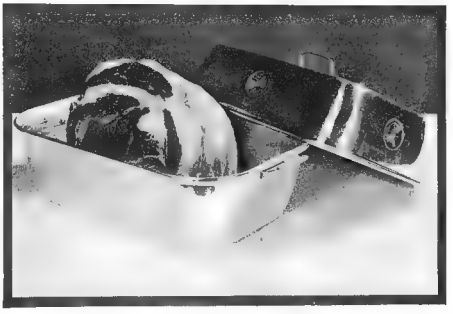
Lamb is a great favorite. It has a mild, pleasing flavor, except in those cases where the "fell" or outside skin has not been removed. This skin-like membrane is fairly heavy over the loin-, rib-, and shoulder-cuts. Being tough and oily, it is apt to impart a strong flavor.

The leg of lamb is usually roasted and has long been famed for its deliciousness. It makes a large roast, and it cooks even better if a part of the loin is left on. Of course for a small family this would be entirely too much, altho lamb left-overs can be used in many ways.

The loin and ribs of lamb make excellent roasts; the meat is both tender and flavorsome. The rightfully famous crown-roast of lamb is a rib-roast. It is prepared by using at least two sections of six ribs each. Each rib is stripped of meat part way down in order to form a crown effect. The sections of meat are turned so that the bones are on the outside and the sections are sewed or skewered together to form a circle.

The ribs curve outward and upward, and the bones should be of the same length. The end of the bones can be protected from burning by capping each with a small piece of salt pork. If one cares to, one can garnish the roast by winding long strips of pork fat around the ends of the ribs, basket fashion.

The center of the crown-roast can be filled with any one of a number of fillings. The meat taken from the ends of the ribs may be used, or other chopped meat mixed with bread-crums and seasonings. Another suggestion is that it be filled with mashed potato just before serving, and the vegetable of the meal be placed around the roast.



A ROLLED ROAST OF BEEF IS EASY TO CARVE, AND THE FAT WHICH INTER-LARDS THE MEAT ELIMINATES THE NECESSITY OF BASTING

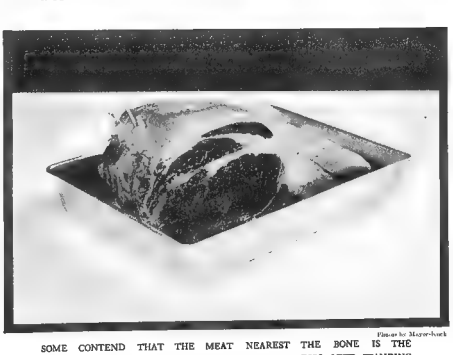


Photo by Mayer-Isaac

SOME CONTEND THAT THE MEAT NEAREST THE BONE IS THE SWEETEST AND THEREFORE LIKE TO HAVE THE RIBS LEFT STANDING

Equally attractive is the crown-roast of *pork*, which is prepared for roasting in the same way as is the crown-roast of lamb. These crown-roasts lend themselves to such a variety of methods of garnishing that they can not fail to please as a decorative note. One of the most attractive garnishings for roast pork is cinnamon apples.

Baked ham, either fresh or cured, properly cooked and skilfully garnished, will rival the crown-roast in both appearance and flavor. Take care to choose a ham of first quality if you desire a special treat.

Roast loin of pork is also a great favorite for people who are partial to pork. The center cut of the loin is a little more expensive, but since there is less bone in it, you get more meat per pound, which offsets the difference in price, and the meat is easy to carve.

Preparation and Cookery

TO PREPARE a roast for the oven, wipe it off with a clean damp cloth, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and dredge lightly with flour. Weigh the roast so that the time for roasting can be computed. Poultry to be roasted should be carefully drawn, singed, and washed. Wipe it dry before stuffing.

Place the roast on a wire rack or trivet in the roaster, which should be large enough to accommodate the roast easily. For beef, pork, and lamb the cover is not necessary, but better results are obtained with veal and poultry if they are roasted in a covered pan. *Do not add water to the roast.*

Basting has always been a chore, but it is important for the uncovered roaster unless the meat is properly prepared. To do this, place strips of fat over the top of the roast, or, better still, fasten a flat blanket of fat over the top of it. As the fat melts, it will baste the roast, keeping it moist and tender.

Even choice cuts of meat can be made or marred in the cooking. Temperature is the most important factor, and these days we are using not only oven-thermometers but meat-thermometers as well to help us on this point. Recent experiments with the roasting of meats by thermometer aids have changed many of the temperature-charts.

A little longer cooking at a little lower temperature has been conceded to give the best results. The roast is more evenly cooked when this procedure is followed. Altho satisfactory results have been reported when roasts are put into a cold or fairly warm oven, the high temperature for searing is the method that is usually practised.

When the meat-thermometer is used the bulb of the thermometer is inserted in the roast before it is put in the oven. When the thermometer registers the correct temperature the meat is cooked. Size of roast, type of roast, and kind of meat all affect the time limit for roasting. Overcooking tends to destroy desirable flavors, causes great shrinkage, and detracts from the appearance. Continued high temperature toughens meat.

The following time and temperature guide gives information for users of both meat- and oven-thermometers, and also timing information for those who compute time of roasting by weight of roast.

Time and Temperature

Roast beef: Sear the meat at 500 degrees F. for 20 minutes; lower the temperature to 350, and continue

Continued on Page 98

How often do you spring a surprise at dinner?

A NEW dish, a delightful surprise! The whole meal tastes better!

What simpler way to make such "surprises" than with California Canned Asparagus? In soups, salads, entrees, main-course dishes, it provides endless variety and always a distinctive flavor. And you can eat all you want of this non-fattening food.

Besides, canned asparagus is ready to serve—no waste, and little or no bother.

So, when you are looking for something different for dinner—remember asparagus—its freshness, and delicacy.

Asparagus with Bacon and Peas—Turn California Canned Asparagus and liquid into a saucepan to heat. Cook or reheat 1 cup peas. Fry thin strips bacon. Drain asparagus and peas and arrange on plates. Pour melted butter over vegetables and place bacon strips over asparagus.

CALIFORNIA CANNED *Asparagus*

Send for FREE book

Canners League—Asparagus Section, Dept. 466, 800 Adam Grant Bldg., San Francisco, California.
Please send me, free of charge, your recipe book "Asparagus for Delicacy and Variety."

Name_____

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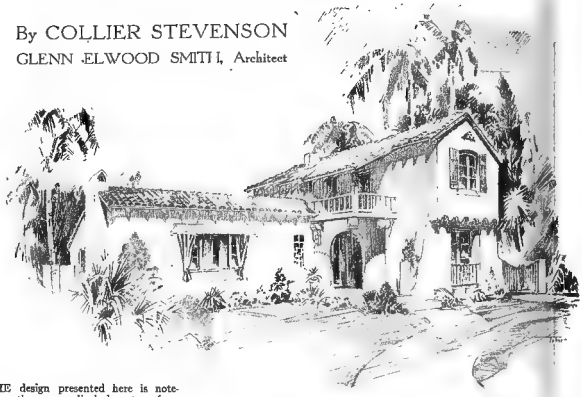
A NEW SPANISH DESIGN

By COLLIER STEVENSON
GLENN ELWOOD SMITH, Architect



VARIEGATED RED TILE IMPARTS GLOWING COLOR TO THE ROOF

For further information, without charge, regarding this house, send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to Collier Stevenson, House-plan Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

THE design presented here is noteworthy as a radical departure from the bungalow type, to which the Spanish style hitherto has been so frequently applied. Indeed, the only suggestion of bungalow influence lies in the handling of a low-lying wing, which is extended out from the main body of the house to give the living-room the benefit of three exposures.

The outside walls, above their sturdy foundation of cement, are of cream colored stucco, slightly troweled as to surface. Variegated red clay tile provides a roof of interesting hue and texture, and woodwork of antique brown finish introduces another effective element of contrast. Gaiety is injected by exterior window-curtains of striped awning material suspended from decorative wrought-iron spear-head rods, closely identified with the Spanish style. Iron is used elsewhere with excellent results in the form of slender balustrades, the black ironwork contrasting agreeably with the creamy walls.

An open vestibule curves out from the main walls of the house to afford shelter to all who use the main entrance. The central hall, to which the entrance admits, is made unusually distinctive by a gracefully curving staircase, having an arched niche midway up, and a spindled opening that overlooks the long living-room. There is a commodious coat-closet opposite the staircase, in addition to a little alcove for the telephone.

The living-room, on a lower level than the hall, is a pleasantly proportioned room, cheerful and well ventilated always by reason of its high ceiling and its bountiful supply of doors and windows, placed to realize the full advantage of the three exposures which the chosen location permits.

One end of the living-room is centered by a wide fireplace, lighted by side windows. A built-in bookcase features another wall, and a group of three windows forms the central point of interest in the front wall. French doors at the rear link the living-room to a large living-porch, which in turn is connected with a pleasant little breakfast-room that commands an outlook over the walled garden behind the house.

The breakfast-room is notably well placed, as it can be directly reached from the main hall. It is, of course, also closely related to the kitchen for ease in serving meals. The built-in china-closet is a convenient adjunct of the breakfast-room.

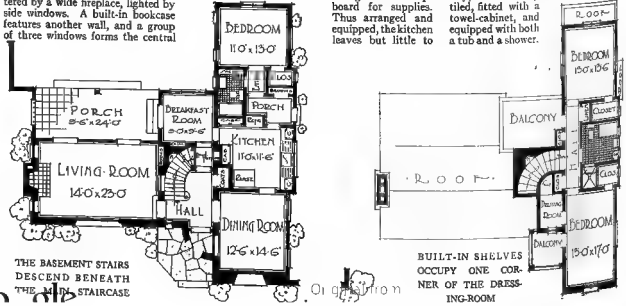
The dining-room, at the right of the central hall, is also equipped with a built-in china-closet. It is a room of ample size, windowed on two sides for cheeriness, and suitably arranged to hold all the essential furniture without crowding. As in the other rooms, the walls in the dining-room are of warm-toned textured plaster, and the woodtrim is of gum.

The kitchen, which intervenes between the dining-room and the breakfast-room, is lighted by a group of three windows, placed above a double-drainboard sink, flanked by built-in cupboards. The kitchen cabinet occupies a corner near the range. There is an alcove in another wall for the refrigerator, and there is also a large built in cupboard for supplies. Thus arranged and equipped, with both a tub and a shower, the kitchen leaves but little to be desired in the way of comfort and convenience.

The screen-porch behind the kitchen serves both as rear entrance and passage to an attractive bedroom and a communicating bathroom. The bedroom is lighted on three sides, and it is supplied with a roomy closet, having a window to bring in outside light and air. Tho this suite was originally planned for the use of a maid, there is no reason why it could not be satisfactorily used by guests or by members of the owner's family, as it is replete with every detail making for comfortable occupation.

As the second floor does not extend above the living-room, it has area for only two sleeping-rooms. Both these bedrooms are generously spaced, and the larger room is supplemented by a small dressing-room and by an open balcony. Each bedroom has windows on three sides, and each has a shelved and windowed closet of adequate size.

There are three other closets, which communicate with the hall, and there is also a balcony opening from the hall. The achievement of the upper floor, for it is spacious, light, and airy, immaculately tiled, fitted with a towel-cabinet, and equipped with both a tub and a shower.



THE BASEMENT STAIRS DESCEND BENEATH THE MAIN STAIRCASE

BUILT-IN SHELVES OCCUPY ONE CORNER OF THE DRESSING-ROOM

Film that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

Under Germ-Laden Film Decay Begins

FREE . . . *a supply of Pepsodent to remove it*

You must remove film to be better protected. Please accept a free supply of the special film-removing dentifrice.

BEING asked to accept a free supply of Pepsodent tooth paste will be of greatest interest to you *if your teeth decay—if teeth are stained, discolored—or if you are threatened with pyorrhea.*

You will be interested, because Pepsodent tooth paste is made to combat these three conditions more effectively than any other method known except treatment by your dentist. It embodies a modern formula developed through years of experiment under the supervision of authorities. Please write for your supply at once.

Pepsodent removes germs

Removes cloudy film from teeth

Germs cause tooth decay. Germs and tartar under favorable conditions cause pyorrhea. Virtually every common disease of teeth and gums results from germ infections.

There is but one way known to fight germs and better safeguard teeth and gums. You must remove a slippery, stubborn film that glues bacteria to the tooth's enamel. This film covers and protects germs from antiseptics you may use. It imprisons germs in crevices and clings so tenaciously that the most vigorous brushing fails to dislodge it successfully. And too vigorous brushing brings harmful results your dentist sees evidence of every day.

The SAFE scientific way. Acts differently

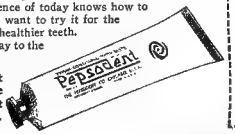
Today dentists are urging patients by the millions to turn from other ways to the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent. It acts in an utterly different way. You will note that difference from other tooth pastes the instant it touches your teeth.

First Pepsodent curdles film and then REMOVES IT SAFELY. No pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasive, but a scientific action that recommends it for the most sensitive teeth and gums.

Do not delay

There is only one Pepsodent. It is the finest tooth paste dental science of today knows how to make. You will want to try it for the sake of lovelier, healthier teeth. Please write today to the nearest address.

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.



America's Most Popular Radio Feature

AMOS 'n' ANDY

You will find yourself awaiting eagerly these incomparable blackface artists. On the air every night except Sunday at:

7 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time
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9:30 p. m., Mountain time—8:30 p. m., Pacific time

Mail coupon to

The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 129, 919 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name .....

Address .....

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Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
191 George St. . . . . Toronto 2, Ont., Can.
8 India St. . . . . London, E. C. 3, Eng.
(Australia) Ltd., 72 Wentworth Av. Sydney, N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family 3279

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Clothes that touch the Skin need Borax

HOW anxiously we guard our children from impurities of every kind these days. Wash their toys, watch over their food, launder their clothes with painstaking care. And in laundering, BORAX is a friend indeed!

Soak with Borax; wash with soap *and* Borax; rinse with Borax. For 20 Mule Team Borax loosens dirt and grease, softens water so your soap can do 3 to 5 times more work, kills the faintest trace of body odor and—finally—removes all the lingering particles of the soap itself! You need not fear the slightest bit of soap or soil will be left to irritate tender little bodies—if you use Borax!

Let 20 Mule Team Borax help you every time you wash! Available everywhere.

An Excellent Mouthwash
With its definite deodorizing and purifying qualities, Borax is ideal for keeping the mouth sweet and clean. Just dissolve 1 teaspoonful of Borax in a quart of water and gargle night and morning. It's easy, pleasant and very inexpensive.
20
MULETEAM
PURE
BORAX

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 318
51 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

Name ----------

Address ----------

FLOWERS FOR BOTH FRAGRANCE AND BEAUTY

By HELEN HOLT JAMESON

Photo by J. Horace McFarland Co.

ASTERS FURNISH AN ABUNDANCE OF GAILY COLORED BLOSSOMS FOR LATE SUMMER AND EARLY FALL

IS THERE anything that gives us so large a return for time and money expended as a flower-garden? Consider the cost of a packet of seeds—say 10 cents—or a plant—say 30 cents for a rose-bush—and think of the return that comes to you in just a few weeks. If women only realized what they get out of gardening for what they are asked to give to it the seedsmen would be the busiest merchants in the country. No matter how small your bit of ground, nor how unfavorably situated, try flower-gardening this year, even on a small scale.

You can not get full satisfaction from your flower-garden unless you have flowers that will make a beautiful and continuous show during the Summer, nor unless many of them are fragrant, and at least a considerable number are suitable for cutting for use in decorating your home.

For fragrance you ought to head your list with roses. There is no need in this limited article to name varieties. The catalogs of reliable seedsmen and nurserymen give in great detail the information you want about names, colors, and characteristics. Elsewhere on this page is told how you may acquire this information. If I were a beginner I should confine myself to what are known as hybrid perpetual roses, sometimes called "June roses." They are hardy, of vigorous upright growth, have large, bold flowers, and are deliciously fragrant. They are noted for succeeding in almost any locality, and live through the severest Winters with but slight protection of leaves or straw. They will do well with even indifferent attention, but of course will doubly repay through cultivation and rich soil.

With roses for a starter, let us consider other flowers you ought to grow for fragrance. As with roses, the seedsmen's catalogs give details not only of colors and characteristics but general cultural directions, so that I may indicate the most desirable rather briefly. There's dainty, little, sweet alyssum, whose white blossoms belong in every garden. As I write this article late in the Fall, I look out on a great bed of them still blooming vigorously even tho several times have tried to beat them down. They blossom from seed the first season, being an annual.

Popular Annuals

OTHER fine annuals, delightfully fragrant, are sweet sultan with its exquisitely fringed large blossoms, incomparable as cut flowers, easy of culture; sweet peas, whose dainty blossoms make them a universal favorite; stocks (gilliflower), which blossom in 10 weeks from seed and are also fine for cutting; scabiosa (mourning-bride), an old garden favorite, and which, if cut, only grows the faster (the butterflies and bees love it), and dianthus (China pinks), profuse bloomers and also fine for cut flowers.

Altho the carnation is not classified as an annual, there are several kinds now available which commence to flower in 12 weeks from sowing and bloom continuously until frost comes.

Nicotiana (flowering tobacco) is a showy and profuse flowering, star-shaped annual which is very fragrant. It comes in many colors, including a delicate, one of the best of all fragrant garden-flowers. And altho geraniums and heliotrope should be taken indoors when frost comes, violets, wallflowers, sweet rockets, and sweet william are perennials and may stay out the Winter long. They will be smilingly awaiting you the following Spring. The last three are among the most popular flowers of the garden, fragrant, glorious to see, and good for cutting. Finally look in the herb list of the catalogs for lavender, and try some of this popular aromatic little plant, which emits so delightful a perfume.

I have by no means exhausted the list of flowers for fragrance, but I believe I have given the beginning gardener enough with which to try her wings.

Dahlias and Gladioli

FOR a showy garden that will give all who see it pleasure let us head our list with dahlias and gladioli, probably the two most popular flowers in the country if we may depend on the exhibits at the flower-shows as an indication of the interest taken in them.

The kinds of dahlias available make a great long list. The same may be said of the gladioli. Every form and color imaginable await your choice in the catalogs.

Planted in the Spring, they bloom profusely till frost. Then the dahlia-tubers and the gladiolus-bulbs should be taken up and dried in the sun and kept in a cool, dry place over Winter. Next Spring separate them because they will have added little tubers and bulbs. Replant all of them in next year's garden.

A third showy flower is the iris, better known as "the poor-man's-orchid." It is planted in the form of a root. The iris, unlike the dahlia and gladiolus, is hardy and can remain where planted until the plants get too crowded, when the roots should be separated and moved to new locations. Again the varieties and colors make a long list, for which there is room only in a seedsman's catalog.

Add to these three all of the flowers for fragrance I have already mentioned and you will be well on the way with a garden for show. There are, however, a few annuals and perennials that will make your list complete indeed. For instance, among the annuals you will find snapdragons, asters, Phlox drummondi, calendulas, nasturtiums, petunias, marigolds, verbenas, zinnias, poppies, and salvias—all available to make your garden a showplace. Among the perennials there are these showy flowering plants: canterbury-bells, foxglove, larkspur, hollyhock, hardy pinks and poppy, primrose, columbine, and lupine.

Flowers for cutting are desirable at all seasons of the year, but there is no excuse for not having plenty during the Summer. Nearly all the flowers for fragrance and for show are suitable for cutting, altho a few of the short-stemmed blossoms will find a place only in your low vases or bowls.

Long-Stemmed Flowers for Cutting

THERE are certain long-stemmed flowers, however, that are especially suitable for long vases.

I have in mind such delightful plants as the dwarf branching annual sunflowers, often known as "cut-and-come-again." They grow in a few weeks from seed, form a bush 3 or 4 feet high, and bear on long, graceful stems a continuous succession of white and yellow flowers from June till frost. Columbines, very desirable for vase-and house-decoration, not only have very long stems and lovely graceful blossoms to recommend them, but now come in a great variety of pastel colors.

Consider also the poppies, sweet peas, sweet sultans, zinnias, stocks, snapdragons, scabiosa, and larkspurs, which have all been mentioned elsewhere, but they should not be forgotten when long stems are thought of. Gladioli, dahlias, and irises are not to be left out of the reckoning either.

Others that come in the cut-flower category are candytuft, carnation, annual chrysanthemums, asters (the last two especially for late-season decoration), clarkia, and gaillardia.

Don't try to do too much the first season. Try some of those named that may be fragrant, showy, and are suitable for cutting all in one, and add the others next year. More important than anything else, if you have not already done so, send for the catalogs and make your plans for the garden year without a moment's delay.

Then with plans made and the seeds in the house you will be able to make use of the first rays of the Spring sun to hasten your garden along.

Free Gardening Plans

LISTS of flowering plants for growing in outdoor vases and baskets and of those that will grow in partially shaded spots, together with a list of quick-growing climbing plants for arbors and fences, will be sent you free on receipt of a stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address Garden Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

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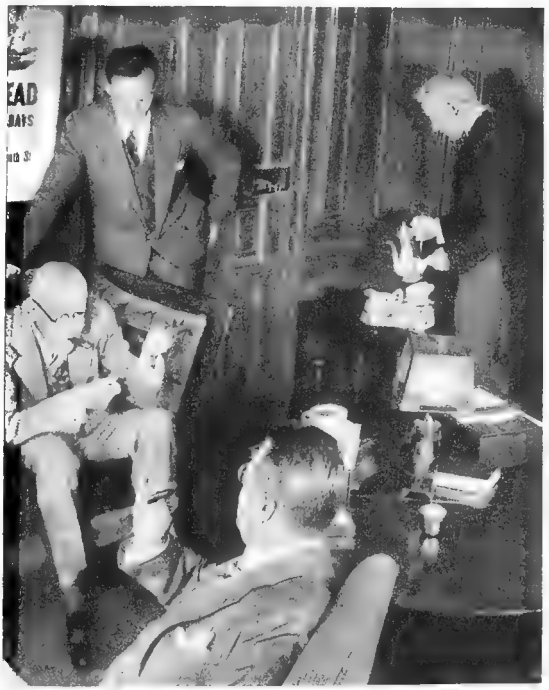
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

DATED Coffee

full strength... at the peak of its flavor...

You get it THE WEEK IT IS ROASTED

This revolutionary new way of handling freshly roasted coffee like a perishable fresh food gives you a treat in flavor you have never had before



"Dated Coffee" means the same thing as "this morning's milk," "fresh bread." In adding this quality of *dependable freshness* to the rich depth of flavor of Chase & Sanborn's blend of superbly aromatic coffees, Chase & Sanborn have taken the last step to make your coffee perfect.

EVERY can of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is dated . . . just as "24-hour eggs" are dated . . . just as your bottle of fresh milk is dated.

Straight from the fragrant roasting ovens it goes to your grocer twice a week, delivered by the same motor trucks of "Standard Brands, Inc., Daily Delivery" which bring him Fleischmann's Yeast fresh all the time.

No stop-overs for re-handling or storage! No standing on your grocer's shelf! Every can showing an eighth-day date regularly collected and replaced with fresh!

This way of distributing coffee is new —without precedent in the coffee business. To a blend already established for sixty-five years and preferred in many sections of the country for its smooth richness of flavor and exquisite "bouquet," it adds a guarantee of absolute freshness. Get a package today at your grocer's.

LOOK FOR THE *date* ON THE CAN

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee – DATED

Copyright, 1930, by Standard Brands, Inc.

Go gle

For pore-deep cleanliness of skin

POND'S

CLEANSING TISSUES

to remove cold cream

Remove cream with Tissues, two at a time, until they show no soil.

THOROUGH CLEANLINESS is the keynote to a lovely skin. A sparkling complexion is *clean* to the depths of the pores. If each tiny pore is free to breathe gently and naturally, then the skin is dewy fresh . . . translucent . . . radiant.

Use lots of cream for cleansing—it loosens the dirt and keeps the skin soft and supple. But you *must* remove cream and dirt *completely*. Clogged pores distend and coarsen, inviting blackheads—even pimples.

Pond's Cleansing Tissues are so absorbent they *lift* the cream and dirt from your skin. And so soft they feel like velvet when you crumple them, two at a time, in your hand. Use and discard until they show no trace of soil.

Who wants a shiny nose?

The oil in cleansing cream lubricates the skin—is good for it—but who wants a shiny nose?

Pond's Skin Freshener cuts the surface oil, gives your skin moonlight clarity, leaves it delightfully cool, refreshed. This mild tonic tightens the pores, refines the texture, braces slack tissues under chin, brings fresh life dancing up under your skin.

Your foundation cream and make-up go on so smoothly after this perfect cleansing. Your skin has a clear, flower-petal enchantment!

POND'S

SKIN FRESHENER

to banish oiliness

Pour Skin Freshener onto cotton and dab briskly over face and neck

Add these two important aids to your beauty accessories today. Use them with your favorite creams. The Tissues in the charming green and ivory box, 50¢ and 25¢, have a score of other uses, too—as handkerchiefs for colds, as paper napkins—, they're indispensable and economical. The Freshener, bottled with smart screw cap, $1.00—50¢.

FREE OFFER . . . mail coupon for Pond's Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener

POND'S EXTRACT CO., Dept. U
1068 Hudson Street . . . New York City

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts

THE MOTHER'S CHILD WELFARE CLUB

Conducted by Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

THE PRESENT-DAY BABY—HIS FOOD

IN PRESIDENT HOOVER'S Child's Bill of Rights he states that one of the child's "rights" is to live in hygienic surroundings. This means that he should have proper food as well as live under numerous other favorable conditions.

Every baby has a right to his mother's milk. No other food has ever been found to be equal to it for the human baby. Any mother who can and will not nurse her own baby should be severely censured. If the mother has tuberculosis or is so ill that nursing the child would be harmful to her or to the baby, then she may be excused from this duty; otherwise there is no real excuse.

The mother's mental attitude has much to do with successful breast-feeding. She should be determined to nurse the child and keep as happy and contented as possible, paying no attention to friends or relatives who try to discourage her about nursing.

Rely on the advice of the family doctor and nurse and learn from them the correct food, amount of sleep, fresh air, etc., to insure a good supply of breast-milk. We will be glad to help also, if the mother will join our Monthly Correspondence Club. Our free leaflet, "the Breast-Fed Baby," giving full instructions, will be mailed to any one wishing it, if a stamped envelop, addressed to oneself, is enclosed.

Regularity in nursing is the main essential to consider during the early months, as well as later on. Whether the baby should be fed every 3 hours or every 4 hours must be decided by the family doctor. We prefer the 3-hour schedule by day for the first few months, nursing from one breast at a time from 15 to 20 minutes, and giving 7 meals in 24 hours for the first month at least. The best hours are 6 A. M., 9 A. M., 12 M., 3 P. M., 6 P. M., 10 P. M., and 2 A. M. The 4-hour period *at night* allows the baby and mother enough sleep.

To tell how much milk the baby obtains from the mother, he should be weighed, with his clothes on, just before and again just after nursing. If he does not obtain enough nourishment from one breast, then 10 minutes on each breast may be tried. Wake him at meal-time if he is asleep. He will soon learn to wake himself.

To accustom the baby to take cow's milk, thereby allowing the mother a little time for rest or recreation, we have found that one relief bottle of modified milk during the 24 hours is very beneficial to both baby and mother. If for any reason it is necessary to wean the baby, the child will then be used to the bottle of modified milk, and there will seldom be any trouble. A correct formula must be given the mother by her doctor, or else she may write to us and we will send her one.

When it has been proved absolutely impossible or harmful for a mother to nurse her own baby, we have found the best substitute for breast-milk is correctly modified milk from the cow. As this milk is intended for the little calf rather than the human baby, it must be so prepared that it will be digested by the baby. There are so many ways of modifying milk that it would be impossible here to describe them all in detail.

The doctor who attends the baby should prescribe the formulas; but if for any reason this can not be managed we have a very simple and successful set of formulas, *one* of which will be sent each month to every member in our Monthly Correspondence Club when the monthly report as to baby's weight, etc., is received by us.

The milk-supply, the exact method of preparation, the care of utensils, the addition of other foods are all taken up in detail in our set of feeding-leaflets; and as the monthly reports show that our babies gain regularly in weight, digest well, sleep well, and are happy, we can feel sure that our method agrees with a vast majority of our very large family.

To receive all of our formulas and instructions for both breast-fed and bottle-fed babies, join our club as soon as the baby arrives. You will then have a complete set of leaflets to file away for reference. Please *always* state the age of the baby.

Free Child Health Service

If your baby is under 6 months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, by which you will receive monthly help until the baby is 2 years old. Send us the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be sent you.

If you want advice about older children up to the age of 12, ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class.

No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed.

No blanks will be sent or inquiries answered unless you enclose a United States stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address your correspondence to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

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THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

A New Food Invention . . . *Quick Setting* Gelatin

Ready in 20 Minutes
Mix as directed on package. Chill in freezing tray of electric refrigerator. Cut in cubes and serve with cream—plain or whipped
Ready in 45 Minutes
Dissolve in 1 cup boiling water, add 1 cup finely crushed ice. Stir until ice melts. Pour in mold, set in pan of crushed ice.
Ready in One Hour
Dissolve in 1 cup boiling water, add 1 cup cold water. Pour in mold, cover, set on outside window sill on cold day (below 40°). Or pour in individual molds and chill in electric refrigerator.
Ready in Two Hours
Mix as directed on package. Pour in wide shallow mold; set on bottom of electric refrigerator. (In ordinary ice box, allow about 2 hours.)

Ready to unmold in HALF *the usual time*

. . . and the flavors are much more delicious

TODAY'S food news, madam, is about a wonderful new quick setting gelatin . . . that jells in half the usual time.

It's an entirely new formula—and it's called Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert.

You can see from the photographs above how fast it works. Twenty minutes to an hour and a half . . . while, ordinarily, prepared gelatins made the usual way take a number of hours, and even then sometimes fail to jell.

With Royal, you prepare your gelatin dessert in 3 minutes . . . along with the rest of the meal. At dessert time it's ready to serve—firmly set, yet tender and quivery. Sparkling . . . glowing with color.

This new Royal is not only quicker—it's more delicious. The flavors are true-to-the-fruit. And always fresh . . . for Royal is never allowed to grow stale on your grocer's shelf.

It is delivered to stores regularly in small quantities by the nation-wide delivery system of Standard Brands, Inc.

Children love it—and it's good for them, too

Doctors recommend gelatin, especially for children. It aids digestion, and it's rich in a valuable growth-promoting element. So let the youngsters have all they want. Serve it frequently . . . at least once a week. There are dozens of ways to include this health food in your family's daily diet. Combine it with vegetables, or fruits . . . it makes attractive, wholesome salads.

Make a Royal Gelatin Dessert tonight. Serve it plain, if you wish . . . or garnished with whipped cream, custard, fruit or nuts.

Be sure to get the quick setting kind

Remember, when you buy—all gelatins are not alike. If you want the quick setting kind—the kind that tastes like real fruit—ask for Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert. It's made by the makers of the famous Royal Baking Powder. Tell your grocer nothing else will do.

In the red box—the same color as the Royal Baking Powder can. Five delicious flavors: Raspberry, Strawberry, Cherry, Orange, Lemon.

ROYAL *Quick Setting* **Gelatin Dessert**

Go gle

Cinnamon Waffles
Cheese Waffles
Rice Waffles
Short Cake
Tea Cake
Muffins
Tarts

ALL of these and many other kinds of crispy, golden-brown waffle cakes and dainties are baked with little effort and consummate skill in a UNIVERSAL Waffle Iron — at the dining table or tea-wagon, to the delighted astonishment of the family and guests alike.

If you are in need of a new waffle iron, take advantage of the

SPECIAL SALE
DURING FEBRUARY
UNIVERSAL Waffle Iron
(Illustrated above)
ONLY $11.50

At your nearest Universal Dealer's

This $15.00 value UNIVERSAL Waffle Iron has never before sold during campaigns for less than $13.50—and at this special sale price it is a waffle iron value without equal.

—An Automatic Heat Indicator tells when grids are ready for batter
—Non-sticking, Die-cast Grids require no grease
—An Extra-wide Patented Expansion Hinge allows batter to rise
—Beautiful Designing, including neat tray base, lends itself delightfully to table cookery
—A UNIVERSAL Waffle Iron Recipe Book is included FREE.

Show this advertisement to your UNIVERSAL Dealer or tell him about it and he will be happy to demonstrate this marvelous UNIVERSAL Waffle Iron—do it today, before it is too late!

Landers, Frary & Clark, New Britain, Conn.
Master Metalsmiths for over Three-quarters of a Century

THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME
UNIVERSAL
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

MOTHER OF POETS

Continued from Page 6

One wintry day the waterpipes froze and burst, flooding the kitchen floor with a sheet of ice. Outside the snow swirled, piling thick over the door-ledge. Mrs. Millay, off duty for a two-hour leave, came home and found them skating on the floor, delighted with the accident. Nor was she at all chagrined by their delight in what would have been a minor tragedy in another household.

Or she would open the door to find Vincent at the piano playing a minuet of Beethoven or something she had composed herself, and Norma dressed up in high-heeled, battered slippers and a curtain for a train, mincing over the floor and trilling in a high falsetto, unheeding of the cold, unheeding of everything save the thrilling and dramatic moment.

The gaiety, the sudden ecstasies, the inferiorities — the secret of the outsiders, these were their riches and their pride, their despair and their armor—the invisible mark of God separating artists from their kind. The very land about them deepened their perceptions and their intensities and heightened their artistic sensibilities.

THERE the bosom of bald Mount Battie Mattie dips straight down into the gray-green wintry ocean; there the osprey darkens against far-flung, angry skies, seeking in ponderous, leaden waters food for its young.

The cold north intensified the poetic temperament. For the bitter cold congeals the flesh, but the poetic spirit sings out in defiance, in spiritual arrogance, against the threat of nature. The bitter cold freezes the trees to purple and green-gray blackness, but the seeing eye looks at the blackness and beyond into its beautiful purples and grays and greens. It sees the hand of God in all the austere beauty about it; sees the delicate, blond quality of withered grass and the incisive green of pine and laurel.

Released from the monster cold, these sensitive children feel the first faint breath of Spring over the melting landscape. They see the unbelievable miracle of the hepatica, rose-lavender and delicate, pushing its pride through the brown pall of leaves.

Flowers are the symbol of the northern soul's release from Winter, and in their unbelievable and riotous color they are the very antithesis of the sober landscape and the guarded, horny people. They are the esthetic passion of all interned northern races, of the bitter northern landscapes, and therefore so tenderly understood by Vincent in her poetry.

These are the things Mrs. Millay was sensitive to, and when her children lived in the image of these wonders she did not call them silly fancies, nor did she rebuff their wildest esthetic extravagances. These were the realities of poetic living—a concern with them the aspect of common living in the Millay household. For a genius does not ascend from humdrum life to great heights at particular moments. These are the heights of their common living.

How completely they lived in this heroic tense I learned when chance made Mrs. Millay my neighbor this Summer. In her concise, unsentimental words those days in all their sharp beauty are revealed.

"It was hard to earn the bare necessities, but through it my children learned what life really was." Her face lined, her frail body stooped, but her gray eyes wide, sober, young, and clear, her voice sonorous with passionate intelligence and cultured intonation, she recalls those days to me, her worn hands fingering the precious manuscripts of her children's youth.

"They had it as hard as I had. When I was away they had to take care of themselves and the house and learn to be self-sufficient and brave.

"The profound thing in our life was the reciprocal things I had to sacrifice so much, and they gave me so much in return that we were mutually enriched.

"When they were little I worked nights, and cared for them days, but as they grew old enough to take care of themselves and I had to leave them, their subconscious sense of our situation put them on their honor, so that they really did better when they were alone than if I had been around saying don't do this, and do that, and so on. They were shocked to find girls cheating in school, lying to their mothers, disobeying, so profound was their sense of honor in our relation to each other.

"I never whipped them. I talked things out with them and used no compulsion. I didn't preach to them. I didn't tell them *not* to do things. I simply kept from them the things that might not be good for them. I burned my translations of certain French literature when I found the girls dipping into them in my absence, but beyond that they were my equals, and I talked to them and lived with them as such.

"The secret resolve that animated my life was that my girls should have their chance. I never had the word 'great' in my imagination, but I was determined that they should have a chance to develop their talents.

"I can not say why I had it, but so strong in me was the belief in them and their future that, no matter how hard it was, I had to have music, books—I had the best private library in Camden—everything that would contribute to their development.

"When Vincent was twelve a musical career seemed her destiny, and in this too everything fortuitously contributed. A patient of mine who had been a noted teacher of the piano, before he retired made an exception of Vincent, whom he considered a prodigy. Her hands were so small she could not stretch the octaves, and there was talk of a surgical operation to increase her stretch.

"She also wrote, and when she won all the prizes in the contests given by a leading juvenile magazine it was her success as a writer that increasingly deflected our attention from music to writing. Vincent has said that never in her life in all her gropings had she ever been discouraged and advised to do something else, and it was the same with the other two girls. Norma has a beautiful soprano voice, and took singing lessons, and at her graduation from high school sang a solo written by Vincent, who also composed the music.

"Kathleen seemed destined to be an artist. She drew and painted constantly. At school she attained a scholarship record unequaled at the time in New England, for she never missed a session or was late in all her four years, and had an average of ninety-seven per cent. in her work. But instead of being an artist she left Vassar in her junior year, and has already written two novels and two books of poems.

"I HAD no idea how things might turn out. I even had a dream once that they might form an orchestra, Vincent at the piano, Norma playing the cornet, because she has such beautiful arms and shoulders, and Kathleen the harp.

"I myself had always wanted to be a writer, and I suppose there was an unconscious emphasis on that in the household, altho on her father's side their heredity was strongly musical and dramatic. I wrote for the New England papers, and short poems, short stories, and two serials which ran in Boston and Portland newspapers, but my efforts were not serious, and distracted by my necessity to care for my children, and therefore I put my ambitions into my girls.

"My frustration was their chance." (The epitome of a mother's self-sacrifice!) Mrs. Millay paused, and went on to tell of her early days. "I was the oldest of six children. When my mother died I had to take care of the children and bear the responsibility of a whole household. Then I married, and there were no means, and after that I was on my own, and feeding for my own. When I was nursing nights I would be sitting up alone, writing, writing, writing. While rocking my children to sleep I sang them songs and stories I made up, and wrote them down afterward. I had a trunkful of such manuscripts.

"The last thing my friends and daughters think is rather gratifying is that in spite of everything I have been through, and after they are grown and have their own careers, I have enough vitality to go on and create now. Vincent gave me a year in Europe as a birthday gift, and one evening as I was sitting in a hotel room and looking out at the Luxembourg Garden, quiet in the evening light, I suddenly began to weave some children's poems. I showed them to Vincent, who was in the bedroom next door.

"'They're good, Mother; keep at them,' she said, and I did, and 'Little Orbs,' a book of child poetry, is the result. I am writing short stories and lecturing, and at last attaining the thing I wanted for myself and never thought I would accomplish, for in their youth life was too busy.

"The hardships that bound the children together made them stronger, and bonded them together in self-defense against the world. If you touched one you touched the whole of us. That was our safety. It strengthened anything in me. I had a chip on my shoulder for them. It is a vicarious thing to live on the edge of everything, but with the parent against the world it is stronger yet.

"Their sensitiveness made them always on the lookout; they always had a finger out to the beautiful and the tragic realities of life; they were aware like a blind man is aware. Their mother's battle increased their nervous tension. Anything mother said was their criterion of all life.

"We did keep up appearances, and it made the struggle inside themselves all the keener. When one went away there was

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S *NEW* TESTING KITCHEN

Our readers will be glad to learn that from now on every savory recipe printed in Pictorial Review, every new food or beverage, every labor-saving household device, every new machine and electrical contrivance will be given scientific and practical tests in our own *new* kitchen at the home office.

Hitherto space conditions in the Pictorial Review Building have compelled us to do a considerable part of our testing work elsewhere, but that now is happily a thing of the past.

In this new kitchen Pictorial Review, among other things, intends to go a step beyond that of accurately measured recipes and oven-temperatures and *make use of the exact size utensils* which will give the best results according to the amount of ingredients given for each recipe. All these measurements will be given with each recipe so that our readers will know at once the correct size utensils to select to obtain best results.

Every recipe tested will be worked out according to these new standards, and Pictorial Review readers will receive the benefit of the experimental work done in our own especially equipped kitchen.

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ADD UP all the good things you know about spinach as a FOOD ~~

And so many tempting ways to serve it, too

~~and then remember how EASY it is to serve ~~how uniformly fine in FLAVOR ~~

under this quality brand

In every large can of DEL MONTE Spinach—over 2 pounds, fresh weight, of the finest fresh spinach

—hand-selected

—washed and re-washed, clean and free from grit

—cooked, ready to heat, season and serve

—and with all the valuable diet elements you expect from this leafy green!

Give spinach the regular place it deserves in your meals! But remember DEL MONTE—the modern, convenient way to serve it.

TRY SOME OF THESE

Spinach with Rice—Drain 1½ cups DEL MONTE Spinach; add 1 tablespoon shredded pimiento, ¾ cup well seasoned thick white sauce. Heat in double boiler, and serve in border of hot boiled rice. Garnish with strips of pimiento.

Spinach Loaf—Tomato Sauce—Drain and chop 1½ cups DEL MONTE Spinach. Add 1 cup dry sifted bread crumbs, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 well beaten egg, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Pack into well buttered mold, put in pan of hot water and bake ½ hour. Turn out on platter and pour over 2 cups hot DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce.

Florentine Eggs—Drain and chop 2 cups DEL MONTE Spinach. Season with salt, pepper and 2 tablespoons melted butter. Place in flat baking dish, making nests for as many services as desired. Fill each nest with 1 uncooked egg. Pour over each 3 tablespoons well seasoned white sauce. Cover with grated cheese and cook in moderate oven about ½ hour.

Spinach Salad—Drain and chop 2 cups DEL MONTE Spinach. Add 1 teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Pack firmly into one large or several individual molds as desired. Chill and serve on lettuce leaves with French dressing. Garnish with pimiento or quarters of hard cooked egg.

This Useful Recipe Assortment—Free

Many other tempting and simple dishes are described in our special folder on DEL MONTE Spinach. Sent *free*, together with 6 other DEL MONTE recipe books and folders. A valuable file for any kitchen. Drop a card today—before you forget it.

Address Dept. 537, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

DEL MONTE *Spinach*

Go gle

Are you enjoying all these

YOUR OWN BAKER

1. Roasted filberts, finely ground, give Japanese Rolls their irresistible flavor.
2. Honey Coffee Cake, spread with honey and ground almonds, is delightful for breakfast, luncheon or tea.
3. Stollen, rich in candied orange peel, citron, cherries and raisins, is one of the most delicious of your baker's coffee cakes. Very nice for Sunday morning breakfast.
4. Sandwich Rolls save both time and energy — you just cut them open and spread on the sandwich filling.
5. Butter Horns are served with coffee for dessert.
6. Cinnamon Buns, spicy and delicately frosted, are delicious with your morning coffee.
7. Pecan Rolls, covered with caramel icing and pecans, are a delightful luncheon dessert.
8. Streusel Coffee Cake is sprinkled with luscious, crumbly lumps of sugar mixed with butter and spices.
9. Apple Cake with its dainty slices of fruit is a pleasing change for breakfast.
10. Filbert Rolls are thickly sprinkled with tasty nut meats. They're delightful for breakfast!
11. Braided Coffee Ring, gleaming richly brown through dainty vanilla icing, is delicious with coffee, tea or milk.
12. Coffee Pretzels are rich and brown and buttery. Delicious for breakfast, luncheon or tea.

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Delicious Varieties of Breads?

MAKES THEM . .

13. The fanciful shape of Butterfly Buns appeals to children.
14. Filled Buns have centers of delicious jam or jelly.
15. Raisin Bread is full of plump, juicy, specially selected raisins. It makes delicious toast!
16. Your baker's *White Bread* is even-grained and tender with a nutty-flavored crust. It slices beautifully.
17. A delicious mixture of candied fruits makes Filled Coffee Ring a delightful dessert.
18. Rye Bread has a gleaming, crispy crust. Made with and without caraway seeds.
19. Cheese Cake fairly melts in your mouth. Delicious with coffee, chocolate, tea or milk.
20. Raisins and spice make Raisin Buns extremely popular.
21. Apple Rolls are filled with fruit and covered with dainty icing. Especially enticing with coffee or tea.
22. Parker House Rolls have a tender butter crust.
23. Form Cake, an enticing dessert, owes its inimitable flavor to ground almonds, citron, lemon and mace
24. Butter Biscuits are rich with rolled-in butter. Delicious with fruit for breakfast or for luncheon.

Thirty thousand bakers now use Fleischmann's Yeast just as all discriminating housewives did when they used to bake at home. Standard Brands, Incorporated. Offices in all principal cities of the United States and Canada.

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"SO GOOD IN THEMSELVES . . . SO ATTRACTIVE WHEN SERVED THIS NEW WAY . . .

"Those delightful kitchens of the past—" exclaims Josephine Gibson, Director, Home Economics Department, H. J. Heinz Company, "bright with sunshine—odorous with the fragrance of delicious foods in preparation! Do you remember the familiar baked bean crock which gave forth such a happy odor when the oven door was lowered? And when from your plate every bean sent up redoubled fragrance in little curling jets of steam, wasn't it enough to make any appetite frantic?

"Yet I don't think we need sigh for the baked beans of past days. You'll find all their goodness in those made by Heinz. Such plump, brown, mealy beans these are—just bursting with goodness! Such delicate bits of flavor—so tender, so digestible, from their *oven-baking*. And that tomato sauce, made from garden-fresh tomatoes. Where can you match its zestful piquancy! Only *oven-baking* can give this tender goodness—only the spicy tomato sauce can give such flavor!

"If you like ways of serving this favorite dish that are a bit different, try this one—

"LUNCHEON PLATE, the heinz way . . . Have the required number of patty shells. Then remove the labels from one or more cans of Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans, and heat thoroughly in a pan of hot water. Turn out the contents on a platter and fill the patty shells, arranging them so that a piece of the tender young pork shows on top of each. Then pop the patties into the oven until the shells are thoroughly heated. Make dainty butter sandwiches of hot Boston Brown Bread or, lacking this, sandwiches of Heinz Sandwich Relish on whole wheat bread. Arrange patty, sandwiches, and your favorite Heinz pickles (or a small compact salad) on an attractive plate. Serve while patty is hot and crisp." H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.

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Enjoy these radio talks! - *Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Standard Time, Josephine Gibson, Heinz Home Economics Director, will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA and other associated National Broadcasting Co. stations.*

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the wardrobe of three to select from. Having little makes you so critical that you can be better dressed than when you can afford to order a dozen dresses. The girls were clever with the needle and had fine taste, and they had to have what the other girls had. And I saw that they got it, that there was no feeling of being inferior among their kind, which so stultifies children.

"I LET the girls realize their poverty I let them realize what every advantage cost me in the effort to live. It made them live an honest life, and you don't fool yourself or your children.

"Take these same girls and bring them up in comfort. Then what? Vincent had said she never would have been what she is if she had had everything. Our hard life made her write of things she would never have seen in a sheltered existence. It made her broad and a real person even before she left Camden. The rich child is the unfortunate one.

"Vincent was a formed poet before ever she went to Vassar. 'Renascence,' which she wrote at Camden, and 'God's World,' 'Interim,' and 'Afternoon on a Hill'—these are among the finest poems she wrote at that time. And they marked her way and her heights. I don't think collegiate life is especially good for genius. Might it not have taken the originality and naive quality out of her work?"

In those days the poet's mother was her college, her encouragement, her critic, and her backbone. Of the outside world this little New England unsophisticated idealist and dreamer knew nothing. She had graduated from high school, and did desultory typing for the Summer people. It was her mother that saw an advertisement of Mitchell Kennerley's poetry competition in a magazine she picked out of a waste-basket in a patient's room.

"Now maybe there's a chance for Vincent," said she, and sent for the daughter, who was up-country visiting her father. The poem, begun during the visit, was finished under her mother's urge, and sent away. A country full of poets and critics rocked with excitement over this achievement sent in by a little unknown girl far from the beaten tracks of the literary world.

One poem, and unlimited praise from that great world outside, and then again silence. What to do now? What to do with this world of sentiment, longing, and poetic ecstasy which seethed within the young girl, too much to contain in one delicate body?

Was there no more than this? To flit in the zestful air of the Maine pine-woods like another butterfly? How did the world come to one, or one to it? The days and months stretched on, and the poetic mood went up the heights, then down to depths of despair.

Norma, too, had graduated from high school, and, moved by the necessity of helping her mother, had gone to work as a telephone-operator, but after two weeks of bringing home every night the exciting and dubious gossip which she gleaned from the wires Mrs. Millay took her out. "I never understood how much courage my mother had then until I needed courage, or how great her faith until I needed it," says Norma of those days.

Then Norma went to work as a waitress in the big Summer hotel near by with her other girl friends, daughters of clergymen, organists, and other small-town gentry who thus got a little spending-money and glimpses of an exciting world. There was the annual ball for the waitresses. Norma insisted that Vincent come up for the entertainment, and, loath to do it, but yielding under the insistence of her sister's enthusiasm, this shy little girl came to the party.

After the ball, again at her sister's urgence, Vincent revealed her gifts to Norma's friends and patrons. Once she sat down to the piano and played; once she recited some poems, and Miss Caroline B. Dow, head of the Y. W. C. A. and one of the group, heard and recognized instantly the authentic voice of genius.

They sat late into the night talking of what college, with Miss Dow promising her every advantage. It was Vassar, Vassar, then New York, and then the whole world conquered for this little girl, who, with her mother and Norma, moved to New York, writing novelettes and witty skits under pseudonyms for a living, writing poetry, acting, making friends, meeting artists and poets, the adventure of it alone worth the days. Then suddenly, mysteriously, from the lips of all, fame. Fame for Vincent. Then the Provincetown Theater stage and a chance for Norma, with Kathleen, still at Vassar, her star waiting.

"I was an optimist," the frail, resolute little mother goes on. "I have absolute faith. I didn't start to preach or pray. I knew I'd get what I wanted, which was getting my girls started.

"I wouldn't have the nerve to advise any mother, except perhaps to say, 'Never try to substitute one thing for another that the child may really want to do. I believe the aspirations of a child should never be fixed. Try to fix them and they never come true. The people who try to make children's careers for them have spoiled more lives than they have ever helped. Believe in your children utterly and give them their chance. All else follows.'

"I suppose the psychological basis for a parent's attempts to equip his children would be, that, granted a gifted family, one can develop all the directions of their bent, and then trust the children to determine their own career."

MRS. MILLAY brings me a brown school copy-book. The white label in the center reads, in faded ink now brown like the cover itself, "Poetical Works of Vincent Millay." I turn the page and find inside this "Dedication," in solemn, controlled schoolgirl script:

To My Mother.

Whose interest and understanding have been the life of many of These Works and the Inspiration of many more, I lovingly dedicate this little volume. E. V. M.

There can be no higher appraisal of Mrs. Millay's great success as a mother.

THE ROMANCE OF RADIO

Continued from Page 2

story quite its own, which space will not permit of inclusion here. The thrilling episode of Jack Binns's first S. O. S. message in January, 1909, at the time of the collision of the *Republic* and the *Florida*, is a story which every boy of to-day doubtless knows. On all too many tragic occasions since then, from the *Titanic* to the *Vestris*, has the radio played its part in saving human lives.

Its latest refinement in the shape of fog-beacons is rapidly piercing and dissipating what is probably the major obstacle in the way of safe navigation in the air as well as on the water. The radio-flashes from the ice-patrol warning vessels of the dangers of the white peril of the north, the instantaneous transmission of important weather news to planes in flight, and particularly the awe-inspiring magic of the directional finder make up a category of almost miraculous achievements toward the betterment of conditions of air- and water-traffic.

Our transatlantic travelers now take the daily steamer newspaper for granted. But this is just one incidental fruit of those ceaseless efforts of our technologists in their relentless struggle for the annihilation of time and space.

I can not escape the conviction that we are on the eve of great things in international radio. It speaks as the voice of the new age; the determination to be rid of much antiquated claptrap of the prewar past. Certainly nothing could be more fitting than that in its international developments the youth of the world has made a singularly vital contribution. For the radio amateur is the real author of present-day effective international communication through the air.

In all the various international agreements which have been trying frantically, and only partially successfully, to keep pace with the onward rush of this new force, the

Want to Get Ahead?

The great English writer, Arnold Bennett, said, "I suppose that for the majority of men the suspension of income for a single month would mean either bankruptcy, the usurer, or acute inconvenience."

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.,
Dept. 330-P
One Madison Avenue, New York

Please mail, without charge, booklet "Let Budget Help" which shows how to make incomes cover necessary expenditures—with something left over—and gives full details relating to budgeting incomes ranging from $100 to $800 a month.

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

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A MAN has small chance to get somewhere and be somebody if he is entirely dependent upon his next pay-check. He is likely to be as helpless as a child if his income stops.

Many a man finds himself in a rebellious frame of mind and sorry for himself because he is "broke". He feels bottled-up, half stifled, almost shackled and handcuffed. Unhappy in his work, he does it half-heartedly, badly.

He wants to quit his job but he doesn't dare. His boss would like to discharge him but waits because he is sorry for him and his family.

If a man has not learned how to live within his income, it makes little difference whether he earns $1,000 or $10,000—he will always be in trouble. But budgeting his weekly or monthly salary to cover expenses for the necessities and comforts of life will show him how to live within his income whatever it may be.

Do you know how the experts arrange a budget for salaries from $1,000 to $10,000? Do you know what per cent of the income should be spent for each of the general expense items—food, shelter, clothing, household operating expense, insurance, education, entertainment and *investment*?

When *speculation* is substituted for *investment* the last hope for safety usually vanishes.

Budgets have solved money problems in many homes. A typical illustration is furnished by a woman who provided a good home for husband, high school daughter and 12-year-old son on $200 a month. She reported that when they attempted to live without a budget they were always in debt and worst of all in mental and physical distress.

Since their conversion to "the budget way" they have found they are able to live better and save 10%.

Have you ever experienced the peace of mind and satisfaction that result from an intelligent budgeting of your income? With necessities provided for and a little money left over you have a far better chance to get ahead.

Send for booklet entitled "Let Budget Help," which was written with a full understanding of the problems of those with limited incomes. Use coupon above.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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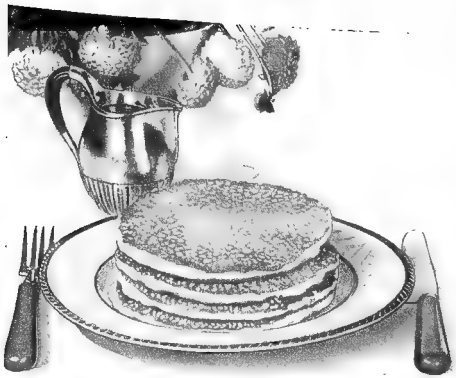
Breakfast should be good news as well as good food

try this modern kind of pancake!



Nowadays we're apt to take breakfast too much for granted. It's good food and all that, but nothing exciting. We eat it because it's there — and half the time we don't know and don't care what we're eating.

That's no way to start a day. If any meal of the three should really be interesting it's breakfast. It's good to have our spirits jogged up a bit in the morning. Breakfast should be good news as well as good food. For instance, try pancakes — especially this modern kind, made with the new Pillsbury's Pancake Flour. Serve them — watch a man's eye light up. Watch the grin of delight on a youngster's face. That pleasure is precious. It's really important to good health, good digestion, good living — just as important as proper nourishment.

You'll find this new kind of pancake a real improvement. Pillsbury has made a discovery — Pillsbury's Pancake Flour contains a new type of flour, unusually soft, fine and delicate. It makes lighter pancakes, more tender, more delicious, easy to digest. Much better than the old-fashioned kind — truly *modern* pancakes.

Here's the way to lift breakfast out of the rut — Pillsbury's pancakes, the perfect combination of nourishment and real pleasure. There's ample fuel for the busy morning in school or on the job — in a warm, light, quickly digestible form. And there's real zest — a breakfast that starts us off for the day with a new interest in life!

The Recipe Is Simple

Made in a minute and ready to bake—simply add the liquid gradually to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour and stir. You can use only water and make a delicious pancake. Or, if you have been mixing your own batter with milk or egg, use the same liquids with Pillsbury's Pancake Flour—we believe you'll like these pancakes better than the home-mixed kind.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
General Offices: Minneapolis, Minn.
Millers of Pillsbury's Best Flour, Pancake Flour, Wheat Bran, Farina, Cake Flour, Rye, Whole Wheat and Durum Flours

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

made according to a modern improved recipe

short-wave lengths, those less than 100 meters, have been systematically neglected as of no consequence. They had been discarded, so to speak, "for the boys to play with." But the modern boy is a very different animal from his mid-Victorian predecessor. He uses the language of this new day with audacious assurance.

What could be more fitting than that through his ingenious fingers there has been created quite literally the apparatus to bring together the youth of the world at the very time when a new world has risen out of the ashes of the old with all of that eternal contempt of youth for the dead past?

The story of the amateur in radio is certainly worthy of an immortal chronicle for the enlightenment and inspiration of succeeding generations. Such leaders in this field as Hiram Percy Maxim, the distinguished president of the American Radio Relay League, with its 17,000 members, have blazed the way for this army of forward-looking, ambitious youngsters—a crusade of youth certainly as significant to all mankind as almost any other single undertaking on the part of young people in the recorded annals of our civilization.

As Mr. Maxim pointed out recently, it was chiefly the amateur who reflected the possibilities of long-distance transmission by the short wave, and thus brought radio-broadcasting into the international field as a literal globe-encircling power. It was an amateur who in 1923 developed the fact that certain short-wave signals could be utilized to greater advantage by day than by night.

Amateurs accompanied MacMillan to the Arctic, Rice to the Amazon, and Byrd to the Antarctic. Amateurs amazed the navy in 1925 by the transmission of messages from the fleet on its Australian visit. Surely the youth of to-day is not to be denied, and one of the best evidences of that fact is the amazing accomplishment of the radio amateur.

SOMETHING NEW IN PARTIES

If your church, club, or society is wondering how to entertain at that Special Party for the Husbands;

Or if your executive committee is worrying about a way to replenish a low treasury—painlessly;

Or if you have racked your brains for a new way to entertain in your own home,

Write for a free leaflet describing a School-Days Party. Mail a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, and send to Entertainment Department, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

WE ARE at times inclined to associate radio-broadcasting exclusively with the transmission of entertainment. Its development in the field of education is unquestioned and is certain to be amplified in the international field.

Our Agriculture Department undertakes a most interesting and helpful series of daily programs which undoubtedly reach also tens of thousands of Canadian farmers. Walter Damrosch's experiment comprises the prodigious project of stimulating the musical appreciation of 12,000,000 or 15,000,000 children; and it would seem by no means a rash prophecy to foresee the expansion of that great effort to comprise a large part of the western hemisphere.

The intriguing possibilities of television tempt one to wonder how long it will be before the Mayo Brothers shall perform their miracles of surgery at Rochester, Minn., with an audience in every major hospital in the world instead of the mere handful banked about the steep benches of one small clinic chamber.

Even the remotest areas of Central Africa and far-off Asia will not long be safe refuges for the darkness of illiteracy and barbarism. Steaming jungles, wide wastes of bleak plateaus, or desert wildernesses are no longer barriers of any consequence to this new onward-sweeping symbol of civilization.

Vienna has always been a favored haven of the roving American tourist, and never more so than to-day. One of the agreeable surprizes which await him is the remarkable progress in the past few years in the knowledge of English on the part of hotel employees, shopkeepers, and others with whom he comes in contact. Upon inquiry he discovers that this is due in large part to the foresight of the Government in providing daily instruction over the radio in *Americanized* English.

There are all kinds of ways to catch this lucrative tourist traffic, and this is certainly a most effective and thoroughly legitimate one. Indeed, it has been often prophesied that the radio and the talking-movie, because of their largely American origins, will soon make English the language of the world.

The imagination is staggered by the thought of, let us say, a course of lectures on classical art broadcast to uncounted millions with first-hand television glimpses in color of the pale-gold columns of the Parthenon or the grim, gray-green walls of Homeric Mycenæ. With becoming modesty and professional caution our engineers shake their heads dubiously at the mention of such projects, but their bewildering achievements in the recent past belie their quite admirable conservatism.

Perhaps we are a nation of gross materialists and grasping dollar-chasers, as some of our more raucous foreign critics persistently declare. But, after all, it has been this very dedication of ours to the betterment of our well-being that has enabled our scientists and engineers to go forward with their efforts, that has made possible the development of a radio industry which has admittedly brought happiness and comfort to countless millions everywhere—and not the mere comforts of the flesh, but the inspiration of good music, enlightened discussion, and catholicity of acquaintance.

These invaluable factors as applied in the broader field of international affairs must certainly make for a betterment of relations among the peoples of the earth. The jingo thrives on obscurity. He feeds on suspicion and ignorance. There is no more potent corrective of these than the radio as it transcends all barriers, whether natural or man-made.

As I ventured to point out on a previous occasion, there will always be cynics who will inquire with scorn how any good, least of all any soothing tranquility, can come out of a device which so frequently dins into our ears endless bromidic banalities and wearisome platitudes. If anything, according to our chronically mournful intelligentsia, international discord will be the logical outcome of any further spread of this raucous noise-maker.

These obvious superficialities of the professional wag disappear in the presence of the ever-multiplying instances of the true power of this new force. The automobile and the airplane have brought remote areas to our doors, but it has remained for the radio broadcast to bring the nation and the world to the fireside of every humble dweller in the land.

THE surest foundation for the betterment of the relations among nations is the groundwork of closer acquaintanceship. The radio, especially in its ever-multiplying improvements, has become one of the most powerful and effective contributions in that good work.

In a beautiful park in Bern, Switzerland, there stands a striking monument commemorating the establishment in that capital of the headquarters of the International Postal Union. It consists of a large bronze globe encircled by flying figures, representing the nations of the earth, joined hand to hand—an admirable, though unconvincing symbol.

And in the attainment of this same friendly, helpful purpose, surely the radio will far transcend any other vehicle or device in the establishment of closer and profoundly helpful contact not simply from hand to hand, but among the minds and hearts of mankind everywhere.

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mrs laurance armour

the bedrooms of her new chicago home are equipped with luxurious beautyrest mattresses . . . . . .

● Walls covered with the same gay chintz that makes the draperies—deep soft chairs also chintz covered, a cozy fireplace, and the most gloriously restful-looking beds to sink into!

mrs laurance armour entertains extensively and is an exceptionally gracious hostess

Everything in Mrs. Armour's beautiful Lake Forest home speaks of gracious hospitality and a distinguished taste. Here are lovely gardens, large sunshiny rooms whose cool colorings and spacious arrangement breathe restfulness and charm—and ever more charm. ● Significant of Mrs. Armour's thoughtfulness for personal comfort throughout her household, are the "really comfortable" Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Box Springs with which the room above is equipped. ● Mrs. Armour says, "I first slept on a Beautyrest Mattress on a ranch in Arizona, and I was delighted with it. Now I have them in my own home. I understand that the Simmons Company have brought out a second mattress of a similar type for a still more reasonable price. It seems to me quite extraordinary—most progressive." The famous Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Ace Box Spring covered to match, $42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75. The new Deepsleep Mattress at a popular price, $19.95; Deepsleep Box Spring, $27 50; Slumber King Spring, $12.00 . . . Beds $10.00 to $60.00. Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

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Simmons

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THIS SHOULD BE AN EXCEPTION

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NIGHT OF THE PACT

Continued from Page 17

Not one of us but knows the Lion. Not one of us but admires the Lion. Not one of us but respects the Lion. Even Man, our enemy, calls him the king of beasts."

The Hyena moved back into the shadows. A faint confusion of comment followed. From all about below, Payson caught words, "Toady!" "Parasite!" "Lickspittle!" Out of it came a murmur, "And ever he feeds on the Lion's kill!"

But the murmur died like a flame in a wind. For the massive, black-maned head of the leader of the Lions had moved forward. He placed his enormous pads on the line. "Madam President," he said. Altho Leo merely spoke, the superb resonance of his voice filled the moonlit basin with vibration.

DEAD silence intervened in the pause which the White Cow broke with her tranquil, "The delegate from the Lions."

"Madam President, altho I am acutely conscious of the honor paid me by the honorable delegate from the Hyenas, nevertheless—and this is no gesture of modesty on my part—I do not agree with him. It is true that I belong to the left, and you, Madam President, to the right. It is true that I am a Wild Animal, and you, Madam President, are a Domestic Animal. It is true also that between me and the enemy, Man, there must always be war, and between you and the enemy, Man, there must always be peace. It is true too that my mind fails to grasp how a Wild Animal, sent first as a spy into the household of Man, could end by becoming a Domestic Animal, Man's friend shall I say his ally?

"Nevertheless, Madam President, I have never doubted your integrity nor the integrity of the animals you represent. I also believe that, having decided to live in concord with Man, it is likely that you know him as we can not. That fact alone proves your eligibility to the proud office you now adorn. But while I am on my feet I will say that if the discussion which brings us here to-night is prolonged over years and if, in the end, it be necessary to appoint a chairman from the Wild Animals, I will take this opportunity to put myself on record as in favor of a leader from the Elephants.

"The Elephant possesses that jungle-bred sagacity which corresponds, Madam President, to your civilization-bred wisdom. And so while we are on this subject—and if it is not out of order to call on him, Madam President—I should like to hear from the leader of the Elephants."

The black mane of the leader of the Lions merged noiselessly with jungle-shadow. Out of it, tho, gleamed fiery the two stedfast rounds that were his eyes. Behind it to infinity stretched rows of ball-shaped fire dotted the dusk.

In the avenue of the Elephants, solid shadow was taking shape; becoming silent movement. The colossal leader billowed forward until his huge fore feet touched the line. His ears, opening like vast ebony fans, flattened sidewise. His trunk lifted, following the circle, as he took from the air the gamut of its varying smells. "Madam President—"

"The delegate from the Elephants."

"I find myself," came in cavernous rumblings from the enormous orifice between the gleaming tusks, "absolutely in accord with the initial remarks of my friend, the leader of the Lions. And so it is necessary for me to say nothing more, except that it is my own hope, as it is his, that, until we find that they have turned traitors, we always elect a chairman for the Night of the Pact from the Domestic Animals."

The White Cow spoke. "I will call to the attention of the assembly that these remarks are not germane to the subject which we agreed to discuss to-night. The chair has been willing to permit you a few moments' latitude, but now announces that the subject is closed. Who will open the discussion?"

An instant, there was silence. Then the entire space underneath Payson suddenly achieved voice. It was magnificent voice, but it did not fill his soul with a gas of terror as had the buffalo's bellow; nor did it bulk against the very sky as had the lion's roar. He peered down. The moonlight fell on bold stripes, black against yellow, like the bars of a cage of ebony and ivory satin; on slits of eye filled with fiery phosphorescence; on a face so ape-like, which knew of a crystal slather into its own pug-marks is the moss. "Madam President!"

"The delegate from the Tigers."

"I come before you," the voice asserted "as an enemy of Man, open and avowed We Tigers have always hated Man, and Man has always hated us. There has never been at any time in our history any possibility of a truce between us. They kill at sight. We kill at sight. I state now—and I state it without fear of successful contradiction—that the Tiger Tribe has accounted for more Men than any other Wild Animal clan.

"What I am going to say at this gathering will not be new. You have heard me say it every Night of the Pact of every year that the Tigers have sent me here. My predecessors said it to your predecessors. My ancestors said it to your ancestors—said it year on year and century on century straight back through the dim arboreal ages in which we have been meeting in this place. Always we Tigers have told you the truth about Man. Always large numbers of our jungle comrades—rallying to our support and hastening to add their testimony to ours—have proved and approved our claims.

"For centuries we have cited two facts, horrible and horrifying about him. Of all created beasts Man is the only one who treats the female of his species as his inferior. Of all created beasts Man is the only one—I can never make this statement without a thrill of the horror with which I first heard it—*who wars on his own kind.*

"As for Man's treatment of the female, Woman, I shall not at this moment speak—only to say in passing that it has never occurred to the Tiger that the Tigress was not his equal in the open, in the den, in the fight. For centuries the Domestic Animals have defended their masters—we free Animals of the Jungle wish you to interpret that word 'masters' literally—on the score that those masters were developing wisdom in their attitude toward the female and that their Man invented, Man-perfected institution -war—was gradually disappearing from history.

"For centuries the Domestic Animals have insisted that not only was Man plucking from within himself those impulses that led to war on his own kind, but that gradually he would cease his efforts to destroy the free Wild Animals of the Forest and Jungle. For centuries we have waited for those changes. Have they come?"

A SULLEN murmur, swelling to a thunderous diapason, shook the earth; seemed to rattle the very trees. It ended on the piercing bellow of the buffalo. Payson, again clutching the boughs of his lady tree, sweated clammily. But under that terror, stabbed into being by the acrid associations of memory, stirred another terror more engulfing. He listened tensely.

"The voices answer me," the Tiger went on. "Those two changes have not come. Within the memory of many of us occurred the greatest Man-war the world has ever known. The Domestic Animals, having the best means of espial, retailed faithfully the annals of the maniacal efforts of Man to destroy his fellow Man. But had not the Domestic Animals presented their reports, we Wild Animals could have furnished the brief account ourselves, for echoes of that bloodshed were wafted to veld and valley, to mead and mountain of every country of the world.

"After that Great War—which the Domestic Animals assured us was a *war to* end war—all the Wild Animals confidently expected peace. All the Wild Animals except the Tigers—the Tigers knew better than to trust Man. And did peace come? No. Man still wars on Man. Will peace ever come? No, Man will always be Man. He will continue to war on Man until something more powerful wars on him.

"As to that other consideration—for after all if Man chooses to extirpate Man, that is *his* affair—that Man will one day offer truce to the Wild Animals—and this, very poignantly, is *our* affair—we Tigers are equally skeptical of Man's noble intentions. No, Man will always kill his fellow Man. Man will always kill aliens. We are aliens—or at least, thank Heaven, alien to Man. I reiterate therefore—it is useless to expect

Continued on Page 70

THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

A new Simmons Inner Coil Mattress

Priced so everybody in the United States can have one at

$19.95

Hundreds are flocking to see this marvelous new mattress

IT was a big revolutionary idea—the first mattress built with a heart of tiny resilient coils that could never pack down like hair or cotton.

Always buoyant and springy!

The first Simmons Inner Coil Mattress instantly became famous—the Beautyrest. Wealthy women, the first to possess them, gladly came forward and publicly gave their praise of them.

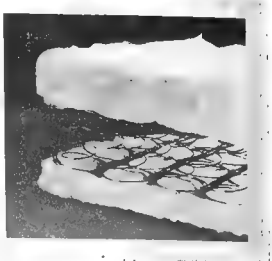
But there were millions for whom this extraordinary comfort was unattainable.

Now the Simmons Company have succeeded in producing another inner coil mattress, second only to the Beautyrest, and a far advance in comfort over cotton, felt or hair mattresses—but at a price that everyone can pay!

Here it is! Priced at only $19.95, springy, buoyant coils and all! Soft upholstery, lovely coverings, the new colorings, smart tailored edges! It is called the new Simmons "Deepsleep" Mattress.

Try it on the Simmons Deepsleep Box Spring or the Slumber King Spring. The same store will show you all three. The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

BEAUTYREST MATTRESS $39.50 · ACE BOX SPRING $42.50 · ACE OPEN COIL SPRING $19.75 · DEEPSLEEP MATTRESS $19.95 · DEEPSLEEP BOX SPRING $27.50 SLUMBER KING SPRING $12.00 · BEDS $10.00 to $60.00



Springy, buoyant coils buried in soft upholstery—this new Simmons "Deepsleep" Mattress can never pack down like hair or cotton! The moment you see it and touch it you will understand why nobody wants to buy the old-style mattresses.

The New SIMMONS *"DEEPSLEEP"* MATTRESS

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Makes your skin dazzling for the evening toilet

HANDS...
ARMS...
SHOULDERS..
SMOOTH...GLEAMINGLY WHITE

FAULTLESS!—your skin should be when you wear a winter evening dress. Arms, neck, shoulders should be white as milk, silken soft and smooth.

Thousands of women who have found Jergens Lotion wonderful for their hands are now using it to give their shoulders, neck, and arms the same lovely whiteness and smoothness.

Jergens Lotion quickly removes untimely streaks of summer tan—gives your skin a beautiful, even texture. Make it a regular accessory of your bath, as so many women are doing!

It should be used right after the bath, while your skin is still moist and glowing. Apply it freely to arms, back, neck, shoulders, rubbing it well into the skin. It will make your skin lovely for the evening toilet.

Jergens Lotion will keep your hands smooth and soft all winter, no matter how much you use them. Two famous skin restoratives, long used in medicine, give it wonderful power to heal roughness, chapping, any kind of skin irritation. It leaves no stickiness—your skin absorbs it at once.

Get a bottle today, and learn how wonderful it is for overcoming the roughness and harshness caused by winter weather. Fifty cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

The Large-Size Trial Bottle FREE

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3505 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.
Please send me—free—the new large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, *"Eight Occasions When Your Skin Needs Special Protection."*

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JERGENS LOTION

Continued from Page 68

that Man's attitude to us will ever change. It never has. It never will. Our duty—for our very existence is involved—is plain."

The Tiger sank back. Applause thundered in roars. Mechanically Payson's fingers went to his ear-drums. But he was not thinking of the colossal confusion about him. Very intently indeed he was considering other matters. After a while the noise evaporated. Then from the Horses a huge black Stallion, a white star glittering through the shredded ebon sheen of his forelock, advanced his fore hoofs to the ring. "Madam President," he began in a mild, conciliatory voice.

"The delegate from the Horses."

"I represent the Horses of the Domestic Animals, Madam Chairman. I differ with everything that the honorable delegate from the Tigers has said. I protest against his saying it. I insist now—and I should insist with my dying breath—that he says it in ignorance. He does not know Man. No Wild Animal knows Man. Nor does Man know any Wild Animal. The testimony of one in regard to the other is equally futile, contradictory—and, so, false. We, of the Domestic Animals, alone know Man. We have known him intimately for ages and we have with sympathy marked his progress during all those ages. He is a faulty creature. He is indeed compact of flaws and imperfections.

"Nevertheless he learns slowly. There has been progress. That progress has been, it is true, but the progress of the glacier on the mountainside. Almost Man seems to stand still. Real honor, altho he talks much of it, he had never had; nor gallantry, nor chivalry—only a pale thing he calls sportsmanship. Yet Hoofs actually move, grow.

"Already we descry in him what seems to be the dawning of a moral sense. In other words, fellow creatures, we have, in the past, watched Man develop the beginnings of a mind. Now we think we see him developing the beginnings of a soul. I beg of you to give him another chance. I beg of you not to decide to-night—to put this matter over one year—until the next Night of the Pact."

APPLAUSE followed this speech, but Payson noted with a sense of chill that it came only from the Domestic Animals, the Elephants, and the Lions. Interruption ended that applause. A supple, silken creature crept stealthily forward, laid minute paws on the line.

"Madam President!"

"The delegate from the Cats."

"My constituents have instructed me, Madam President, to inform the assembly that the Cats are absolutely neutral in this matter. Nonetheless Domestic Animals, the Cats have lived with Man for centuries. But we have never wholly gone over to him. When I say, 'wholly gone over to him,' I mean in the sense that the Cows, Horses, and Dogs have gone over to him. *As I find* I think the Cats are still Wild Animals. In any case my constituents have instructed me to tell you that we will ally ourselves with—whatever it is—the majority feeling of this meeting."

Instantly in the avenue next to the Cats uprose eloquence; a big, noble-headed Saint Bernard, his ears peaking in benevolent eaves over his faithful eyes, put his shaggy paws upon the line. "Madam President."

"The delegate from the Dogs."

"I find myself absolutely at variance with the honorable delegate from the Cats, Madam President. He refers to us Dogs going over to Man as tho it were a disgrace. I am proud to say that it is true. So completely have we gone over to him, indeed, that if there be war between the allied beasts of the world and Man, we Dogs must —to the last Dog—fight on Man's side."

Confusion broke — approval — dissent. The applause which greeted the Tiger's speech had seemed unbearable. But this—Payson thrust his forefinger into his ears. Then suddenly the Tiger's paws again clawed the line. Silence fell immediately.

"Madam President!"

"The delegate from the Tigers."

"I move that the Wild Beasts and the Domestic Animals in union prosecute war on Man—a war not to cease until the last Man is killed." From all the round of the circle came cries—hundreds of them—"Second the motion!"

"It has been moved and seconded," recited the measured voice of the White Cow, "that the Wild Beasts and the Domestic Animals in union wage war on Man until the last Man is killed. Are there any remarks?"

"Question!" "Question!" "Question!" snapped from all over the assembly.

The White Cow stirred. She moved slowly and quietly, but with a steadiness big with a resolution. Over the magic circle she stepped. She came to the center of the ring. "The chair requests the privilege of the floor for a few moments. And in the meantime she will ask the delegate from the Sheep to preside over the assembly."

AFTER an interval in the dead hush, a big Ewe, massively incased in thick black curls, cut across an arc of the circle and took the White Cow's place.

"Madam Chairman," the White Cow began.

"The delegate from the Cows," the Black Ewe recognized her.

"I feel," the White Cow began, "that I must say what I am going to say, not only because it is the strongest and most steadfast conviction of my life, but because it is the most sacred duty of that life. It has been many centuries now since—with the Horses and the Dogs—we Cows went over to Man. We have tried every Night of the Pact to tell you the advantages of that system. Man takes care of us. He feeds us. He shelters us. He protects us.

"We know not the horrible hunt to which he submits Wild Animals; we ruminate in ease. We grow fat. It is true that he kills our males, but he does it suddenly and mercifully and not in such numbers as to endanger the breed. And he kills them, not for pleasure, but for his own necessities—food and clothing.

"The life we lead, in barn and meadow, is infinitely more beautiful than the life you Wild Animals live in forest and jungle, or mountain and plain. Death itself holds for us none of the horrors it holds for Wild Animals. You Wild Animals end your days by one of three fearful routes—by starvation, by murder at the claws of another Wild Animal, by old age, followed until you drop by those parasitic Wild Animals who live on their enfeebled betters.

"It will be useless for you to attempt to war on Man. For years, perhaps, it might seem as tho you could win from him. In the end, tho, he will be victor. For"—here the White Cow's voice sank to a depth, thrilling with portent—"oh, how I wish I could make you understand this!—for Man has something that Animal has not. What it is I can not define nor describe to you. It is something that we can not analyze because it is something that we have never possessed. It is a capacity, a power, a genius.

"Come over to Man, my brethren! He will feed you. He will shelter you. He will protect you. Your life will be one long, quiet dream unassailed by terrors and precious with comfort. Come over to Man!"

The White Cow ceased and waited. For an instant the echoes of her depth-filled voice had their way in the quiet air. Then burst clamor—monstrous clamor.

"Question!" "Question!" "Question!" came in waves from the jungle avenues.

The Black Ewe spoke. "The question has been called for. You have heard the motion. All those in favor please say aye."

The ayes rent the heavens.

"Contrary minded, nay!"

From the Cows, the Horses, and the Dogs came swift, vociferous nays. They were drowned in a monstrous din.

"The ayes have it. The motion is carried."

Pandemonium. For how long, Payson wondered—twenty minutes, a half-hour, three-quarters—had it kept up? And could human ears accommodate themselves to incessant torture? Was it any worse, he found himself wondering, than the great guns in the Great War?

And then —and then—what was happening? His airy bed was sinking—sinking into the tiger-smells.

"Help! Help!" he shrieked.

From below, all around the circle, howl on howl, yell on yell, roar on roar, growls, hisses. "Man!" "A spy!" "Claw him!" "Sting him!" "Fang him!" "Tusk him!" Sinking—sinking.

The smell of the tigers reeked close. Just beneath, jackals yelped. Convulsively, Payson gripped the rope-sides of his nest. The thongs tore from their moorings.

He opened his eyes.

A tiger, two balls of green-fire eyes glaring at him, was crawling up the beckoning. "Deenie! Deenie!" Payson yelled. "don't kill me, Deenie! Have mercy on me. Have mercy! I am ashamed that I am Man."

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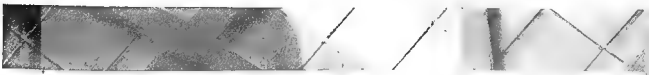
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

You can't help but notice
how much softer and lighter Kotex is



Travel Apparel from Jay-Thorpe

Here is a sanitary pad that really fits . . . really protects. And women have the added assurance of knowing that 85% of America's leading hospitals choose this very same absorbent.

TODAY, with smartness a guide to every costume detail, women appreciate Kotex more than ever. For this sanitary pad is designed to fit securely, designed to protect adequately, without being in the least bulky. And it is soft . . . even after hours of wear!

Used in great hospitals

If you were to think of the one source of authority on sanitary protection, what would it be? The medical world, certainly. Then you'll be glad to know that 85% of the country's leading hospitals not only approve of, but actually use Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding today!

Please remember that Cellucotton is *not* cotton—it is a cellulose product which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton but with 5 times the absorbency.

It replaces thousands of pounds of surgical cotton in dressings. Last year hospitals bought 2½ million pounds, the equivalent of 80,000,000 sanitary pads!

Kotex is so soft and comfortable because it is made up of layer upon layer of this unusual absorbent—Cellucotton. Each layer is a quick, complete absorbent in itself. And you can easily separate these layers, using only what needs demand.

The way the corners are rounded and tapered makes for further comfort. It explains, too, why Kotex leaves no revealing outline under the most close-fitting of frocks. Kotex deodorizes . . . gives that final measure of daintiness no smart woman dares overlook. Buy a box. Try it. After all, how else can you tell?

SAFE, SECURE . . .

1. Keeps your mind at ease.
2. *Kotex is soft* . . . Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
3. *The Kotex filler* is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.
4. *In hospitals...* The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
5. Deodorizes, safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
At any drug, dry goods or department store; or singly in vending cabinets, through West Disinfecting Co.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

These Two Recipes won First and Second Prize!

Chosen as the two best out of tens of thousands of recipes submitted in the Brer Rabbit Molasses Contest . . .

First Prize . . . $150

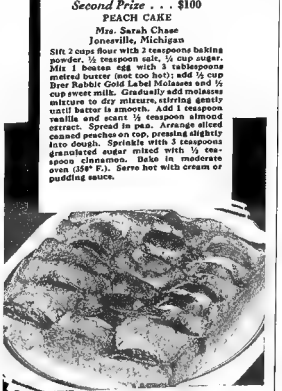
MAMMY'S FRUIT ROLL

Mrs. J. Edward Thomasson
Hilton Village, Va.

Sift 2 cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons baking powder. Rub in 2 tablespoons shortening. Mix to light dough with ¾ cup milk. Roll ¼ inch thick. Brush with 3 tablespoons melted butter and sprinkle with mixture of 2 cups apples pared and sliced fine, ½ cup seeded raisins, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Roll like jelly roll. Moisten edges and pinch together. Place in greased baking dish (one slightly larger than the roll is best) and cover with mixture of ¾ cup Brer Rabbit Gold Label Molasses, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons butter, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 35 to 40 minutes. Baste frequently. Serve with cream.

Full List of Winners!

A full list of the 39 winners selected by the judges—Alice Bradley, Principal Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Cooking Editor Woman's Home Companion; Sarah Field Splint, Director of the Department of Food and Household Management, McCall's Department of Food; and Katharine A. Fisher, Director of Good Housekeeping Institute —will be sent to every woman who took part in the contest.



Second Prize . . . $100

PEACH CAKE

Mrs. Sarah Chase
Jonesville, Michigan

Sift 2 cups flour with 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅓ cup sugar. Mix 1 beaten egg with 3 tablespoons melted butter (not too hot); add ½ cup Brer Rabbit Gold Label Molasses and ½ cup sweet milk. Gradually add molasses mixture to dry mixture, stirring gently until batter is smooth. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and scant ½ teaspoon almond extract. Spread in pan. Arrange sliced canned peaches on top, pressing slightly into dough. Sprinkle with 3 teaspoons granulated sugar mixed with ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.). Serve hot with cream or pudding sauce.

HERE they are . . . the first and second prize winners in the Brer Rabbit recipe contest! Two *different* molasses dishes chosen from tens of thousands of recipes sent in from every section of the country!

Just try them! You'll find they are easy to make . . . economical . . . attractive . . . so delicious they're bound to become family favorites!

And, if you make them with Brer Rabbit Molasses they are sure to be perfect in flavor. Pure New Orleans Molasses—Brer Rabbit has that unforgettably tempting old plantation goodness everybody loves. Gold Label is the finest quality light molasses. Green Label a rich, full flavored dark molasses.

FREE—*6 Prize Recipes*

Every woman will want this special Prize Recipe Folder . . . 6 prize molasses dishes . . . each one tested . . . each one so good you're sure to make it often. Check the coupon! Send it in!

GET THIS MINIATURE COOKY SET, TOO!

3 labels from Brer Rabbit Cans bring it to you. Your youngsters will love it!

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☐ Brer Rabbit's Cooky Set. I enclose 3 Brer Rabbit Labels.
☐ *Free* copy of special Prize Recipe Folder and *free* copy of recipe book, "96 Brer Rabbit Goodies" by Ruth Washburn Jordan.

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COMPANIONS

Continued from Page 23

"My story begins there, in the Metropole Hotel, one Thursday evening in January. There was a dance going on and I and a friend had been sitting at a small table watching the scene. There was a fair sprinkling of English and other nationalities, but the majority of the dancers were Spanish, and when the orchestra struck up a tango, only half a dozen couples of the latter nationality took the floor. They all danced well, and I looked on and admired.

"One woman in particular excited our lively admiration. Tall, beautiful, and sinuous, she moved with the grace of a half-tamed leopardess. There was something dangerous about her. I said as much to my friend, and he agreed.

"'Women like that,' he said, 'are bound to have a history. Life will not pass them by.'

"'Beauty is perhaps a dangerous possession,' I said.

"'It's not only beauty,' he insisted. 'There is something else. Look at her again. Things are bound to happen to that woman, or because of her. As I said, life will not pass her by. Strange and exciting events will surround her. You've only got to look at her to know it.'

"He paused, and then added with a smile:

"'Just as you've only got to look at those two women over there, and know that nothing out of the way could ever happen to either of them. They are made for a safe and uneventful existence.'

"I followed his eyes. The two women he referred to were travelers who had just arrived—the Holland Lloyd boat had put into port that evening, and the passengers were just beginning to arrive.

"As I looked at them I saw at once what my friend meant. They were two English ladies, the thoroughly nice traveling English that you do find abroad. Their ages, I should say, were round about forty. One was fair and a little—just a little—too plump; the other was dark and a little—again just a little—inclined to scragginess.

"They were what is called well preserved, quietly and inconspicuously dressed in well-cut tweeds, and innocent of any kind of make-up. They had that air of quiet assurance which is the birthright of well-bred Englishwomen. There was nothing remarkable about either of them. They were like thousands of their sisters. They would doubtless see what they wished to see assisted by Baedeker, and be blind to everything else.

"They would use the English library and attend the English Church in any place they happened to be in. It was quite likely that one or both of them sketched a little. And as my friend said, nothing exciting or remarkable would ever happen to either of them tho they might quite likely travel half over the world. I looked from them back to our sinuous Spanish woman with her half-closed, smoldering eyes, and I smiled."

"Poor things," said Jane Helier with a sigh. "But I do think it's so silly of people not to make the most of themselves. That woman in Bond Street—Valentine—is really wonderful. Audrey Denman goes to her—and have you seen her in 'The Downward Step'? As the schoolgirl in the first act she's really marvelous. And yet Audrey is fifty if she's a day. As a matter of fact I happen to know she's really nearer sixty."

"GO ON," said Mrs. Bantry to Dr. Lloyd. "I love stories about sinuous Spanish dancers. It makes me forget how old and fat I am."

"I'm sorry," said Dr. Lloyd apologetically. "But you see, as a matter of fact, this story isn't about the Spanish woman."

"It isn't?"

"No. As it happens, my friend and I were wrong. Nothing in the least exciting happened to the Spanish beauty. She married a clerk in a shipping-office, and by the time I left the island she had had five children and was getting very fat."

"Just like that girl of Israel Peters," commented Miss Marple, "the one who went on the stage and had such good legs that they made her principal boy in the Pantomime. Every one said she'd come to no good, but she married a commercial traveler and settled down splendidly."

"The village parallel," murmured Sir Henry softly.

"No," went on the doctor. "My story is about the two English ladies."

"Something happened to them?" breathed Miss Helier.

"Something happened to them—and the very next day too."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Bantry encouragingly.

"Just for curosity, as I went out that evening I glanced at the hotel register. I found the names easily enough. Miss Mary Barton and Miss Amy Durrant of Little Paddocks, Caughton Weir, Bucks. I little thought then how soon I was to encounter the owners of those names again, and under what tragic circumstances.

"The following day I had arranged to go for a picnic with some friends. We were to motor across the island, taking our lunch, to a place called (as far as I remember—it is a long time ago) Las Nieves, a well-sheltered bay where we could bathe if we felt inclined. This program we duly carried out, except that we were somewhat late in starting, so that we stopped on the way and picnicked, going on to Las Nieves afterward for a bath before tea.

"AS WE approached the beach we were at once aware of a tremendous commotion. The whole population of the small village seemed to be gathered on the shore. As soon as they saw us they rushed toward the car and began explaining excitedly. Our Spanish not being very good, it took me a few minutes to understand, but at last I got it.

"Two of the mad English—ladies—had gone in to bathe, and one had swum out too far and got into difficulties. The other had gone after her and had tried to bring her in, but her strength in turn had failed, and she too would have drowned had not a man rowed out in a boat and brought in rescuer and rescued, the latter beyond help.

"As soon as I got the hang of things, I pushed the crowd aside and hurried down the beach. I did not at first recognize the two women. The plump figure in the black-stockinet costume and the tight green-rubber bathing-cap awoke no chord of recognition as she looked up anxiously. She was kneeling beside the body of her friend, making somewhat amateurish attempts at artificial respiration.

"When I told her that I was a doctor she gave a sigh of relief, and I ordered her off at once to one of the cottages for a rub-down and dry clothing. One of the ladies in my party went with her. I myself worked unavailingly on the body of the drowned woman. Life was only too clearly extinct, and in the end I had reluctantly to give it.

"I rejoined the others in the small cottage of the fishermen, and there I had to break the sad news. The survivor was sitting now in her own clothes, and I immediately recognized her as one of the two friends of the night before. She received the sad news fairly calmly, and it was evidently the horror of the thing that struck her more than any great personal feeling.

"'Poor Amy,' she said. 'Poor, poor Amy. She had been looking forward to the bathing here so much. And she was a good swimmer too. I can't understand it. What do you think it can have been, Doctor?'

"'Possibly cramp. Will you tell me exactly what happened?'

"'We had both been swimming about for some time—twenty minutes, I should say. Then I thought I would go in, but Amy said she was going to swim out once more. She did so, and suddenly I heard her call, and realized she was crying for help. I swam out as fast as I could. She was still afloat when I got to her, but she clutched at me wildly and we both went under. If it hadn't been for that man coming out with his boat I should have been drowned too.'

"'That has happened fairly often,' I said. 'To save any one from drowning is not an easy affair.'

"'It seems so awful,' continued Miss Barton. 'We only arrived yesterday, and were delighting so in the sunshine and our little holiday. And now this—this terrible tragedy occurs.'

"I asked her then for particulars about the dead woman, explaining that I would do everything I could for her, but that the Spanish authorities would require full information. This she gave me readily enough.

Continued on Page 78

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CHICKEN SHORTCAKE · · TENDER · FLAKY · DELICIOUS · · *IT'S THE CREAM OF TARTAR IN ROYAL THAT DOES IT!*

Here's a different (and most delightful) way to serve shortcake—as the main dish instead of as dessert.

Bake it as usual—to a golden brown . . . with a generous spreading of butter melting softly into the creamy white interior. But put it together with a smooth cream sauce . . . rich with choice tidbits of tender chicken.

To be sure of a crust that's sweet and delicate . . . that will part at the touch of the fork—make it with Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder. For Cream of Tartar never fails to give an extra fineness of flavor . . . a more flaky, tender texture.

You'll find it is good economy to use Royal. Its unfailing dependability prevents all waste of good materials and valuable time. And enough Royal to make a large shortcake costs less than two cents!

It's better for health, too. In fact, doctors and dietitians agree that Cream of Tartar is the most wholesome ingredient from which baking powder can be made.

Favor your family with a Royal Chicken Shortcake tonight. Note its feather lightness, its flaky tenderness . . . and its delicate flavor! You can certainly taste the difference when you bake with Royal. It's the Cream of Tartar that does it!

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"Any one can Bake" sells regularly for $1.50. It will cost you only 25¢ if you buy a 12-oz. can of Royal Baking Powder. If your grocer does not have these books, buy a 12-oz. can of Royal at any store, enclose insert with coupon (below) and 25¢—we will mail the book to you.

THE CREAM OF TARTAR in Royal comes from luscious grapes grown in southern France. Remember—when you buy—Royal is the only nationally distributed Cream of Tartar baking powder. That is why Royal, for sixty years, has been recognized throughout the world as the purest, most wholesome, and most dependable baking powder.

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I enclose 25¢ and insert from 12-ounce can of Royal Baking Powder. Please send copy of "Any one can Bake".

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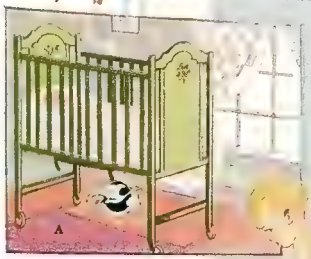
The Shop for Tiny Folks

MOTHERS who like to dress their children attractively, but haven't time for patient sewing, will find this page filled with interest. Yet these are but a few examples of the many attractive things we have for children.

Here are many nationally famous names that have long been familiar to you—and every article is priced at a figure that illustrates the great savings possible at Ward's. You will be glad to know that every wash garment pictured here is proved by our own tests to be absolutely tubfast.

No matter where you live, you can now buy these dainty things at one of our 550 Montgomery Ward Stores, *or by mail prepaid.* The store nearest you is displaying these delightful little garments and scores of others just as charming, at unusually low prices. The simple reason for these low prices is the tremendous purchasing power of this organization—and our economical method of distribution which eliminates most of the usual "in-between" profits.

A visit to any Ward Store will open your eyes to values you didn't know existed.



A—*Genuine STORKLINE Bassinette.* In shaded green enamel. Length, 42 inches, width 23 inches. Oval shaped fillers. We also show other styles of Storkline cribs and bassinettes. Price $11.65*

B—*All-Wool Worsted Sacque.* Infant's size only. Rayon decorated, with pink or blue trim 98c*

C—*Carriage Robe.* Hand-embroidered all-wool, white, with color border in pink or blue $1.98*

D—*Embroidered Gertrudes.* Ages 6 mos., 1 and 2 years. Amoskeag Flannelette in white, with hand embroidered and shell edges 49c*

E—*Fruit of the Loom Dresses.* Ages 6 mos., 1 and 2 years. Embroidered yoke and ruffle 79c*

F—*Infant's Knit Vest.* Fine combed cotton with Australian wool—cream color. Side ties 49c*

G—*Hand-Made Dresses.* Ages 6 mos., 1 and 2 years. Either hand-smocked or in embroidered rosebud trim. . . 98c*

H—*Wool and Rayon Stockings.* Colors, white or champagne. Half-sizes, 4 to 6½. Warm, close knit, reinforced heels and toes. Per pair . . . 39c*

I—*Kleinert's Baby Pants.* In small, medium or large sizes. Flesh or natural pure gum rubber . . . 49c*

J—*Philippine Hand-Made Dress and Shirt.* Ages 6 mos., 1 and 2 years. Assorted hand-embroidered designs. Skirt, 79c. Dress . . . 98c*

K—*Brother and Sister Outfits.* Ages 1 to 6. Made of chambray or blue broadcloth, white trimming. Each $1.49*

L—*"Lad Lassie" Cloth Aviation Suit.* Ages 1 to 4 years. In tan or blue. Sun Brown belt and pocket. Tan-broidered emblem . . . $1.49*

M—*Towels and Washcloths* from the famous Cannon Mills' Wash cloths, 5 for 25c. Towels, 1 for 55c*

N—*Child's Coat.* Ages 1, 2 and 3 years. Attractive hand-smocked coat in Capeskin Silk and Crepe de Chine, choice of beige, pink, light blue or white. Prices $2.98* to $3.98*. *(Silk Bonnet to match, $1.49*)*

O—*Ensembles.* Ages 2 to 6. Cream color linene dress, front-plaited skirt. Monotone style collared coat of fast-color $1.98* novelty print . . .

P—*Poiret Twill Coat.* Ages 1 to 4 yrs. Yoke style. Hand smocking, hand embroidery and pin tuck trim . . $2.98* Copen, navy blue or brick dust. *(Shirred Rayon Hat to match, $1)*

Q—*Girls' Frock.* Ages 2 to 6. Novelty print waist. Pleated broadcloth skirt. Colors green or blue. Price . . . 98c*

R—*All-Wool Beret and Sweater.* Ages 3 to 6 years. Jockey red or Middy blue combinations, with contrasting stripes. Beret to match . . . $1.98*

S—*Lloyd Loom-Woven Carriage.* Beautiful body, finished in green, upholstered in corduroy. Three-piece cushion, reversible. . . $27.95*

* Prices slightly higher in some states

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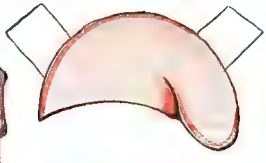
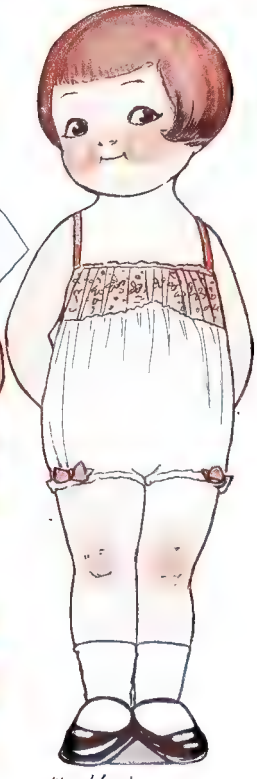
DOLLY DINGLE'S PARTY

FANCY COSTUME



COAT AND CAP



AFTERNOON DRESS

HAT

PLAY DRESS

COSTUME SLIPPERS

COMFY

GG DRAYTON ©

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Conducted by MARION LAMBERT

JUST AMONG OURSELVES

RECENT correspondence shows that the gay young creature who calls herself "the modern girl" is feeling rather neglected by us. Take this letter, for instance:

Dear Marion Lambert: I always read your page and love it, no matter what it is about, but, just the same, I wish you would have more to say for us. Babies and budgets, all those things are important, of course, but the letters from young people like that from Jerry and the replies to it are what help me and a great army of other young moderns. We are still groping for the light, wishing we could be both good and popular, seeking vainly for the men who would like our real selves instead of the selves that we put on, like party-dresses, when we go out with them. Don't forget us, Marion Lambert. Corinne.

Thank you, Corinne dear, for letting me know that you and your friends are so interested. And here is a letter which I'm sure you will all like to read.

Dear Marion Lambert: I suspect that it is slightly irregular for a man to write to you on rather personal matters, but I read to-night in an old issue of Pictorial Review a letter signed "Jerry," and I find that I feel the same toward life that that girl does.

I'm not a sheik. I can't be. I'm not made that way. I try to treat with respect the girls with whom I come in contact, but I don't get anywhere. Apparently I am not interesting, tho I don't consider myself dumb. I can not yet bring myself to swear in the presence of women, and I haven't a "line"—lines which seem to be required to get even a gleam of interest from a girl. I am in a neighborhood where the girls are modern and wise. I am beginning to wonder if the "good and modest and decent girl" of whom Jerry so plaintively writes is a myth.

The atmosphere of the dance-hall is not particularly conducive to goodness, modesty, and decency. I dance, but I don't find as much enjoyment in it as I can in reading or talking over things of common interest with some one who understands and likes such things. My youth is passing, too, I suppose, if one considers youth in terms of years. I'm thirty-three, nearly.

Where is the girl who will not desert a man who respects and honors her womanhood for the first man with an air of wisdom and a "line" who comes along? Still I believe that there are still girls who are home-makers and who place love above other things. But life is so much a matter of chance, and it is too short to spend in waiting and longing, with youth and nature making demands which can not be stilled without throwing away everything one holds dear.

I have suffered as much misery from lack of feminine companionship as any one ever did, I believe. I am living at home with parents whom I support and whose condition makes it impossible for me to rove if I were so inclined. I have often wondered whether it is not a misfortune to be afflicted with ideas of old-fashioned honor and decency.

It seems to me there should be other places besides dance-halls for young people to meet. Still the same ratio between good and bad probably exists in all forms of social activity. But if some agency existed for the bringing together of compatible people with things of common interest wouldn't it purge the world of much unhappiness? They say the church used to do it, but that day seems to have passed.

No, I'm neither a minister nor a social worker, Marion Lambert. I'm just a common workman. H. I. P.

Now, all you Miss Moderns, what's the answer to this man?

H. I. P.'s reference to the church brings to my mind this letter, which came only a few days ago:

Dear Marion Lambert: I'm puzzled, worried, "up in the air," as my children would say, about a matter which must be worrying thousands of parents. That is, the question of church attendance and activities. My father and mother went to church every Sunday and took the whole family with them. We children were always in Sunday-school and active in the young people's society. My mother was in the missionary society and the ladies' aid. There were church socials, suppers, fairs, plays, Christmas trees.

My husband and I started the same way with our family. It was all right for a while. But now the children are pretty well grown up, and they don't go to church. I won't force them. They're too old for that. They don't say anything against the church, but they simply are not interested. There are few social events at the church, but many elsewhere. They have become absorbed in frats, sororities, literary and athletic clubs, and of course the usual dancing, bridge, and week-ending.

I am thankful to say that their habits are good and clean. Their associates are of the best, intellectually and morally. But it seems to me that my children and their friends are the ones who should be standing by the church, helping to build it up. Why are they not? Where have I, and these other mothers, failed? Or is it the church that has failed? Have the church activities waned because the young people do not support them, or is it the other way round?

Are conditions the same everywhere? Or are there places where the pews are still filled with father, mother, and the young people of the family? I'd be so glad to hear from other mothers. M. C.

This is a matter which troubles many of us who remember the days when, throughout the country, social activity did center in and around the church. Will every reader of forty years or more who went to prayer-meeting every Wednesday night with a certain sense of duty and piety and a delicious certainty that *he* would walk home with you under the stars, please hold up her right hand? There, I knew there would be too many to count!

Just the same, it was a wholesome atmosphere, and who wants to feel that it has all gone, with nothing adequate to take its place. Won't a lot of you speak up, please, and tell us how it is in your community?

EDITOR'S NOTE

Do you ever have a problem or a trouble which you long to talk over with some one who will listen, understand, and never tell? Marion Lambert is that some one. Have you gained from life some bit of experience or wisdom which you would be glad to pass on to those who need it? Send it to Marion Lambert. It will be used to help those who will deeply appreciate it.

This page is for all our readers. We want you to use it. Every letter is considered confidential. The writer's real name is never printed.

If you need immediate advice enclose a stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address Marion Lambert, Pictorial Review, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

Mother of a Man-Child started an avalanche of letters and opinions. No half-hearted opinions these, either, but a sturdy and emphatic lot. I am obliged to record that the spankers outnumber the non-spankers by a hundred to one. I am letting the minority have first voice:

Dear Marion Lambert: After much struggling to solve this question, many discouragements and heartaches, the question of spanking is forever settled so far as I am concerned. I am absolutely and unconditionally opposed to it, and this is the reason. There is something radically wrong in the thought of the spanker.

I started out by trying to force obedience and I soon learned that I might get it ofttimes, but would have to sacrifice many things that were more important—my child's trust and confidence, for instance. A child who is obedient because he is afraid to be disobedient is not properly equipped for life, and this is all that a mother who whips can expect to attain, but the mother who is able to instil the love of right for the sake of right has fortified her child for life and given him something far greater than mere blind obedience can ever give.

Just as soon as parents give their children more understanding, love, patience, sympathy, and learn to look at things from the child's view-point, they will understand the reason for certain traits which are objectionable, and will be able to counteract them in more humane ways than with a whip. Mrs. C. L. T.

And now for the other side:

When I read Mrs. Breuer's question of "to spank or not to spank" I meant to write to say it was the article I had been longing for. But I kept putting it off. Now I have read Mother of a Man-Child's letter on your page and I take my pen in hand. I have three: two men children and one who is scarcely a woman. Before each was born I was sure if I used tact, patience, perseverance, intelligence, reason, etc., I would never need to spank. But I am the spankiest woman on our street!

I do my own work, even to laundry, and for one thing I haven't time for endless reasoning and appealing. All of the children are live wires. They respect prompt action rather than long-drawn-out sessions of arguments and analysis. They have had plenty of spankings, and both I and my neighbors consider the results satisfactory. They are popular in the neighborhood, always welcomed into the homes of their playmates, which is more than can be said of those who are disciplined less firmly. Mrs. F. G. M.

Because the parents of ill-bred, selfish, destructive children are blind to their faults they do not realize the feelings of the long-suffering neighbors and teachers of their offspring. I know from my experience with my own brood of children that if the rod is used religiously (and I mean just that) for the first four to six years there is little need for it afterward.

A well-bred child is the most delightful sight in the world, but a bit of fear of consequences is the only rood that really ends anywhere worth while. If parents do not spank their children the world will do it—and how! Mrs. R. L. N.

I know you all remember Mrs. C. A. F., whose sunshiny letter stirred so many of you to enthusiastic praise a few months ago. This is what *she* says:

"Let's try to understand. Let's punish only when we are sure that wrong-doing was intentional. We parents do wrong and there's no one to spring upon us with a rod or a hard hand. If we spill our glass of milk on the fresh table-cloth there's no one to slap us, or perhaps send us from our meal. When every one in the family is happy and loving the question of 'to spank or not to spank' very seldom arises."

Now, wouldn't you *know* Mrs. C. A. F. would feel that way? And after all she has the real answer: Love, understanding, a sense of justice to the child, and, when absolutely necessary, the punishment which brings the best results with that particular child.

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Only with "Bead" Soap

instant, lasting suds.. faster washing

no dishwiping

That's why "soap in bead form" cuts dishwashing time in half.

Please Make This Test

Put a teaspoonful of Super Suds in a glass; a teaspoonful of any chip or flake in another. Now fill both glasses half full with water cool enough to be comfortable for hands

Instantly, every bit of Super Suds rushes into rich, soapy, lasting suds. Instantly every drop of water becomes creamy with soapiness. While in the other glass, gummy chips float undissolved or sink to the bottom, dissolving slowly.

This is the way these two soaps act in your dishpan. This is why Super Suds cleans with such amazing swiftness.

BEADS—a new form of soap. Incredibly faster than bars, chips or flakes. A soap that gives lasting suds. Whether water is hard or soft, hot or cold. The first soap ever made to dissolve instantly—completely. The only soap that cuts dishwashing time in half in these 3 important ways.

1. *Saves "waiting for suds."* No stirring . . . coaxing . . . heating water extra hot. Instant suds, always Even in water cool enough to keep the hands soft and white.

2 *Washes dishes clean faster.* This speed soap releases instantly a rich flood of lasting all-through-the-water suds. These do what top suds alone can never do. Wash dishes clean with lightning speed—because they work *below* the surface where the real job of cleaning must always be done.

3 *Saves dishwiping.* Because this soap dissolves *completely*, every trace is carried away in rinsing. No tiny bits of half-dissolved soap remain to streak dishes. No soap-film is left that must be polished away. Dishes drain dry to shining clearness without the touch of a dish towel.

Soap sprayed from towers

This new speed soap is called "Super Suds." Because it gives not only instant top suds, but instant *lasting suds all through the water* as well. It is made by spraying melted soap from high steel towers. In falling, the soap forms into millions of tiny hollow beads with walls 4 times thinner than the very thinnest chip or flake. Only by this method can soap be made so thin that it will dissolve instantly . . . completely.

Super Suds is the only "bead" soap made Use it for laundry work, for all cleaning tasks where you need swift, safe, effortless cleaning.

And only instant dissolving soap can get to work instantly—cleanse dishes faster—rinse away perfectly.

The most economical soap

Super Suds is more economical because every bead is used—no half dissolved soap is thrown out with the dishwater. And also because every box of Super Suds holds 10 brimming cups of the fastest soap ever made—and costs you but 10 cents.

Resolve to waste no more time with slow dissolving soaps. Your grocer has Super Suds.

THE BIG BOX OF SOAP 10¢

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for protection against...

colds and flu

observe these simple rules

GUARD against Acidosis at all times—*but especially during the season when colds and flu are prevalent.* That is the advice of medical authority.

Acidosis simply means that the body is less alkaline than it should be. It lowers resistance—weakens the body's power to throw off germs. With it come common symptoms such as chronic tiredness, headache, sour stomach, constipation, sleeplessness and nervousness—forerunners of more serious disorders.

Build up Resistance

Acidosis is present with every common cold, and may even *cause* colds. Too many good and necessary but *acid*-forming foods (meat, fish, eggs, bread and cereals) lead to Acidosis, unless balanced by *alkaline*-reacting foods (oranges, lemons, other fruits, vegetables and milk).

Although acid to the taste, oranges and lemons have an alkaline reaction in the body. They are among the most potent preventives and correctives of Acidosis known to medical science.

Three full-sized glasses of orange juice a day, orange salads and desserts, and lemonade (also lemon in tea, in salad dressing and as a garnish)—all these are simple and delicious ways to build up resistance against colds and flu. And they are all recommended by high medical authority.

Corrective Measures

At the first sign of a cold, go home as quickly as possible. Take a hot bath and get into a warm bed at once. Then drink a full glass of hot lemonade. The "sweat-out" that follows will eliminate poisons. In the morning, pour the juice of one lemon into a half glass of water. Stir in a half teaspoon of baking soda. Drink it while it effervesces. Repeat three times a day until all cold symptoms disappear.

It is also wise to see your doctor before colds become serious.

Oranges and lemons not only help to prevent Acidosis. They aid digestion and combat constipation. And the generous quantities of liquid taken in the ways described are effective in checking fever. Also, they furnish essential minerals, and vitamins A, B and C.

To assure richest juice and finest flavor in the fruit you get, look for the name "Sunkist" on the skin and wrapper of Oranges; on the wrapper of Lemons. "Sunkist" guarantees uniform quality.

FREE BOOK

Send coupon now for free book, "Telling Fortunes with Foods," which gives detailed information about Acidosis, and lists normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing menus approved by an eminent diet authority.

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Please send me, without charge, a copy of your book, *Telling Fortunes with Foods.* You may also send your new free catalog of *Sunkist Health Hints and Household Accessories.*

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TELLING FORTUNES with FOODS

Continued from Page 72

"The dead woman, Miss Amy Durrant, was her companion, and had come to her about five months previously. They had got on very well together, but Miss Durrant had spoken very little about her people. She had been left an orphan at an early age and had been brought up by an uncle and had earned her own living since she was twenty-one.

"And so that was that," went on the doctor. He paused, and said again, but this time with a certain finality in his voice, "And so that was that."

THERE was a silence.

"I don't understand," said Jane Helier. "Is that all? I mean, it's very tragic, I suppose, but it isn't—well, it isn't what I call *creepy*."

"I think there's more to follow," said Sir Henry.

"Yes," said Dr. Lloyd, "there's more to follow. You see, right at the time, there was one queer thing. Of course I asked questions of the fishermen and others as to what they'd seen. They were eye-witnesses. And one woman had rather a funny story. I didn't pay any attention to it at the time, but it came back to me afterward. She insisted, you see, that Miss Durrant wasn't in difficulties when she called out. The other swam out to her and, according to this woman, deliberately held Miss Durrant's head under water. I didn't, as I say, pay much attention.

"It was such a fantastic story, and these things look so differently from the shore. Miss Barton might have tried to make her friend lose consciousness, realizing that the latter's panic-stricken clutching would drown them both. You see, according to the Spanish woman's story, it looked as tho—well, as tho Miss Barton were deliberately trying to drown her companion.

"As I say, I paid very little attention to this story at the time. It came back to me later. Our great difficulty was to find out anything about this woman, Amy Durrant. She didn't seem to have any relations. Miss Barton and I went through her things together. We found one address and wrote there, but it proved to be simply a room she had taken in which to keep some of her things. The landlady knew nothing, had only seen her when she took the room. Miss Durrant had remarked at the time that she always liked to have one place she could call her own to which she could return at any moment.

"There were one or two nice pieces of old furniture and some bound numbers of Academy pictures and a trunkful of pieces of material bought at sales, but no personal belongings. She had mentioned to the landlady that her father and mother had died in India when she was a child and that she had been brought up by an uncle who was a clergyman, but she did not say if he was her father or her mother's brother, so the name was no guide.

"It wasn't exactly mysterious—it was just unsatisfactory. There must be many lonely women, proud and reticent, in just that position. There were a couple of photographs amongst her belongings in Las Palmas, rather old and faded, and they had been cut to fit the frames they were in, so that there was no photographer's name upon them, and there was an old daguerreotype of what might have been her mother or more probably her grandmother.

"Miss Barton had two references with her. One she had forgotten; the other name she recollected after an effort. It proved to be that of a lady who was now abroad, having gone to Australia. She was written to. Her answer, of course, was a long time coming, and I may say that when it did arrive, there was no particular help to be gained from it. She said Miss Durrant had been with her as companion and had been most efficient and that she was a very charming woman, but that she knew nothing of her private affairs or relations.

"So there it was—as I say, nothing unusual really. It was just the two things together that aroused my uneasiness. This Amy Durrant, of whom no one knew anything, and the Spanish woman's queer story. Yes, and I'll add a third thing. When I was first bending over the body and Miss Barton was walking away toward the huts, she looked back. Looked back with an expression on her face that I can only describe as one of poignant anxiety—a kind of anguished uncertainty that imprinted itself on my brain.

"It didn't strike me just anything unusual at the time. I put it down to her terrible distress over her friend. But, you see, later I realized that they weren't on very friendly terms. There was no devoted attachment between them, no terrible grief. Miss Burton was fond of Amy Durrant and shocked by her death—that was all.

"But then why that terrible, poignant anxiety? That was the question that kept coming back to me. I had not been mistaken in that look. And almost against my will an answer began to shape itself in my mind. Supposing the Spanish woman's story were true—supposing that Mary Barton wilfully and in cold blood tried to drown Amy Durrant?

"She succeeds in holding her under water whilst pretending to be saving her. She is rescued by a boat. They are on a lonely beach far from anywhere. And then I appear—the last thing she expects—a doctor! And an English doctor! She knows well enough that people who have been under water far longer than Amy Durrant have been revived by artificial respiration. But she has to play her part—to go off leaving me alone with her victim. And as she turns for one last look, a terrible, poignant anxiety shows in her face. Will Amy Durrant come back to life—*and tell of what she feared?*"

"Oh!" said Jane Helier. "I'm thrilled now."

"Viewed in that aspect, the whole business seemed more sinister, and the personality of Amy Durrant became more mysterious. Who was Amy Durrant? Why should she, an insignificant paid companion, be murdered by her employer? What story lay behind that fatal bathing expedition? She had entered Mary Barton's employment only a few months before. Mary Burton had brought her abroad, and the very day after they landed the tragedy had occurred. And they were both nice, connected, refined Englishwomen! The whole thing was fantastic, and I told myself so. I had been letting my imagination run away with me."

"You didn't do anything, then?" asked Miss Helier.

"My dear young lady, what could I do? There was no evidence. The majority of the eye-witnesses told the same story as Miss Barton. I had built up my own suspicions out of a fleeting expression which I might quite possibly have imagined. The only thing I could and did do was to see that the widest inquiries were made for the relations of Amy Durrant. The next time I was in England I even went and saw the landlady of her room with the results I have told you."

"But you felt there was something wrong," said Miss Marple.

DR. LLOYD nodded.

"Half the time I was ashamed of myself for thinking so. Who was I to suspecting this nice, pleasant-mannered English lady of a foul and cold-blooded crime? I did my best to be as cordial as possible to her during the short time she stayed on the island. I helped her with the Spanish authorities. I did everything I could do as an Englishman to help a compatriot in a foreign country, and yet I am convinced that she knew I suspected and disliked her."

"How long did she stay out there?" asked Miss Marple.

"I think it was about a fortnight. Miss Durrant was buried there, and it must have been about ten days later when Miss Barton took a boat back to England. The shock had upset her so much that she felt she couldn't spend the Winter there as she had planned—that's what she said."

"Did it seem to have upset her?" asked Miss Marple.

The doctor hesitated

"Well, I don't know that it affected her appearance at all," he said cautiously.

"She didn't, for instance, grow fatter?" asked Miss Marple.

"Do you know—it's a curious thing, you saying that. Now I come to think back, I believe you're right. She—yes, she did seem, if anything, to be putting on weight."

"How horrible!" said Jane Helier with a shudder. "It's like—it's like fattening on your victim's blood."

"And yet, in another way, I may be doing her an injustice," went on Dr. Lloyd. "She certainly said something, before she left, which pointed in an entirely different direction. There may be, I think there are, consciences which work very slowly, and take some time to awaken to the enormity of the deed committed.

Continued on Page 80

IN COUNTLESS HOUSEHOLDS....

Some one is Suffering in silence

SURGEONS who specialize in troubles of this nature say that at least 15 painful diseases can be caused or aggravated by improper tissue. Adults are especially susceptible, though even among young people and children these troubles are common.

. . . *from troubles caused or aggravated by harsh toilet tissue*

RECTAL trouble is one of the least "talked about" of all human illnesses, yet one of the most prevalent.

A prominent New York hospital surgeon estimates that between ten and twenty million people in the United States are suffering from ailments of this nature.

An astonishing statement. But not so surprising when you consider the careless attitude of most people toward the quality of toilet tissue used in their homes.

Today, however, women are beginning to realize the importance of bathroom tissue from the health standpoint. To assure absolute protection, careful housewives are insisting upon the tissues that physicians and hospitals have thoroughly approved—ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue and Waldorf.

These three health-protecting tissues are made from specially processed fibres—"thirsty fibres." Crumple a sheet in your hand. Feel its unusual softness . . . its linen-like texture.

Treat a sheet of ordinary, glazed tissue this same way. You can actually feel its cutting edges—frequently sharp enough to cause a seriously inflamed condition.

Thirsty fibres are extremely absorbent—yet tough and strong. Without this absorbent quality, thorough hygiene is impossible.

Scott Tissues are always chemically safe—neither acid nor alkaline in reaction.

Why take chances . . . when it costs no more to buy these fine quality toilet tissues. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

Scott Tissues

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NOTE: ScotTissue and Waldorf are the two largest selling brands in the world. Sani-Tissue is the new popular priced white toilet tissue embodying the famous *thirsty fibre* qualities.

Write a letter and win $1000.00 *in this* $2850.00 PRIZE CONTEST

355 awards; cash prizes ranging from $1000.00 *to* $10.00

You have written bread-and-butter letters of course—dozens of them. But did any one ever offer you $250 for writing one? The Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., creators of the prevailing fashions in stationery, will pay this amount for the best one submitted in their big letter-writing contest.

The bread-and-butter letter is easy to write. In reality, it is just a friendly expression of appreciation to a hostess who has spared no effort to make your visit a pleasant one. Details of the contest appear elsewhere on this page. But the important thing is to start now. These letters are not requested for advertising purposes.

Rules of the Contest

For the best letter of each of the three types listed below, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. will pay $250; second best, $150; third best, $100; for the next five, $20 each; $10 apiece for the ten following; with additional prizes of Eaton's Highland Vellum to the next 100 winners. At the end of the contest a special prize of $750 will be awarded to the letter judged the best of all three classes, making a possible total of $1000 which this letter may win.

TYPES OF LETTERS: 1. Love letter. 2. "Bread-and-butter" letter (a letter of appreciation to your hostess after a visit). 3. Farewell letter (a letter to a friend who is going away).

CLOSING DATE: All entries must be in the mails by midnight of May 31, 1930. Letters must be addressed to the Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass. You may submit as many letters as you wish, and you may enter all three contests or any one.

IDENTIFICATION: Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page.

WINNERS: The winners will be announced through the columns of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. No manuscripts can be returned. The decision of the jury is final. The letters will be judged solely on *what you say*.

FINAL JUDGES: Ray Long, editor of *Cosmopolitan Magazine;* Fannie Hurst, famous short story writer; Emily Post, authority on social usage.

Eaton's Highland Linen assures you of unusual quality in writing paper. It has been used for a quarter of a century by the women of taste in America. It is made in so many styles that you may even find it hard to choose. And the prices range from 50 cents to whatever you wish to pay. Eaton's Highland Vellum, with its velvet-like surface, is offered in white and six delightful tints. It is supremely smart, expressing today's vogue, yet reasonable in price. 50 cents to $3 50, wherever the famous Eaton's Highland Linen is sold. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

EATON'S

HIGHLAND VELLUM HIGHLAND LINEN

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"It was the evening before her departure from the Canaries. She had asked me to go and see her, and had thanked me very warmly for all I had done to help her. I, of course, made light of the matter, said I had only done what was natural under the circumstances, and so on. There was a pause after that, and then she suddenly asked me a question.

"'Do you think,' she asked, 'that one is ever justified in taking the law into one's own hands?'

"I replied that that was rather a difficult question, but that, on the whole, I thought not. The law was the law and we had to abide by it.

"'Even when it is powerless?'

"'I don't quite understand.'

"'It's difficult to explain—but one might do something that is considered definitely wrong—that is considered a crime, even—for a very good and sufficient reason.'

"I replied dryly that possibly several criminals had thought that in their time, and she shrank back.

"'But that's horrible,' she murmured—'horrible!'

"And then with a change of tone she asked me to give her something to make her sleep. She had not been able to sleep properly since—she hesitated—since that terrible shock.

"'You're sure it is that? There is nothing worrying you—nothing on your mind?'

"'On my mind? What should be on my mind?'

"She spoke fiercely and suspiciously.

"'Worry is a cause of sleeplessness sometimes,' I said lightly.

"She seemed to brood for a moment.

"'Do you mean worrying over the future, or worrying over the past which can't be altered?'

"'Either.'

"'Only it wouldn't be any good worrying over the past. You couldn't bring back—Oh, what's the use? One mustn't think. One must not think.'

"I prescribed a mild sleeping-draft and made my adieu. As I went away I wondered not a little over the words she had spoken. 'You couldn't bring back—' What? Or *who?*

"I think that last interview prepared me in a way for what was to come. I didn't expect it, of course, but when it happened I wasn't surprized. Because, you see, Mary Barton struck me all along as a conscientious woman—not a weak sinner—but a woman with convictions who would act up to them, and who would not relent as long as she believed in them.

"I fancied that in that last conversation we had she was beginning to doubt her own convictions. I knew her words suggested to me that she was feeling the first faint beginnings of that terrible soul-searcher, remorse.

"The thing happened in Cornwall, in a small watering-place, rather deserted at that season of the year. (It must have been —let me see—late March.) I read about it in the papers. A lady had been staying at a small hotel there—a Miss Barton. She had been very odd and peculiar in her manner. That had been noticed by all. At night she would walk up and down her room, muttering to herself, and not allowing the people on either side of her to sleep.

"She had called on the vicar one day and had told him that she had a communication of the gravest importance to make to him. She had, she said, committed a crime. Then, instead of proceeding, she had stood up abruptly and said she would call another day. The vicar put her down as being slightly mentally unbalanced, and did not take her self-accusation seriously.

"THE very next morning she was found to be missing from her room. A note was left addressed to the coroner. It ran as follows:

I tried to speak to the vicar yesterday, to confess all, but was not allowed. She would not let me. I can make amends only one way—a life for a life, and my life must go the same way as hers did. I, too, must drown in the deep sea. I believed I was justified. I see now that that was not so. If I desire Amy's forgiveness I must go to her. Let no one be blamed for my death. Mary Barton.

"Her clothes were found lying on the beach in a secluded cove near by, and it seemed clear that she had undressed there and swum resolutely out to sea where the current was known to be dangerous, sweeping one down the coast.

"The body was not recovered, but after a time leave was given to presume death. She was a rich woman, her estate being proved at a hundred thousand pounds. Since she died intestate it all went to her next of kin, a family of cousins in Australia. The papers made discreet references to the tragedies in the Canaries, putting forward the theory that the death of Miss Durrant had unhinged her friend's brain. At the inquest the usual verdict of *Suicide while temporarily insane* was returned. And so the curtain falls on the tragedy of Amy Durrant and Mary Barton!"

THERE was a pause, and then Jane Helier gave a great gasp.

"Oh, but you mustn't stop there—just in the most interesting part. Go on."

"But you see, Miss Helier, this isn't a serial story. This is real life, and real life stops just where it chooses."

"But I don't want it to," said Jane. "I want to know."

"This is where we use our brains, Miss Helier," explained Sir Henry. "Why did Mary Barton kill her companion? That's the problem Dr. Lloyd has set us."

"Oh, well," said Miss Helier, "she might have killed her for lots of reasons. I mean—oh! I don't know. She might have got on her nerves—or else she got jealous, altho Dr. Lloyd doesn't mention any men, but still on the boat out— Well, you know what every one says about boats and sea-voyages."

Miss Helier paused, slightly out of breath, and it was borne in upon her audience that the outside of Jane's charming head was distinctly superior to the inside.

"I would like to have a lot of guesses," said Mrs. Bantry, "but I suppose I must confine myself to one. Well, I think that Miss Barton's father made all his money out of ruining Amy Durrant's father, so Amy determined to have her revenge—oh, no, that's the wrong way round! How tiresome! Why does the rich employer kill the humble companion? I've got it. Miss Barton had a young brother who shot himself for love of Amy Durrant. Miss Barton waits her time. Amy comes down in the world. Miss B. engages her as companion and takes her to the Canaries and accomplishes her revenge. How's that?"

"Excellent," said Sir Henry. "Only we don't know that Miss Barton ever had had a young brother."

"We deduce that," said Mrs. Bantry. "Unless she had a young brother there's no motive. So she must have had a young brother. Do you see, Watson?"

"That's all very fine, Dolly," said her husband. "But it's only a guess."

"Of course it is," said Mrs. Bantry. "That's all we can do—guess. We haven't got any clues. Go on, dear; have a guess yourself."

"Upon my word, I don't know what to say. But I think there's something in Miss Helier's suggestion that they fell out about a man. Look here, Dolly, it was probably some High-church parson. They both embroidered him a cope or something, and he wore the Durrant woman's first. Depend upon it, it was something like that. Look how she went off to a parsonage at the end. These women all lose their heads over a good-looking clergyman. You hear of it over and over again."

"I think I must try and make my explanation a little more subtle," said Sir Henry. "tho I admit it's only a guess. I suggest that Miss Barton was always slightly mentally unhinged. There are more cases like that than you would imagine. Her mania grew stronger, and she began to believe it her duty to rid the world of certain persons —possibly what are termed unfortunate females.

"Nothing much is known about Miss Durrant's past, so very possibly she *had* a past—an 'unfortunate' one. Miss Barton learns of this and decides on extermination. Later the righteousness of her act begins to trouble her and she is overcome by remorse. Her end shows her to be completely unhinged. Now do say you agree with me, Miss Marple."

"I'm afraid I don't, Sir Henry," said Miss Marple, smiling apologetically. "I think her end shows her to have been a very clever and resourceful woman."

Jane Helier interrupted with a little scream.

"Oh, I've been so stupid! May I guess again? Of course it must have been that Blackmail! The companion woman was

Continued on Page 82

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blackmailing her. Only I don't see why Miss Marple says it was clever of her to kill herself. I can't see that at all."

"Ah!" said Sir Henry. "You see, Miss Marple knew a case just like it in St. Mary Mead."

"You always laugh at me, Sir Henry," said Miss Marple reproachfully. "I must confess it does remind me, just a little, of old Mrs. Trout. She drew the old-age pension, you know, for three old women who were dead in different parishes."

"It sounds a most complicated and resourceful crime," said Sir Henry, "but it doesn't seem to me to throw any light upon our present problem."

"Of course not," said Miss Marple. "It wouldn't—to you. But some of the families were very poor, and the old-age pension was a great boon to the children. I know it's difficult for any one outside to understand. But what I really meant was that the whole thing hinged upon one old woman being so like any other old woman."

"Eh?" said Sir Henry, mystified.

"I always explain things so badly. What I mean is that when Dr. Lloyd described the two ladies first, he didn't know which was which, and I don't suppose any one else in the hotel did. They would have, of course, after a day or so, but the very next day one of the two was drowned, and if the one who was left said she was Miss Barton, I don't suppose it would ever occur to any one that she mightn't be."

"YOU think— Oh! I see," said Sir Henry slowly.

"It's the only natural way of thinking *at* it. Dear Mrs. Bantry began that way just now. Why *should* the rich employer kill the humble companion? It's so much more likely to be the other way about. I mean—that's the way things happen."

"Is it?" said Sir Henry. "You shock me."

"But, of course," went on Miss Marple, "she would have to wear Miss Barton's clothes, and they would probably be a little tight on her, so that her general appearance would look as if she had got a little fatter. That's why I asked that question. A gentleman would be sure to think it was the lady who had got fatter, and not the clothes that had got smaller, tho that isn't quite the right way of putting it."

"But if Amy Durrant killed Miss Barton, what did she gain by it?" asked Mrs. Bantry. "She couldn't keep up the deception forever."

"She only kept it up for another month or so," pointed out Miss Marple. "And during that time, I expect she traveled, keeping away from any one who might know her. That's what I meant by saying that one lady of a certain age looks so like another. I don't suppose the different photograph on her passport was ever noticed—you know what passports are! And then in March she went down to this Cornish place and began to question and draw attention to herself, so that when people found her clothes on the beach and read her last letter they shouldn't think of the commonsense conclusion."

"Which was?" asked Sir Henry.

"*No body,*" said Miss Marple firmly. "That's the thing that would stare you in the face if there weren't such a lot of red herrings to draw you off the trail, including the suggestion of foul play and remorse. *No body.* That was the significant fact."

"Do you mean," said Mrs. Bantry, "do you mean that there wasn't any remorse? That there wasn't—that she didn't drown herself?"

"Not she!" said Miss Marple. "It's just Mrs. Trout over again. Mrs. Trout was very good at red herrings, but she met her match in me. And I can see through your remorse-driven Miss Barton. Drown herself? Went off to Australia if I'm any good at guessing."

"You are, Miss Marple," said Dr. Lloyd. "Undoubtedly you are. Now it took me quite by surprise! Why, you could have knocked me down with a feather that day in Melbourne."

"Was that what you spoke of as a final coincidence?"

Dr. Lloyd nodded.

"Yes, it was rather rough luck on Miss Barton—or Miss Amy Durrant—whatever you like to call her. I became a ship's doctor for a while, and, landing in Melbourne, the first person I saw as I walked down the street was the lady I thought had been drowned in Cornwall. She saw the game was up as far as I was concerned, and she did the bold thing—took me into her confidence. A curious woman, completely lacking, I suppose, in some moral sense.

"She was the eldest of a family of nine, all wretchedly poor. They had applied more for help to their rich cousin in England and been repulsed, Miss Barton having quarreled with their father. Money was wanted desperately, for the three youngest children were delicate and wanted expensive medical treatment. Amy Durrant then and there seems to have decided on her plan of cold-blooded murder. She set out for England, working her passage over as children's nurse. She obtained the situation of companion to Miss Barton, calling herself Amy Durrant. She engaged a room and put some furniture into it so as to create more of a personality for herself.

"The drowning plan was a sudden inspiration—she had been waiting for some opportunity to present herself. Then she staged the final scene of the drama and returned to Australia—and in due time she and her brothers and sisters inherited Miss Barton's money as next of kin."

"A very bold and perfect crime," said Sir Henry. "Almost *the* perfect crime. If I had been Miss Barton who had died in the Canaries, suspicion might attach to Amy Durrant, and her connection with the Barton family might have been discovered, but the change of identity and the double crime, as you may call it, effectually did away with that. Yes, almost the perfect crime."

"WHAT happened to her?" asked Mrs. Bantry. "What did you do in the matter, Dr. Lloyd?"

"I was in a very curious position, Mrs. Bantry. Of evidence as the law understands it, I still had very little. Also there were certain signs, plain to me as a medical man, that, tho strong and vigorous in appearance, the lady was not long for this world.

"I went home with her and saw the rest of the family—a charming family—devoted to their elder sister and without an idea in their heads that she might prove to have committed a crime. Why bring sorrow on them when I could prove nothing? The lady's admission to me was unheard by any one else. I let nature take its course. Miss Amy Durrant died six months after my meeting with her. I have often wondered if she was cheerful and unrepentant up to the last."

"Surely not," said Mrs. Bantry.

"I expect so," said Miss Marple. "Mrs. Trout was."

Jane Heller gave herself a little shake.

"Well," she said, "it's very, very thrilling. I don't quite understand now who drowned which. And how does this Mrs. Trout come into it?"

"She doesn't, my dear," said Miss Marple. "She was only a person—not a very nice person—in the village."

"Oh!" said Jane. "In the village. But nothing ever happens in a village, does it?" She sighed "I'm sure I shouldn't have any brains at all if I lived in a village."

THE BETTER THING

Continued from Page 15

come back in a few minutes. But, of course, he didn't.

That night she sat alone by the window for hours, tortured by fears for Jimmy and by the sense of unreality which the last few weeks had cast about her. It was after midnight when she threw herself on the bed and fell asleep. In the faint light of the early morning she wakened to find Jimmy standing beside her.

He leaned over and stroked her hair. She thought of men she had heard of who beat their wives; she could beat a beating, she thought, more easily than this mockery

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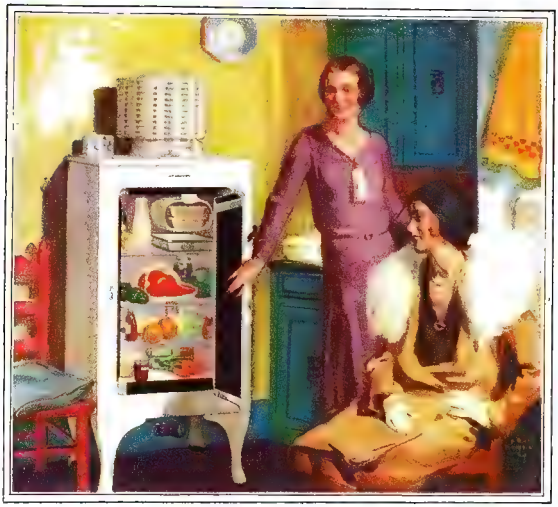

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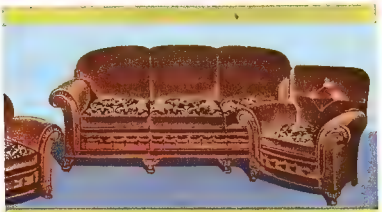
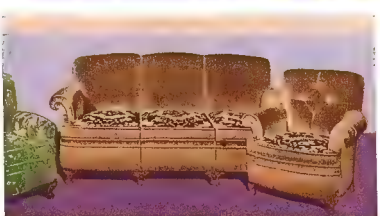


STERLING QUALITY SUITE No. 445—2 pieces—$190



CUSTOM-MADE SUITE No. 939—2 pieces—$230

No. 237—Typical two-piece suite from the Standard Quality line. Large sofa of serpentine design and extra deep cushioning. Smart button-back chair to match. Covered all around in rich taupe mohair with reversible cushions of colorful jacquard moquette. Same suite available in many other beautiful colors. Kroehler non-warping hardwood frame and patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at small extra cost. The two pieces priced at only $150. Extra chair to harmonize, where three pieces are desired, $48.50 **$150**

No. 445—A super-value at the moderate price quoted. Large davenport and matching button-back chair. Smart-looking extended front design. All around covering of apricot mohair with harmonizing, colorful figured jacquard moquette on reversible cushions. Kroehler non-warping frame of finest hardwood. Patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at slight extra cost. Two pieces, only $190. Extra matching chair to complete a three-piece suite where desired, $63 **$190**

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LIVING ROOM FURNITURE & DAVENPORT BEDS

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Continued from Page 82

of love. When he spoke the words sounded grotesque

"Listen, Baby dear, get some things together. We'll leave our trunks. We're going on a wonderful trip. In the lounge to-night I met a fellow I used to know." He never said "bar," for he never admitted that drinking had become a vice with him. "He told me of a marvelous village up the river—the real China. We'll start in an hour. No good hanging around these coast cities—might as well be in Europe. Let's see the real thing, now we're here."

Audrey sat up with studied languor. "I'd rather wait a few days, dearest. You have seen Shanghai, but I haven't. Let's wait and go on a little later."

He continued to smile and stroke her hair as he persisted. "No, I want to go now. I'm fed up with this place."

"Fed up!" Was life with him always to be a mad chase from one place to another? She thought, "I'll go mad!" and knew she could not allow herself the luxury of madness.

THEY left at dawn, the only white passengers on an evil-smelling river-boat. The sun rose over China, and a tall pagoda bloomed like a dark, exotic flower against the rosy sky. Sitting in a chair beside her, Jimmy fell asleep. On they went for interminable hours. Audrey got up softly and walked about the dirty deck.

With indifferent eyes she read the ordinance in English which declared that six armed guards must accompany the boat for protection against pirates. That was the reason, then, for the presence of the tall, silent Sikhs who paced up and down, up and down, between the bridge and the life-boats. She felt no fear, no surprize. Nothing was too incredible, nothing too fantastic, to her who lived day and night in a nightmare.

A cabin-boy with inscrutable eyes offered her lunch, several dishes all swimming in the same brown gravy—sugar and lard and rose-leaves—bamboo-shoots, and duck- and fish-eggs. She looked at the tray and shook her head. The same food appeared again at dinner.

Night, a sleepless night in a stuffy little cabin, lit by a grimy oil-lantern swinging gently with the beat of the engine. Another day on the unending river; then, as dusk fell, they passed under the Bridge of the Six Scholars, beyond which lay the little town. From the bridge a line of copper-colored faces gazed down at them. They heard the usual shouts of village *pidgi*. The roof of the boat scraped the span, and a few minutes later they reached the dock.

Coolies carried them along the rough streets, lighted only by the feeble rays of horn lanterns slung beside their chairs. Audrey noticed the flicker of naked heels rising and falling, and presently the sound of English voices told that they had reached the foreign quarter. An inn, not overclean, offered at least the boon of a little hot water in which to take a meager bath.

At dinner their only companion was a grave young doctor attached to the mission, whose bells pealed out the hour. Audrey saw him looking at Jimmy once, sharply, professionally, but when his eyes met hers they were impersonal.

He sat and talked with her after Jimmy had gone to bed. He asked no questions; only, when she rose to leave, he said, "If there is anything I can do for you, Mrs. Manning, please command me."

Jimmy lay asleep, the last bottle of whisky he had brought with him empty on the rickety table beside the bed. In the morning she saw him reach for the bottle and, finding it empty, send it crashing to the floor. She got up and slipped on a kimono as he fell back on the pillow cursing.

"I want a drink," he demanded. "Will you ring?"

She looked about. "There is nothing to ring. Don't you know where you are?"

He regarded her steadily. "No, where am I?"

"You're in a miserable little inn in a village two hundred miles from Shanghai."

"Why?" he asked, with a crazy attempt at logic. "What are we doing here?"

For the first time her composure broke. "I wish I knew. Oh, Jimmy, don't you remember?"

He shook his head. "Don't bother me with questions, Audrey. I'm passing away for a drink. I'll go get one."

He lifted himself with an effort, stood up, and fell heavily to the floor. For an ignominious moment he lay there, then slowly got himself back on the bed. He did not look at her, just lay there, staring vacantly at the ceiling. Breaking under the terror that swept over her, she rushed from the room.

A little, shifty-faced Englishman met her in the passage. He had heard the fall, and at her question "Where is Dr. Brooks?" he ran down the stairs. A moment later the tall young doctor appeared.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Manning? Is your husband ill?"

She shook her head. Then she told him as much as she could in a few sentences.

"Can you get him a drink?"

An ironic smile flashed across his tired face. "We've been out of whisky—and almost everything else—for four days. The supply-boat was stopped by river pirates. But I'll take care of him. You stay here."

What struggle went on in that room she never knew. An hour later, when Dr. Brooks sent for her, Jimmy was lying in a heavy, drugged sleep. A black mark discolored one side of his face.

"I had to knock him down," the doctor said. "Sorry, but there was no other way to manage him. He'll be all right soon." Then she noticed that Jimmy was tied to the bed. He remained tied to that bed throughout a week of delirium, from which he emerged hollow-eyed, silent, but completely sane. Another week he lay there, hardly speaking, gazing at Audrey now and then with a beaten look that stabbed her.

At the end of that time, accompanied by the young doctor, who insisted on going as far as Shanghai with them, they went back along that interminable river and sailed at once for England. Jimmy refused to go to New York. "There's nothing for me there," he said with a note of finality in his voice. "I may get a job in London. No more fooling about, Audrey. I'm off the stuff for life now—wait and see." And that was the only reference he ever made to the affair.

But as strength returned to him, day after day of the long voyage, he considered their situation sanely for the first time. A passionate pity for Audrey filled him—"tied up to a rotter like me," he thought. For, much as he might tell himself that he was "off the stuff" he knew in his heart that some day again desire would conquer.

His love for Audrey would not keep him from it. He cared for her as much as he could care for any one, but he knew that he had not the capacity for love—he had left only the capacity for new sensations. It was only a matter of time before some other pair of eyes would start the old, ephemeral, delicious excitement burning in his veins. And that would mean the end with Audrey.

BACK in London, Jimmy hung around the actors' haunts. He found plenty of boon companions, but few who held out any hope of work. The feeling of being trapped closed tighter and tighter around him. He became more morose, more and more difficult to live with, since Audrey never knew, perhaps, the effort he made for her.

Early in September, Stevens, a young Chicago engineer, in London on a visit, looked them up. Audrey was childishly happy at seeing a friend from her light-hearted girlhood, and Jimmy threw them together as much as he could; encouraged them to go out together while he haunted the theaters and music-halls.

He put all his money in Audrey's name except a few hundred dollars, which he carried in cash in his pocket. He had determined that the final break must come soon. Young Stevens would take her home. It only remained to give the last, swift thrust, to disillusion her finally and forever.

But, even as he made his plans, fate stepped in with another and more effective way of escape. He went one night to a tawdry little music-hall in Shepherd's Bush, where a comedian whom he had known in his small-time days in the Middle West was doing a turn. The theater gossip, the familiar theater smells—moldy plush and grease-paint and rosin, and the stinging scent of dancing bodies—roused a little the ache inside him, the yearn to be once more before that painted drop which he called "life."

He was standing in the wings, appraising the comedian's method of getting laughs from an English audience, a different business from the sort of thing employed at home, when his nostrils caught a whiff of smoke, acrid, stinging, the one smell that in a theater can freeze one's blood.

He cast a swift look at the audience. They were laughing; they hadn't got it

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"Speedwriting? What's that?"

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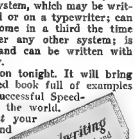

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yet, but back-stage two girls in ballet costume raced, frightened, down the stairs. The stage-manager's hand over the mouth of one of them stifled a scream.

The comedian, coming off to noisy applause, sniffed, swore softly under his breath, and, grabbing Jimmy's arm, pulled him toward the dressing-rooms just as the first tongue of flame licked the rosined floor and reached out greedily for more.

Out *front* the orchestra-leader repeated the music for the next turn, waiting for the two ballet-girls to come on. The stage-manager threw a hurried command, and as the asbestos curtain slid down, Jimmy went to him.

"Tell the leader to play a fox-trot. I'll do a dance. Get them out quietly. Hurry!"

HE FELT a wild elation—once more in the center of the stage, once more doing his stuff! He winked at the conductor, who looked up with pinched, white face, and stopped the music as Jimmy spoke to the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the management regrets that the show is over for the evening—trouble with the lights. Please leave quietly, and if you will come to the box-office to-morrow your money will be refunded. The orchestra will now play you out."

A murmuring; a docile movement toward the doors. Then some one caught the significance of the unusual music, and the cry of "Fire!" broke out. There was a rush; yet some wavered, incredulous, as to the accompaniment of two violins and the drum—the rest of the orchestra had slipped away—Jimmy began to dance. Danger, with that joyous, careless figure dancing? Panic, at least, was averted. Only five rows now crowded to the back

Then it came—a puff of smoke, a tongue of flame leaping down behind the edge of the curtain, devouring the old hangings of the right-stage box. Jimmy danced away from it. In the back of the theater he saw a struggling, fighting few. A woman went down and was trampled upon by a huge policeman. Only one violin remained in the orchestra, following the baton of the stanch little conductor. Jimmy waved his hand.

"All right, Meisner!" he shouted. "Beat it!"

Conductor and violinist scrambled out of the pit and raced up the aisle. Jimmy saw them swallowed in the last of the milling crowd that jammed the exits. And then he jumped—across the footlights, away from the furnace that roared at his back, up the aisle toward an exit. With only one thought in his mind, he fought his way through the crowd outside and, turning a corner, found himself alone in a little dark street.

He was free! They would think him dead. He could imagine the story about his heroism; the New York newspapers would carry it on their front pages. The idea pleased him immensely. Audrey would grieve for a while, but some day she'd know herself well rid of him. And, dramatizing himself a little, the words of *Sidney Carton*, a part he had once played in stock, came back to him, "It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done." He smiled as he walked away.

I saw Audrey when she came back to Chicago, to her family, who took her to their hearts as the widow of a hero. She knew how well I had known him; she told me her story. She wasn't the sort to revel in her emotions, but I think it was a relief to her to talk to me about him.

It was, perhaps, a year later that I went abroad. Motoring in France, I was held up by engine trouble one night in a little village well off the beaten track. There was no inn, but a farmer's family gave me one of those French suppers that seem to be all soup and agreed to keep me for the night. Some excitement was in the air. I discovered that a circus was in town and begged to be allowed to go with them to see it.

It was a sparse collection of tired, fleabitten animals; the inevitable Punch and Judy show; the familiar tragedy of Harlequin and Columbine. I was a good deal bored. Then the sound of a fox-trot, played as only a third-rate French orchestra can play American jazz, amused me. A man in evening clothes, top-hat on the side of his head, a gardenia in his buttonhole, sauntered into the spotlight on the little, impromptu stage. I stared.

Some French entertainer who had once seen Jimmy Manning was imitating him. And then he turned to that audience of farmers and bowed and smiled. My throat tightened. He began to dance and I went cold all over. I knew that dance, the grace of those intricate steps, the perfection of that light motion. I found my way back of the tent and waited for him. He started when he saw me, then smiled easily and put out his hand. He was slightly drunk and pitifully thin.

"Jimmy, dear old Jimmy! I thought you were dead! What in Heaven's name are you doing here?"

He coughed, struggled a moment for breath. "I'm not dead yet, old man, but I shall be soon. Wait for me after the show. I have to go on again."

He spent the night with me in the farmhouse. The circus was to give another performance the next evening, and I agreed to be there. He was childishly eager to have one person in the audience who would appreciate him. We talked until morning over a bottle of cognac, and it was then that I learned his side of the story of his marriage and disappearance. He made me promise not to tell Audrey.

"I died, presumably, a year ago, my dear fellow, and I buried myself in this circus. Never had an idea that any one would run across me here. And it's not so bad. These people are good scouts." The old, whimsical smile lit his face. "And don't forget that I began with a circus. One reverts to one's origins, you know."

WE PLANNED to see each other again the following day after the show, but when I went back he had fainted and was unconscious. He died that night.

I am not a sentimental person, but I managed to have gardenias on his grave, thinking that if he knew, he would smile his little smile over that last tribute. The soft, caressing rain of the French Midi was falling as I turned away. It was all over.

For the last time on any stage the drums had rolled for Jimmy Manning, the saxophones had laughed, the violins had sung. Tired from too much living, he had lifted those nimble feet for the last time and fretted, as only he could strut, away from the music, away from the cheers, out of the spotlight, at last.

ONE KNIGHT OFF

Continued from Page 19

"Of course you haven't. But you know it'd be all right."

"Yes, but no—I couldn't. It's so—so—un—"

"Just a friendly little dinner," he coaxed impatiently. "Just a friendly little dinner—no harm in that—come on; be game——"

"Well," she said, hesitating.

It was over. He'd done it. Maybe he ought to get her some flowers.

"Choose!" he said with a lavish gesture.

She nosed among the simple sweet peas, the lowly lilies, the modest violets.

"Oh—anything."

"Well, choose—what do you like?"

"Oh, anything. Well, orchids."

She chose two—magenta-hearted. Tied with a lavender tail, they clashed in conspicuous luxury against her scarlet cloak. The taxi gaped.

"Where do we dine?" Feeling green made him gruff.

"Oh, anywhere."

In his weakened state she looked taller than ever. A thin red-and-white barberpole that could only shake its summit helplessly.

"But you must have some favorite place. I want to please you."

"What do you like Russian food?"

"Yes." No time for race prejudice. Personally, he would have preferred to get his teeth into a good U. S. steak, but——

"How about the Café Cossack? It's all the thing, you know."

They rolled off in pursuit of the thing. They sat like two foreign islands with a sea of space between them. Willie Barnes

Continued on Page 88

Powder Cleans Teeth as Nothing Else Can

For Cleaner, Whiter Teeth—do as your dentist does, when he cleans your teeth—use POWDER

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Science has found nothing to take its place.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know, always uses powder.

As it is only the powder part of any dentifrice that cleans, a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

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For over SIXTY YEARS, dentists everywhere, have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

It is free from all grit or pumice and cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

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In addition to cleansing, it is probably the greatest neutralizer known for ACID MOUTH, being many times more effective than Milk of Magnesia.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums, freedom from pyorrhea and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.

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Cultivating Beautiful Hands on 3 minutes a day

by Hazel Rawson Cades, Good Looks Editor of Woman's Home Companion

Busy women are finding many **Advantages** *in the new* **Liquid Polish**

"HANDS reveal not only one's character, but one's fastidiousness. Well groomed hands are an absolute necessity if a woman is to look well groomed and attractive. The whole appearance of the hands may be altered by skillful manicuring.

"Make-up for finger nails depends not only on what you like, but also on how you look. I do not like excessive color for myself, but I have seen extreme women with exotically pale hands who could make it seem possible.

"I use liquid polish because it stays on longer and keeps my nails looking better than any perfunctory buffing.

"Liquid polish should be applied smoothly with a tiny brush in three strokes making the last stroke in the center heaviest to give the deepest tone. Leave the half-moon and white rim of the nail free of polish.

"In cleaning the nails always work from the center out to each side, never straight across and never use a hard instrument. And the cuticle never should be cut if you can avoid it."

The Manicure Method Women with famous hands are using

1. *Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser —to mould cuticle and cleanse nail tips*

Scrub the nails with warm soapy water. Apply Cutex Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle and bring out the pale half-moons.

Pass orange stick, wrapped with cotton and saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser under each nail tip. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers.

2. *The new Cutex Liquid Polish that protects and flatters the nails*

Remove all old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Apply Cutex Liquid Polish from the half-moon toward the finger tip.

As a finishing touch, a tiny bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep the cuticle soft, and a touch of Nail White under the nail tip to enhance the radiance of the polish.

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Continued from Page 56

whirling along the Gay White Way, on the primrose path of pleasure; beside him the trophy of his virility, a trifle angular and unapproachable, true, but you can't have everything

They stuck, chugging, before the bright eyes of the Shubelt sign that has proclaimed unblinking, "Greatest Musical Comedy on Earth" during the lifetime of six supershows. A crowd outside Tynan's agency reminded him.

"Oh, yes, how about taking in a little show?"

She'd love to.

"Bye-Bye, Bacardi' is the best show in town. Seen it?"

"No." She'd love to.

BY a stroke of luck he secured two open sesames at nine-fifty per.

"Now we have to hurry. We're awfully late." Lateness always gave him a mild case of St. Vitus dance, but the prospect of laying out nineteen iron men for half a show filled him with a genuine business man's heartache. To waste he naturally preferred dyspepsia.

He pumped her past the Irish guard in a fur Cossack rig-out into the smoky den that was New York's latest darling. Side by side they were packed against a wall adorned with flat frescoes of fat peasants in collegiate colors. On a center bald spot of floor a French coloratura, whose name was possibly Sadie Ginsberg, sbrilled, "Ma Cherry! Ma Cherry!"

A Greek waiter hovered over them.

"We'll have to rush this a little, but order whatever you want."

"Oh, I don't want much. I'm such a small eater. Wouldn't it be fun to try the native dishes! *Borsch*—and cutlets Trotsky? Waiter, what are cutlets Trotsky? . . . . . Oh, well, what are *pirooshki*? . . . . Apple fritters? . . . Yes. . . . And do let's have ten out of those tall, quaint glasses!"

"Bring the fritters with the cutlets," said Willie. *Borsch* was a pink cabbage soup. Cabbage gave him gas. Well, for once he guessed it wouldn't kill him. They raised their voices and conversed. An incipient cold and the able-bodied plunking of four balalaika enthusiasts almost knocked him out in the first round. However, he managed to find out her name was Belle Davis. Not a bad sort, really. So interested in hearing all about him.

For five minutes he planed aloft on a pleasant flight of fancy that lifted him refreshingly out of himself. He was a stockbroker. He pictured for her a day among the bulls and bears. The call-money crisis. The rôle of the Federal Reserve. For five minutes he held the purse-strings of the United States. For five minutes all the smoking-car stories merged and consolidated in his single frame. He gave her a tip on motor stocks.

And then he saw her eye was wandering. He hated her at that moment. Here she'd had a chance to be womanly, sympathetic, and she'd muffed it. As far as he was concerned, she was a frost. Well, let her talk about herself.

He struggled sullenly with his rubber fritter as she told all. She was an actress.

"No, really!" He gave her a startled glance. "You don't look it."

She laughed. "People have such queer ideas about the profession, really."

Personally she didn't think the "talkies" were going to put the theater out of business. And you had no idea how hard it was for a girl to get ahead if she didn't make concessions, what with the managers the way they were and all.

He was not so much listening as thinking how the tale would sound in the retelling. "I was out with this actress and she gave me the low-down on the theater."

He couldn't eat a cold fritter just because he'd paid for it.

Still swallowing the last lemony drops of tea, he ran around on Sixth Avenue. It was raining real rain now. Gusty needles that hit your brim and bounced off on your face. Mist made the lights bleary. Insular damp crawled into your bones. Backward and forward he shuttled, hemming and halloing "Tax-i-i!" Raindrops laughed lightly on the passing car-tops.

In the end they had to walk. Her hands were on her waves; she ran in little panting chicken sallies.

"Oh, *that's* all right. *You* couldn't help it. Would you mind just putting my gloves in your pocket? Kid gets so spotted."

The usher's lighted eye showed them the middle of the row. Shedding droplets and dampness, they hiked over hills of feet. Angry stares. The act was well toward the last lap. He curled his neck around the tall bald head in front. The Hitler Girls were coming on, kicking like a well-drilled army.

He came from a town that never saw a show since the movie house owned the opera house and kept it dark for its own benefit. This sure was great! Swiftly the numbers followed: the Harmony Harmonica Band, the Two Black Jays, a skit scrappy and off color, clicking routines, and the frenzied finale with sequins and syncopated song hit, "You-ou-re the Cherry in My Co-ock-tail."

Then the lobby. She had no sleeves, but she didn't seem to mind the draft. Awful thin arms she had too. Why couldn't he think of something clever to say? But she didn't seem to miss it. She was sight-seeing.

"Oh! Don't look now, but that woman with the big red comb, that's Jessica Lake who wrote 'Upside Down.' That tall, thin man is Jeffreys, the critic—such a fine physique! I'm sure that distinguished-looking man is Henry Clare. They say he drinks."

What was the idea of all the sight-seeing tour stuff? Did she take him for a "kid"?

The gong sounded. They went back for the second round. As she sat down her orchids dropped. She planted her spiked heel neatly in their faces. He salvaged them. He laid the two five-dollar corpses on her knee. She was so sorry.

The "fifties" and numbers were flung at him fast and furious—a spicy taste of this, a taste of that with a bird's bathtub of stewed tomatoes on the side, like a *table d'hôte* in a hurry, "eat and run." The menu came in his nose itched. He sneezed. People stared. This show was getting almost too much. He stifled a yawn. Sallie would be in bed by this time. He thought of the kids. How they'd asked for a movie machine this trip. They wouldn't get it.

He began to compute absorbedly. From the dress suit to *pirooshki* he forgot no item. A blare of music brought him back to a world of other figures. Once more the song hit. Two hundred outstretched arms and twenty kettle-drums. All over.

"And now where would you rather go? Club Cosmo's a 'class' room. Heyhay's a 'whoopee' parlor."

There was another table. The fickle lights of Club Cosmo switched from rose to blue. A blue Belle sat opposite, gazing over the floor. Broadway's Boy Friend, Jimmy Hatch, was sobbing that he had a woman crazy for him, and there sat the Racket Boys, ten strong, and stay-combed, ready to roll out some more lusty jazz. Jazz! One drop more—the walls of his head were going to split. Now ump-ta-um, ump-ta-um, ump-ta-um, ump-ta-um.

Middle-aged ladies stepped up to dutiful paunches and doggedly walked away, flappers with nail-paste lips and bright, hard eyes; gentlemen in pinch-back suits and ladies in too tight-clinging black satins; a few gay, graceful couples, wings a little clipped in the subway crush. The jazz went moaning along like sunsick talking it his sleep.

BELLE looked weary. Her rouge stood out in bright patches.

Suddenly he slid his hand over hers, touched her lightly. "Belle," he was going to say sympathetically, "a lot of keen, most of this canned-fun business, isn't it?"

She would understand.

At his touch she jumped, electrified to pep. "Oh, you want to dance," she said.

Embarrassment made him kind of awkward. So did his new shoes. He felt the people at the tables were watching. They trotted about in intimate embrace, miles apart. They Club Cosmo "specials"—oatier hard-boiled egg, one thirst-persuading anchovy, and one melted cheese curling to silky strands—waiting for them. The waiter jerked down their "Tom Collinses."

"Bathtub stuff," said Willie with a little grimace. "That's the trouble. Most of the laughing water around this town is bathtub stuff."

"Yes," said Belle with a sigh. "France! That's the place you get the real wines. You know, in France you drink wine with all your meals. Gay Paree! They know how to live there. Of course the French are noted for their gaiety and light wines."

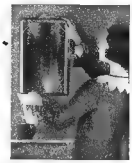
"Ever been there?"

"Oh, my, yes! Many times. Moulin Rouge, Montmartre, the Eiffel Tower, the

Continued on Page 90

Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

$16.50
Read what this amazing offer includes:
26 lovely pieces in the Famous Wm. Rogers & Son plate
6 dinner knives
6 dinner forks
6 teaspoons
6 tablespoons
1 butter knife
1 sugar shell
and a Stunning Mirror Tray . . . which becomes a gleaming plate glass mirror for your wall!
With stainless steel knives, $19.25.



The tray becomes a mirror . . . smart . . . modern . . . 9½ x 11½ inches of gleaming plate glass . . . framed in burnished silver! Upon your wall . . . can't you picture it already . . . just where it belongs?

If you've dreamed...yearned...fairly *ached* to set a lovely table..*READ!*

HERE'S TODAY'S OUTSTANDING VALUE IN SILVERPLATE

IT'S NOT just the number of pieces . . . though, Heaven knows, you would never have *dreamed* of getting so much silver for such a price!

It's not the tray . . . which turns out, when the little plush pad is removed, to be a mirror, and the pride of your heart!

No, it's the *kind* of silver!

It's the kind of silver that makes you know how foolish it is to put your good money into *cheap* silver—silver you can never be proud of—when this costs so little more! This silver is *good* silver—so evidently!

In the Princess design (illustrated) and in the Triumph pattern, comes beautiful matching hollow-ware.

Pictures can't show it. Words can't tell you! But take yourself, this minute, right on down to your silver dealer's. Ask . . . He'll put before you a surprise that will fairly sweep you off your feet!

For he'll put before you . . . silver far lovelier than you had ever hoped, in your fondest hopes, that such a price would buy!

Just where the wear comes, there's where this plate is reinforced.

Hold a piece in your hand. Study the pattern closely. Let your eyes dwell on every graceful curve of the handle, on down to the tip! Only fine silver is so perfectly proportioned.

Feel the weight of it! Learn how each fork and spoon is reinforced, just where the wear comes. Learn that this silver is plated with pure silver—heavily plated . . . It's the famous Wm. Rogers & Son silverplate. At $16.50—26 pieces—enough to serve 6 persons! And it's guaranteed for 35 years of wear!

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This wonderful offer gives you a choice of three distinctive patterns. Picture each, upon your finest napery, catching the mellow light of your "party" candles. Which . . . so perfectly expresses you?

Don't Say "Rogers"—say "Wm. Rogers & Son."

WM. ROGERS & SON *Silverplate*

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

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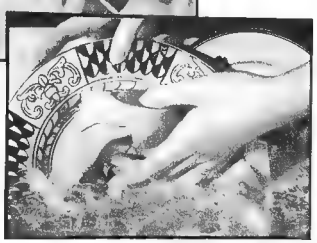
"Do Women with Maids have Lovelier Hands?"

(Above) Hands of a woman whose 3 maids relieve her of all housework. (Actual photograph.)

(Below) Actual photograph of the lovely hands of a woman who does all her own work—gives her hands the simple beauty care described below.



We asked 305 Famous Beauty Shops

"Can you tell from looking at a woman's hands whether she does her own work?"

WE put this question to the experts in 305 of the finest beauty salons in the country . . . here is the answer they gave us—

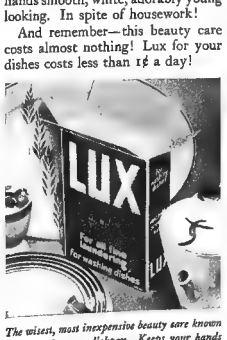
"With all our experience we *cannot* distinguish between the hands of the woman who has servants to do all her work and the hands of the woman who uses Lux in her dishpan. Lux gives real beauty care."

Right in your dishpan

Isn't it wonderful to know that right in your dishpan you can have beauty care for your hands? . . . that Lux for all your soap and water tasks means hands as truly lovely as those of the woman of leisure and wealth?

Here is the reason—Lux suds are so very gentle and bland they protect and soothe the precious beauty oils of the skin . . . keeping busy hands smooth, white, adorably young looking. In spite of housework!

And remember—this beauty care costs almost nothing! Lux for your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day!



The wisest, most inexpensive beauty care known . . . Lux in your dishpan. Keeps your hands smooth and white for less than 1¢ a day!

Lovely Hands for Less than 1¢ a Day . . .

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Continued from Page 88

Louvre — Normandy, Burgundy, Brittany——"

"Ever been to Washington?"

"Oh, my, yes! The City of Magnificent Distances! Smithsonian Institution, the Congressional Library, President Taft—I saw them all—the cherry-blossom trees in Spring—wonderful!"

THE people whose forks were colliding with his funny-bone were telling jokes. He got off the one about the Scotchman and the collection-plate that Sallie always laughed at. Belle smiled politely.

Over the second "Tom Collins," tho, you could feel the talk limber up. In fact he opened his lips to say something really clever. "Wah-wah," moaned the saxophone; the piano quavered; the brasses had a barbaric outburst. He went down, and the Kasket Boys closed over him. One thing about a night's pleasure in New York—you didn't need conversation. You could be deaf and dumb, as long as you were not lame with a crippled wrist.

After their "third" they got good. Oh, he'd get close to her yet—the human her. Yes, sir. But when they got up to dance she'd sure grown heavy. Like leading the Woolworth Building. And it was a job trying to find your feet, with all those feet around on the floor, looking all alike.

"Goes right to my feet," he told her. She was leading him. "You should be me and I should be you," he said roguishly. But when it came out it didn't seem so bright. Funny what it did to you, this—gin—sin—gin. The mirrors bobbed slightly up and down. The gilt frames were a little dirty and blurred. Belle's face drifted back and got mussed around the edges. The music was far away, like in a sea-shell, and then it was loud. You had to steady the table with your hands, and you had to be careful of the step down to the floor. Heavens! He was so tired of it all.

"By my wrisht-waht it's one-thirty. Wanna go home?" Yes, she needed the air.

From his corner in the cab he volunteered, "Belle, I'm ill, an' that's a fact."

"I'm not ill," she said. "I'm blue."

Oh, how he wanted to get rid of her! It was really insulting how he wanted to get rid of her. He ought to do something nice to make up for it; then he'd get rid of her. Give her something nice. Give her a nice bag. That was it. Give her a very nice bag. Then he'd get rid of her. He was very, very sick. Yes, that's what he'd got for his twenty-eight dollars. Very, very. He sat up abruptly and plunged his hand in his pocket. The meter said ninety cents. He rapped on the glass. They squawked to a halt. He climbed out, handed his last surviving dollar to the driver. He held out his hand beguilingly to Belle.

"Come on, Belle; air do you good." She didn't move. "Come on," he coaxed. Well, if she didn't like it, he couldn't help it. A man's cleaned out and that's all.

"I wanta go home."

"Now listen, Belle, I'm gonna take you home, but first I gotta get lil' more money, see? An' I wanna give you a nice lil' bag."

"I don't want any bag," she interrupted. "I have a bag."

"No, a nice lil' bag."

"What for?"

"Souv'nir of a happy evening."

"Oh! Well, that's very nice of you."

She walked stiffly, feeling with her slippers at the curbs. Then she stopped. "I can't," she said. "I don't want to walk."

"Jus' a lil', Belle. Jus' a teeny, weeny bit—till you come to the McAllister. Then the bag—an' go home."

AT THE hotel, with the splendid defiance of innocence, they whirled up. He entered. He sank down. He had practically forgotten her. She switched on the lights and sat down on the sofa opposite.

"Jus' a minute," he said with a sigh. He got up, opened the window. "Then I get your bag. Choose any one you want."

She shrugged off her cloak. "How do you come to have so many bags?"

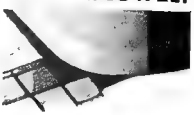
"Oh, wha's the difference?" he said wearily. "I'm a bag-buyer." If only she wouldn't talk—ringing in his ears—itching in his nose—aching in his soles—rushing in his head—and she asked questions.

"Bag-buyer!" she said as he tugged at the package. "Why, you said you were a stock-broker."

"No," he said, "you're all mixed up."

"I'm not!" she said angrily. "You did say stock-broker."

BATHASWEET



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KONDON'S CATARRHAL JELLY

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

"Oh, Belle," he said, harassed, "don't argue. You made me drink that rat poison an' I really don't know what I said."

"I made you drink?"

"I never drink except when I'm with you like this. Jus' ask anybody if I'm wet or dry. Dry."

"Yes, you're like all the rest of them—vote wet and drink dry. But you certainly have your nerve. First you make me get my clothes ruined, and now you say I made you drink. I never had a drink in my life. I'm a wreck on account of you."

"Oh, Belle, that's a story! You did; you drank wine in France!"

"Now you call me a liar! France! Why, I never was in France!"

He stood, a bag in either hand, bewildered.

"Honestly, Belle, now, didn't you say you were in France?"

"I was never so insulted in my life." She rose in anger. "I said what I said, and what I didn't say—you say I said."

He shook his head. "Didn't you say you were an actress?"

"Of course not."

"You didn't say you were an actress?"

"I won't stay any longer. I don't want your old bag." She flung her cloak around her. "Actress! Why in the world should I say I'm an actress when I'm a teacher? Why, of course I am. Teacher. P. S. 292. 5 B. Of course I do. One of us is mad." She walked to the window, pressed her face against the pane. The alarm-clock ticked. Then she turned. Her eyes had a haunted look. "I did say it," she said with terrible quietness. "I did say it. It all comes back now!"

ASHAMED sobriety had come over her. She looked quite old suddenly. One cheek was pink, the other pale. She held out her hand. "Good-by," she said, "and thanks for a pleasant evening."

He automatically pressed a neat calf bag into it. "It's a good bag," he said sadly, "but I don't think you had a very nice time. I know I didn't."

She stiffened. "I'm sorry."

"Oh, it's not your fault, Belle. I—oh, please—don't leave me yet, not just yet, this minute. I mean it. I'm ill." Suddenly all strength oozed out of him. He collapsed on the sofa, head in hands. He sneezed repeatedly.

"You've caught cold!" she said accusingly.

"Cold? Pneumonia! Feel my shoes——"

"Go right in and take off those wet things."

From the bedroom he called, "How about you?"

"Oh! I never catch cold. Have you any aspirin?"

"I guess Sallie packed some."

"Who's Sallie?"

"My wife."

"Oh, really, this is too much. You never told me you had a wife. Why, if you had——"

"You never asked me. I never said I didn't have a wife. Not me. I got a wife and a mighty good wife." He padded out. "She packed the aspirin." He waved it.

"Take two in hot water."

"I can't drink hot water out of a tap."

"Yes, you can," she said firmly. She stood over him while he did. "Our New York water's pure, hot or cold."

"Well, nothing wrong with our Ormesburg water, either."

"Why, is that where you come from?"

"Sure! Ormesburg—best little up an' coming town you want to meet. In fact, fastest growing town under twenty thousand in Indiana."

They left the bathroom. "So," she said, Ormesburg! And have you any children?"

He showed the pictures.

"Well, I think you ought to be ashamed." She handed them back. "A wife and two children, and this is the way you act when you leave home! You men!"

"What do you mean, 'you men'? I never did this before. And do you think I ever will again? Anyway, what about you?"

"Oh, that's different! You got me into this. I was really waiting for some friends—Professor August and Miss Edna Wiley. I don't know what on earth happened. We were to have seen Tolstoy's 'Power of Darkness,' about which I'm writing a theme in a course at Columbia.

"I don't know why I did this." She sighed. "But life gets so monotonous, you know, just sending children to the blackboards and correcting papers. You don't get any younger. You begin to think of all

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Helena Rubinstein's new Pasteurized Face Cream Special, created in response to thousands of requests, is especially suited to the dry skin. It revitalizes the tissues, removes that tired, drawn look, and wakens the skin to new beauty. For parched chapped skin, for cracked lips—there is not another cream like it! Use it freely too, for the neck and shoulders, arms, elbows and hands. Truly, a miniature beauty treatment in itself—and a value seldom equalled! (1.00). Of course, Helena Rubinstein's Pasteurized Cream for the normal or oily skin needs no introduction. For years it has been acclaimed the perfect cream for checking oiliness, removing blemishes and purifying the skin (1.00).

Below—Helena Rubinstein's 30 day guidance which will open up new worlds of loveliness for you!

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1. Cleanse and replenish with Valaze Pasteurized Cream (1.00). 2. Clear and animate with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood. Gives your skin a soft, translucent glow (1.00). 3. Tone and brace with Valaze Skin Toning Lotion. Moderates fine lines, closes pores (1.25).

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the good times you've missed. I don't get around much. I thought it might be fun doing something a little—unconventional. That's why I told you I was an actress, I guess. Teaching's so kind of colorless. I wanted to leave my drab old self behind. But you don't. You take yourself with you."

"Yes. But where did you get all that dope about the theater?"

She flushed. "I read a stage sheet. I—I—get a thrill out of it, I guess." Suddenly, then, she laughed and laid her hand over his. "I guess we're just a couple of old fools, Willie."

For the first time the air was cleared. They were friends.

Then she looked at the time and blew up. "Half past two! Fine fix I'm in! Have to go out to Flatbush, the end of the world! By the time I get there it'll be time to go to school."

"Now listen, Belle, I got an idea. And don't argue. You're going to take a room right here in this hotel. That's what you're going to do. Then in the morning I'll slip out and get you something to wear." He began lacing his shoes determinedly.

"Oh, no, I couldn't! Sleep here! And let a stranger man buy——"

"Belle, I'm too tired. I've had enough. All night long you've had your way. Now please do what I say." In the end he got his way and the room.

He left her in the elevator, dead tired but still defensive. "I never in my life went to bed without brushing my teeth."

"Well, for once it won't kill you."

He staggered back to his room, pulled off his shoes, set the alarm. Then he sank into a bog and knew no more. Until a pneumatic drill went through his ear. He sat up. Big Ben. He choked it. He remembered.

WITH clammy hands, chafing, he walked the street, waiting for My Ladies' Shoppe to show signs of life.

He handed Belle an armful of miscellaneous apparel. She sure looked like a cartoon in a red-velvet cloak, with the morning light showing up the rain-made measles.

"First time I ever was late to school." She held up the neat gray suit, the gray-felt hat, the gray umbrella he'd picked out with one eye. "Why all gray? Do you think I'm an old lady? Oh, well, they're very nice. I'll send you a check. You needn't wait—go on back to bed."

"Well, good-by," he said sleepily. "I hope you'll live it down."

"Good-by," she said, "and take care of that cold. And don't forget to take your aspirin, and what you really ought to do is get yourself a scarf of some kind. You're dressed much too lightly."

HE HAD no words, no will. He rolled over, waterlogged with need of rest and relief, releasement.

When he woke up his limbs were heavy. His head rocked rhythmically like a radiator out of order. Nevertheless he promptly picked up the phone, notified the papers of his arrival, and called a few friends. Then he packed his bag and sat down at the window. He gazed out at the jagged sky, into the night before. Then he thought of home. A glow leaped up in him. It spread through him to his finger-tips. He was no longer lump and dull.

He jumped up, rushed to the desk, seized a pen. The words glowed, too. He was a poet suddenly. "Dearest Sallie." It was a letter of love and of confession.

"I will tell you what has happened to me. Yes, I will tell it all. Last night temptation beckoned. I yielded—very slightly, of course. I had a glimpse of the allure of New York, of its gaudy life. I have turned my back on it. It is not for me.

"You, Sallie, are my guiding star. You are the center of my life. I have built everything around you. There is no realization, no joy, except with you. I realize that. I want you to realize it, too. Sometimes," he wrote, "one gets swamped with bills and babies and all the million and one pressing details of married life. But don't let's lose each other. I am your lover, Sallie, just as in the good old times. Never forget that. When I come home I shall tell you everything that is pent up in me. Through you and with you all my happiness lies."

He made a row of crosses just as in the good old days.

He could see her eyes shine as his were shining now.

Suddenly he felt lighter, freer, surer.

He checked out of the McAllister and into the Schermerhorn. Then with an eager step he hurried down to the Twenties and buzzed about the leather zone on his round of conscientious calls.

THE NEW PATRIOTISM IS PEACE

Continued from Page 29

the chief content of their political activity, for the spirit necessary for the accomplishment of world peace is, at the same time, the only basis for the cultural and material development and for the social peace of each individual nation.

The love of one's own people, work for one's own country, lead of necessity to work for all of mankind. Therefore I believe that international work and international unity are the strongest supports for constructive national work, and are the expression of genuine patriotism.

In this spirit German women wish to serve their own country, and therewith all of mankind.

AUSTRIAN WOMEN AND WORLD PEACE

By Dr. Eugenia Schwarzwald
Writer, sociologist, teacher, Austria

A WOMAN who does not desire world peace must be a monstrosity. She who is entrusted by life to bring human beings into the world can not possibly wish that what she creates so dangerously and in such pain shall be destroyed by gas, lead, and powder. It is the business of woman to see that the race continues. Naturally therefore she seeks to create the best conditions for its continuance. That war is not such a condition needs no arguing. And so woman is the born enemy of war.

Her simplest, most uncultivated instincts help her to recognise the truth. And so it comes about—and those of you who have read the German novel "Class of 1902" will know it—that wherever war becomes a reality, wherever it comes home upon the children, women are the first defeatists. They know that greed and egoism are the real origins of war. They know, too, that in war there are no victors, only conquered. They know that poverty, desperation, and moral depravity are the final result of war. They are not even impressed with the heroism of soldierly death. They hate death and affirm life.

If men, up to the present day, have learned nothing from history, and continue to place life, health, and freedom at stake in war, they at least do so at their own risk. But women, who have been, until now, "spared" from actually going to war, are condemned to send the husbands and sons whom they love more dearly than their own lives. And so every thinking and feeling woman must hate war and fight it. For women there can only be one war—the war against war.

And perhaps the Austrian woman feels more strongly about war than do the women of most lands. Not because she is cleverer or nobler than the others; her virtue is due to what is usually considered a defect—a lack of national feeling. She comes from a land where for many centuries, for better or for worse, nations of different customs, languages, and races have had to put up with each other, and her instincts lead her, therefore, always to hope for a compromise between conflicting interests.

In its composition old Austria possessed a great similarity to the United States, except that we, alas, had no Lincoln who could complete our historical development and bind our peoples permanently together, with malice toward none. The mutual tolerance which keeps together the individual stars in the Stars and Stripes was substituted in Austria by a mere modus vivendi created by the necessity of many nations living together.

Even so, the Austrian woman is free from

Continued on Page 95

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A color photograph

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DOLE 1	DOLE 2	DOLE 3

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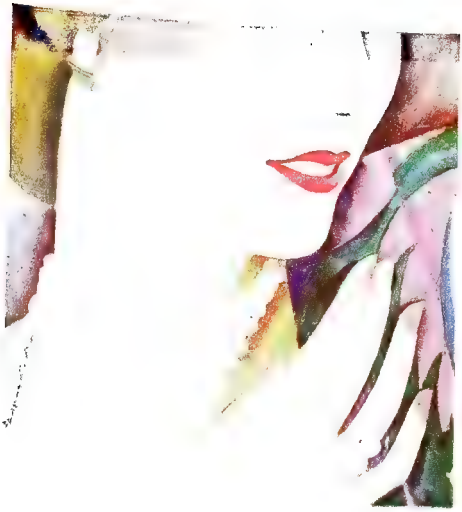

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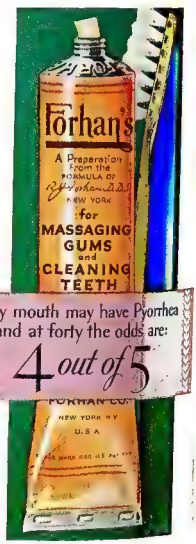
Forhan Company
New York



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that chauvinism which has brought so much disaster to Europe, because she feels that in her own veins, in all probability, German, Czech, Croatian, Ukrainian, and Italian blood mingle harmoniously. In old Austria there was a court, originally Spanish; there were German ministers, Polish politicians, Czecho-Slovak civil officials.

The finest figure in Austrian history, the Emperor Joseph II., had a Spanish grandfather, a French father, a German mother—and he was still the best of all Austrians. And this mixture of the races is responsible for the fact that Austria has seldom in history assumed the rôle of aggressor. Where we have gone into war it has been due to the blundering of our leaders, and not to any militaristic spirit among the people. It was the custom of the old Austria—and one of which women, I think, will approve—to seek security and expansion by the conclusion of happy marriages.

And ever since the time of Prince Eugene of Savoy, until the Great War which almost destroyed us, the growing tendency in Austrian historical development was toward the establishment, by peaceful means, of a real federation of states on the model of the United States.

The harmonious mixture of bloods in Austria explains the warm receptivity of the Austrian woman toward everything foreign, her well-known hospitality toward outsiders, her enthusiasm for foreign products and ideas.

But something else urges the Austrian woman, especially, toward peace. Her nature is closely related to all forms of art. In war the muses must hold their tongues, but the Austrian woman wishes that they should speak and sing. Music, that wondrous medium of understanding for all peoples, is a speech which she commands. She has an aptitude for foreign languages and learns them with enthusiasm.

As a member of a poor, defeated fragment of a once powerful state the Austrian woman to-day can do very little in the great world outside for the cause of permanent peace. And yet the peace movement attracts her powerfully. She has seen the horrifying picture of a mad war and an unjust peace, and the memory of it urges her to work to prevent the recurrence of such dreadfulness.

She knows that the will to peace must begin in the kindergarten. And there she is beginning to teach the lessons of peace.

In to-day's Austria children read French books, sing Italian songs, and, having lost most of their former country, are taught to regard the whole world as their fatherland. In their presence no teacher breathes a word hostile to any other country; the child hears no whisper of imperialism; even the injustices of the peace are not emphasized to him.

Everything which recalls the War or fosters militarism is banished from school-books. Warlike playthings are abolished. And so, in our country, a new generation is growing up without any conception of war, and without any admiration for war's so-called glories. And in her own narrow circle the Austrian mother kills war with silence.

In this she is supported by the fact that hundreds of thousands of Austrian children, in the time of the deepest misery, found refuge amongst the neutral peoples of Europe. The child who, in Stockholm, found a tender foster-father, knows that the ocean is not made to separate peoples, but to be crossed that they may come to understand each other better; the child who remembers glorious days among kindly people in Switzerland will never forget, his whole life long, that behind the tall mountains live folks whom he loves.

Austria to-day is powerless. I fear, therefore, that the Austrian will to peace has a low market value. It is a virtue born out of necessity. But we all believe that a better future lies ahead of us. And it is comforting to think that there is being prepared for that future a generation who will keep the peace, because peace is as natural to them as breathing.

THE FEAR OF WAR IS DECLINING THE BIRTH-RATE

By Mrs. Bertrand Russell

Writer, lecturer, teacher, Great Britain

EUROPEAN women of all parties and classes, tho not united in action, are united in fear of wars in the near future.

The fall in the birth-rate in most European countries reflects as much the fear of war as the fear of economic insecurity.

Women's best reply to the war danger is to unite in a world campaign to show governments the value of life, by stressing maternity care and maternal mortality, child nurture, education, and racial improvement. Especially should education present the world as a whole, and education be freed from nationalist bias. All this is impossible if money is to be wasted on destruction and the best are taken for slaughter.

Further, a change in the laws and customs governing our sexual code, rendering them more humane, would tend to diminish the ferocity which makes for wars.

And women should make the world realize that wars mean mutual extermination, not only of fighting forces, but of whole populations.

Possible causes of war are greed for natural resources; European and South-American dread of economic and military imperialism by the United States; the hostility of nations to Russian development; ungenerous treatment of colored peoples.

I would appeal especially to all American and English women to persuade their governments to show an unmistakable desire for peace, by disarmament, agreement over trade, trade with Russia, and friendly cooperation with colored and undeveloped peoples.

FRENCH WOMEN AND PEACE

By Madame André Siegfried

France

IT IS difficult to judge French women's opinions about peace and war by the collective expression which they may give through committees and leagues. French women are utterly individualistic, and up to now generally unorganized.

To the French, war means essentially two things: conscription and invasion. When there is war every one participates, and women know from long experience that a husband or father or son is called and may never return. There is actually no family in France which has not had such an experience.

Some countries see war as something afar. For France, war means invasion of your own soil, violation of your own home; such things have happened five times in the last century. Women remember them.

In consequence of this, French women hate war more than any women in the world, because it is not theory with them. They know war at home. But at the same time they have a certain sense of fatality. They feel the uselessness of words when they envisage such catastrophes.

They will always heartily support devices to do away with war, such as the Hague Tribunal, the League of Nations, the Kellogg Pact. But for a long time to come they may not deem these sufficient, for at bottom they are skeptical about human nature—and the frontier is very near!

DANISH WOMEN AND WORLD PEACE

By Karin Michaelis

Novelist, publicist, Denmark

NO ONE in Denmark wishes now, or at any future time, to wage an offensive war. If that were the whole matter we should all be in agreement. But, unfortunately, there is a word called "defense," and this word compels us still so to arm ourselves as tho we lived in the gray middle ages.

If one says, "It has been proved and proved again that a population can not protect itself against air-raids and gas-attacks," and if one asks whether, then, our last penny is still to be spent for gas-masks and airplanes, instead of perfecting an international organization to end war, people either say we should not talk about things we do not understand, or we are mocked as unpatriotic.

And just as we love our little Denmark, so does every other man and woman in the world love the country of his nativity—unfortunately to the disadvantage of all other lands. Out of this warm and beautiful love of one's home come all manner of evil things as a result.

First, last, and all the time, a man loves his own land. What concern of ours is it, we ask, what happens elsewhere, so long as we manage to get along pretty well at

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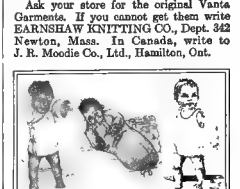

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Send the coupon for our free booklet, "Keeping Sickness Out." Keep it for reference as thousands of mothers do.

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After 40 years, the weight of medical opinion is that nothing has been found to take the place of "Lysol"—and today the world uses over 7 million *gallons* a year for general disinfection and for feminine hygiene. It is so powerful that one drop, by laboratory test, will kill 200,000,000 typhoid germs in a quarter of a minute—or 125,000,000 of the B. staphylococcus p. aureus, the pus in boils, abscesses, etc., in the same time.

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home? Do other countries wage war and slaughter human beings? That is no concern of ours. But we to any one who threatens us! For defense of a little country like my own means defense against devastation, division, destruction.

Not long ago I had a conversation with an important marine officer. He said, "I pray each evening that it will come to war between Russia and China." When I looked at him with astonished eyes he explained, "You see, I am a patriot. In case there should be war between those two countries our minister, who is for disarmament, will see how stupid he is, and we shall prepare. If we prepare we shall spare a whole generation from a new war. That will mean that we shall save from ten to twenty thousand young Danes."

When I replied that even if his reasoning were correct a Chinese-Russian war would cost not ten or twenty thousand but many hundreds of thousands of lives, he answered haughtily, "But surely you don't seriously consider a few Russians and Chinese!"

AND for that remark I knew no answer. Nor is this way of thinking extraordinary. There are many such patriots.

Pan-Europe, Count Coudenhove-Kalergi's beautiful and sensible idea, was killed by silence here in Denmark, with the exception of a single article which I wrote about it several years ago. At that time it was impossible to find five people in all Denmark who believed in a United States of Europe. People said, "Ridiculous idea!" But now that the French Premier, M. Briand, has adopted Coudenhove's idea, the United States of Europe is quite fashionable, and one hears many people say, "Not at all a bad plan." And so a modest beginning has been made. Pan-Europe, to my mind, is itself only an approach to another, ultimate goal: pan-world.

I think that it is overtime for women to organize in the cause of peace. There is, to be sure, already a world organization of women, but it has been prevented by ideas of nationalism, race, politics, and what not from directing their single-mindedly to its goal. And there are other world organizations directly and indirectly promoting peace. We need but one. It must be open to women of all varieties of political views. Conservatives or radicals—there is only one peace for all of us.

After the women of the world, who can do most? Unquestionably the teachers. In every country the school-teacher carries on his shoulders the happiness and honor of his country; he can do more for mankind than all the preachers, artists, and statesmen. He prepares the ground of the child's mind and soul. The future reaps the fruits of his sowing.

There is already a world alliance of teachers in the cause of peace. It is barely three years old, and already has over a million members. And if these million teachers implant in the minds of their students the peace idea—in the place of the dead or outworn things they have been accustomed to hammer into young brains in the past—and if they do it with enthusiasm and conviction, then it is certain that most children will leave school to be active friends of peace.

Of course this is not enough. Still, in many countries, there are persons who have power to decide that every youth, before he is grown, shall learn the so-called "arts" of war.

As long as such rulers exist, not subject to the will of the people, as long as champions of peace can be deported or interned, or stood before a firing-squad, education for peace will be impotent.

I wish that somewhere in the world the friends of peace would establish a publishing-house which would print little copy-books. They would be bound and printed, separately for each country. Each little book would have on its cover the flag of the land for which it was designed and a symbol signifying world peace. The contents would consist of a short text, explaining that he who signed this book was taking a pledge to help maintain peace throughout the world, a pledge never to work in the interests of war.

Every school would receive as many books as it had students. The seven-year-old child, entering school, would not be too young to write his name in such a book, and his teacher could explain to him, as early as this, what war means, in misery, destruction, and shame. At the end of each year, on a day appointed throughout the world, every boy and girl would be asked, "Will you help to abolish war forever? If you wish to do so, write your name in this book."

There would thus be enacted in every schoolhouse (great or small) a scene as solemn as that at Paris when the leaders of the world's nations signed the Kellogg-Briand Pact in renunciation of war.

And I should be surprized if any child in the world would declare himself for war. Then the books would be carefully put away, as befits treasured documents, until the next year when the ceremony would be repeated. And the children would learn that their "yes" or "no" had the nature of the oath which grown-ups take, on the Bible, before a court.

And altho I am the last person in the world to wish to frighten children, I believe that they should be taught the horrors of war in the most vivid and picturesque fashion.

THERE is nothing unpatriotic in the thought that children must be trained to hate war and to love peace. The nations of the world, led by the United States, have renounced war, solemnly, officially, and without equivocation, in a general pact, and have pledged themselves to seek the solution of their disputes only by pacific means.

If this means anything, it must mean re-education on the presumption of peace. It must mean that we must do away with militism in our schools, with all the drills which keep before children the expectation of war. It is natural that a generation, trained as ours has been, to think of war as a legal weapon of a sovereign state, and as something inevitable, however deplorable, should be unable, as our generation has been, to create an adequate mechanism for preventing war.

But a new generation, trained to think the preservation of world peace to be a first duty of citizenship, will work out and perfect the world organization which we have only faultily begun.

COOKING FOR TWO

Continued from Page 46

sifted together. Bake in a square or loaf cake-pan in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) for 40 minutes. Split the cake crosswise. Fill with sweetened peaches and whipped cream. Cover with whipped cream and garnish with sliced peaches.

For Sunday night supper try this menu:

CHICKEN SALAD MOUSSE — RIPE OLIVES
HOT ROLLS — COFFEE OR TEA
SPONGE-CAKE WITH HOT CARAMEL SAUCE

Chicken Salad Mousse

2 Teaspoonfuls Gelatin	½ Cupful Finely Diced Celery
3 Tablespoonfuls Cold Water	1 Tablespoonful Minced Pimiento
½ Cupful Boiling Water	½ Cupful Mayonnaise
1 Cupful Minced Chicken	½ Cupful Cream
¼ Teaspoonful Salt	

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water and dissolve it in the boiling water. Cool until it becomes the consistency of heavy sirup. Stir in the chicken, celery, pimiento, and salt. Fold in the mayonnaise and the cream, which has been stiffly whipped. Pour into a large mold or into individual molds. Chill in the refrigerator. Unmold; garnish with mayonnaise and strips of pimiento. Serve on a bed of lettuce.

Sponge-Cake with Hot Caramel Sauce

2 Egg Whites	½ Cupful Flour
2 Egg Yolks	¼ Teaspoonful Baking powder
½ Cupful Sugar	½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Tablespoonful Lemon juice	

BEAT the egg whites stiff, and beat in half of the sugar. Beat the egg yolks until lemon-colored, and beat in the other half of the sugar. Combine the mixtures. Add the lemon-juice, and fold in the dry ingredients, which have been

Continued on Page 98

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TO EVERY BUSY WOMAN WHO WANTS A MORE BEAUTIFUL SKIN

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THIS ORIGINAL 75¢ BOTTLE OF AMBROSIA

YOU wouldn't believe it: you wouldn't believe that simply cleansing with a liquid—even a liquid that is sunlit, refreshing, zestfully clean as the Springtime—could so quickly refine skin-texture, could keep it firm, radiant, young!

You wouldn't believe it, so we want to send you Ambrosia. This is an unusual offer...a daring test of a wholly new method of cleansing. We make it because we have faith in our product... because we have seen the enthusiastic approval of fastidious women, customers of Saks-Fifth Avenue and other smart stores, when the same offer was made to them.

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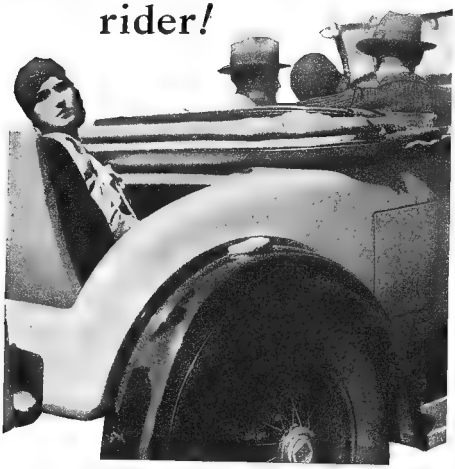

Whiten Teeth quickly

Nobody likes to look at a Bacterial-Mouth (you have it)

TO HAVE dazzling white teeth—free from stain, tartar and decay—you must guard against a condition that is embarrassing to its victim and offensive to others—Bacterial-Mouth. It is caused by germs that sweep into the mouth with every breath.

You have it. We all have it. And no ordinary preparation can cope with it.

But Kolynos quickly removes Bacterial-Mouth by killing the germs that cause it. In 10 seconds this antiseptic dental cream kills 190 million bacteria!

Use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique for 3 days—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night. Then look at your teeth—fully 3 shades whiter!

In 10 days the improvement will be so marked you will never again say that sparkling white teeth are a gift received only by a fortunate few.

This Approved Technique

Dentists have long advocated the Dry-Brush Technique as the one way to use a dental cream full strength and keep brush bristles stiff enough to clean every tooth surface and massage gums properly. Only Kolynos permits this approved technique.

This highly concentrated double-strength dental cream is unique in action. When it enters the mouth it multiplies 25 times and becomes a surging, antiseptic foam that makes wetting the toothbrush unnecessary.

Removes Ugly Yellow

You can feel Kolynos work. It foams into every pit, fissure and crevice. Germs that cause Bacterial-Mouth and lead to stain, decay and gum diseases are instantly killed. They vanish completely and the entire mouth is purified.

This amazing Kolynos Foam removes food particles that ferment and cause decay—neutralizes acids—washes away tartar and the mucoid coating that clouds teeth.

Easily, it cleans and polishes teeth down to the naked white enamel—without injury. And for 3 hours after each brushing this cleansing, purifying process continues.

So long as you use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique, teeth will remain gleaming white and sound, and gums will be healthy.

Look for Results in 3 Days

If you want whiter, sounder teeth and firm, pink gums start using Kolynos—a half-inch on a dry brush, morning and night. Within 3 days teeth will look whiter—fully 3 shades. Gums will look and feel better. Your mouth will tingle with a clean, sweet taste. Buy a tube of Kolynos or mail this coupon for a generous trial tube—SENT FREE.

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Continued from Page 96

sifted together. Bake in a small tube-pan or in a shallow square pan in a moderate oven (325 degrees F.) for 35 to 40 minutes. Serve as an accompaniment to fruit or ice-cream or serve with caramel sauce as dessert.

Caramel Sauce

1 Tablespoonful Butter
¼ Cupful Milk
½ Cupful Brown Sugar
½ Cupful White Sugar
¼ Teaspoonful Salt

COMBINE all the ingredients. Cook slowly, stirring occasionally, until a little dropped in cold water will form a soft ball (236 degrees F.). Remove from the fire, and cool slightly before serving.

Date Torte

½ Package Dates
½ Cupful Boiling Water
2 Tablespoonfuls Shortening
¾ Cupful Flour
½ Teaspoonful Baking-powder
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Cupful Sugar
1 Egg
Few Drops Vanilla

TO THE chopped dates add the boiling water and the shortening. Allow the mixture to cool. Add the beaten egg and the dry ingredients, which have been beaten together. Stir in the vanilla. Bake on a moderate hot waffle-iron for 4 minutes. Serve with whipped cream or with hard sauce.

INFORMAL DINING ROOMS

Continued from Page 43

for the room which it is especially desirable to furnish at little cost, reversible carpet rugs woven from old carpets and rags may be had in delectable plain colors.

The dining-room that is pictured here is inexpensive, yet it is undeniably pretty. The walls are papered in a pale parchment-buff with a diamond striping. The cupboards are painted in a deeper tone of the same color as the paper, and the interiors a deep turquoise-blue. The china is predominantly yellow. The chest is done in old parchment-yellow, with the table to match. The chairs are painted the deep blue color; the rag rug is deep blue, with two cream-colored stripes at each side. The scalloped wooden cornice-board is painted a rich deep blue; the overdrape material is of deep blue cretonne with a design of golden yellow, and the glass-curtains are of yellow batiste.

This room is just a bit more expensive than was my first dining-room, since I have shown the use of two cupboards, which can be bought unfinished and painted at home, and I have used an extension gate-leg table instead of the cheaper table of drop-leaf kitchen variety. I wanted you to see that this simple scheme of furnishing is worth as much elaboration as you and your room seem to require. In fact it may be duplicated in the mahogany, walnut, cherry, or maple with delightful results. And in no matter what medium, it is a friendly, charming scheme, due chiefly to the informal nature of its furniture-pieces.

PERFECT ROASTS

Continued from Page 53

roasting until the internal temperature is (1) 140 degrees F. for rare roast beef; (2) 160 for medium roast; and (3) 180 for well-done roast beef.

For standing rib-roast allow 15 minutes to the pound for rare roast, 18 minutes for medium roast, and 21 minutes for well-done roast beef.

For a rolled rib-roast allow 20 minutes to the pound for rare roast, 23 minutes for medium roast, and 28 minutes for well-done roast beef.

Roast veal: Sear the meat at 525 degrees F. for 15 minutes; lower the heat to 250, and continue cooking until the internal temperature is 160; or allow 22 minutes to the pound.

Roast lamb: Sear the meat at 480 degrees F. for 30 minutes; lower the heat to 300, and continue roasting until the internal temperature is 182 for leg of lamb, 160 for loin of lamb; or allow 35 minutes to the pound.

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Roast pork: Sear the meat at 500 degrees F. for 15 minutes; lower the temperature, and continue roasting until the internal temperature is 182; or allow 25 to 30 minutes to the pound.

Poultry: Sear the meat at 450 degrees F. for 25 to 30 minutes; lower the temperature to 250, and continue cooking until the bird is tender.

When the meat is cooked, remove it from the roaster so that gravy may be made in the pan in which the meat was cooked.

RECIPES

Stuffings and Accompaniments

Yorkshire Pudding (with Roast Beef)

1 Cupful Flour — 1 Cupful Milk
½ Teaspoonful Salt — 2 Eggs

BEAT the eggs, add the milk, and beat in the flour and salt with an egg-beater. Half an hour before time to serve pour the batter into the bottom of the roaster under the wire rack holding the meat. Be sure that there is at least one-third inch of drippings in the bottom of the pan. Return to oven and continue roasting. Remove the meat and brown the pudding just before serving. Cut in squares and serve with the meat.

Cinnamon Apples (with Roast Pork)

For 6 Apples (Choose Well-shaped, Firm Ones) — 1½ Cupful Red Cinnamon Candies
1½ Cupful Sugar — 1½ Cupful Water

PEEL and core the apples. Mix the sugar, candies, and water, and heat to the boiling-point. Stir constantly until the sugar and candies are dissolved. Cook the apples in the sirup until they are tender. Turn and baste them so they will be cooked equally well on all sides. Place around the roast.

Fluffy Mashed Potato (to Stuff Crown Roast of Lamb)

ADD seasonings, hot milk or cream, and butter to potatoes, and mash. Beat thoroughly. When smooth add the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs. Turn into center of crown-roast, and return to the oven to reheat and brown.

Sausage Stuffing (for Chicken)

4 Slices Bread (Milk to Soften) — ½ Teaspoonful Sage
¼ Onion (Cut in Small Pieces) — 2 Pork Sausages
Salt and Pepper

BREAK the bread into small pieces and soften with the milk. Add the onion, seasonings, and egg. Last of all work the sausages through the mixture.

Oyster Dressing (for Turkey)

10 Oysters — 1 Tablespoonful Butter
2 Cupfuls Bread-crums — ½ Tablespoonful Parsley
Salt and Pepper

DRAIN and rinse the oysters with cold water. Put the butter in a saucepan with the oysters, and heat to the boiling-point. Add the bread-crums, parsley, and seasonings.

Cranberry Conserve (to Accompany Veal-Roast)

4 Cupfuls Cranberries — 1 Cupful Raisins
1 Cupful Cold Water — 1 Orange
1 Cupful Boiling Water — 1 Cupful Chopped Walnut-meats
3 Cupfuls Sugar

PICK over and wash the cranberries. Add the cold water, and cook until the skins break. Strain. Add the boiling water, nut-meats, raisins, sugar, and orange (which has been washed and chopped into small pieces). Allow to simmer until thickened

THE DUEL OF THE QUEENS

Continued from Page 27

with your sweet self? Forgive—an admirer whose admiration is so respectful that it knows no hope. How can it when all the world knows the Marys are sworn to virginity while their mistress remains unwedded? Shall I try to tell you how many men in France and Scotland are sighing for the marriage of your queen? Or do you guess?"

Again Mary Beton sighed. His manners were courtly, but he also inspired a sense of wisdom, of strength, of something a woman could lean on should she need support. He continued gently.

"Naturally her marriage is of tremendous

"Why, Doctor, I'm using that now!"

SHE had feared this interview with the doctor. But what a relief it was to find that nothing really serious was wrong with her health!

"Follow my suggestions carefully and you'll soon feel yourself again," assured the doctor, "But guard against constipation," he added.

"Do I need anything for that?" she asked.

"Just take care to keep regular in your habits," replied the doctor, "and take a simple laxative if you find it necessary. Only be sure when you use a laxative, that it is something safe and gentle. Ex-Lax is good."

"Why, doctor, I'm using that now," she exclaimed.

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importance to all the world, and since my whole heart is concerned in it I hope the marriage of the queen would not be displeasing to her whom I dare worship."

"If it were for her good it would be a joy to all who love her, and of those I am one," Mary Beton said. The touch of his hand was gentle, but perceptible.

"We understand each other, you and I. Then I will tell you, on the solemn promise that it goes no further."

She shaped a faint promise with her lips.

"In England, as you know, there is no question more important to us all. And Madam Elizabeth feels that she should have the casting voice in view of Queen Mary's heirship to England. Now—but this is a mighty secret!"

So mighty that Mary Beton's ears tingled at being made its repository.

"It is proposed—lean you ear close. Ah, what an ear!—that she should marry an English nobleman. Your wisdom will see the point. In that way our English pride will be gratified, and besides, as you know, our stubborn nation would never accept a foreign prince as king consort. Now I will test your bright intelligence. Who is the man to be envied above all others excepting only the one to whom Mistress Mary Beton gives her heart?"

IT WAS beautifully said. She felt the subject had been introduced only to give him a foothold of mutual confidence with her. She would show him she was worthy of it.

"I have guessed already!" she said. "I had guessed before you spoke. Who but Lord Darnley? When he came so secretly to visit the queen in less than three weeks after the King of France's death, *my* mind was made up."

Randolph thrilled to his finger-tips! So this was that, and a march stolen on Elizabeth and Throckmorton as you might say under Throckmorton's nose! And not a hint had leaked out. This would be a pretty spike in his wheel when it came to Elizabeth's ears, as it would by the swiftest courier he could find.

And Darnley's parents, the Earl and Countess of Lennox, were in England under Elizabeth's pouncing paw. And the long lad himself was there—a fool whose wits were as short as his legs were long! She would make the three pay dear for that ride of his in France.

Randolph could have shouted aloud for triumph. Instead he pressed Mary Beton's hand more closely.

SATISFIED that she had impressed him, Mary Beton went on to prove her intellect still further by proudly enumerating the suitors for the queen's hand.

"And King Eric of Sweden has written privately to say he is for true knight——"

Eric of Sweden! Elizabeth's own suitor? Speechless at the wealth of the gold-mine he had struck, Randolph could only smile his understanding.

"So you see my queen need not waste her time on English nobles—not she! She is fair and wise and good. Do you know, Mr. Randolph, that she has chosen two almoners to look into the cases of all distressed persons who ask her charity, and do you know that she has set apart a yearly sum of her money to educate orphans, and do you know that she has appointed an advocate for the poor whom she pays to defend their causes in cases of injustice, and that she has appointed the judges to sit three days a week that there be no delays nor lame justice in Scotland, and that she herself will sit in the court to-morrow with her angels face to hear the cases tried and see justice done? No, there is none like her, and the more you know her the more you will love our queen of queens."

Randolph knew these things, but they did not especially interest him. He thought them the whim of a pretty lady determined to be noticed for her charity. Still, he would mention them to Cecil.

Supposing anything were to happen to Elizabeth, they would be a popular sort of advertisement for her successor, and it would tell well for himself that he had reported them. What really moved him to the soul was the information as to Darnley. The discovery would give him much credit with Elizabeth.

And Eric of Sweden! What national mischief a sweet-faced woman may work! That would drive Elizabeth mad. And Chastelard? Could there be anything in that? Was there any reserve in Mary Beton's

She who's slim and smooth of throat . . . looks forever young

A SMOOTH young throat is one of life's loveliest gifts—yours for the keeping. How wickedly foolish it is to let cruel lines give your throat a crêpe-like texture! A crêpy throat looks so dreadfully old, and an elderly throat makes even a young woman look middle-aged.

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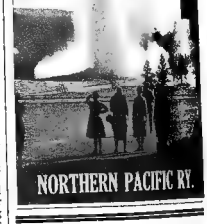

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1229 S. Wabash Avenue Dept. 62 Chicago, Illinois

confidences? He was vexed to the core when the other couples passing recalled the need of offering his hand and leading her to her place in the next measure.

Alas, there was very much in that affair of Chastelard's. The French left Scotland, and doubtless the knowledge of that inevitable parting precipitated the tragedy which Brantôme had foreseen in grim silence. For Chastelard returned, slipping back uninvited over those gray seas, and it would have been better that his ship had foundered. Mary's instincts had told her of his hopeless love, and its hopelessness warmed a pity in her heart. To her he held the rank of a great poet, and in her heart, as in the estimation of France, a poet was the equal of a king and more.

These things were not understood in half-barbarous Scotland, and she herself would not have scrupled to give some great and public mark of her favor to the French Apollo. Failing that, she welcomed him to her presence, sighed over the male beauty of his voice and the passion of his words, mourned sweetly to him of her grief at his going, her joy at his return, and did her foolish best with innocence unworthy of her nearly nineteen years to fan a flame that needed icy streams to preserve her safety and his own.

EAGLE eyes were upon her. Whether she sat at council with her ministers or danced in the great gallery at Holyrood every motion and glance was watched and reported. John Knox now only lived to decry her.

"In the presence of her council," he wrote bitterly, "she keeps herself very grave, for under her mourning-weeds she can play the hypocrite in full perfection. But now that her French fiddlers and others of that band have got the house there may be seen skipping not very comely for honest women." Chastelard, with his heathen gods and goddesses, was Knox's special aversion. A slip there would have gladdened his stern heart.

Moray with the same thought bided his time. There might be other things besides "skipping not very comely for honest women." If so it would certainly be to his advantage to know them. He was of the opinion that Mary might be mad enough to appoint Chastelard her secretary and keep him in Scotland, and it was annoying to see that she did not do so, but began to take equal interest in the noble voice of a little, deformed Italian, David Rizzio, who had come to Scotland with the ambassador of the Duke of Savoy and ingratiated himself with her by taking the tenor solo at the Chapel Royal.

There she would sit, lost in ecstasy, as the little man chanted the "Ave Maria," cheek leaning on a fair hand, eyes raised in transport to his ugly face. It angered Moray. It drove Chastelard mad. It bewildered Randolph, who wrote distractedly to Mr. Secretary Cecil that even through "private intelligense" he could not come at the truth about Chastelard, tho he would certainly unravel it before long.

Randolph was busy at the moment, making lists and summaries of the histories of the Scots lords and other personalities whom he thought would be of interest to English policy in Scotland, since his sovereign feared Mary might choose some powerful nobleman of her own country for consort. As the months went by and his lists grew more complete there were few about whom the English court did not possess biographies.

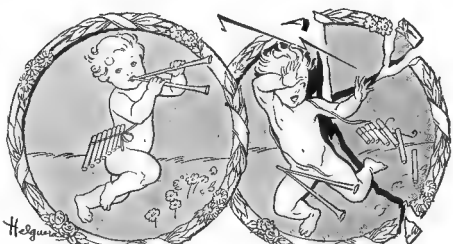
Among them the Earl of Bothwell figured as one very unlikely to attract her favor otherwise than as a rough but trustworthy guardian of the Border—a one-eyed, ugly fool, a boor, boastful, rash, and venturesome. Randolph attached greater importance to Chastelard's gallantries, only to learn later on that Bothwell was to count the more.

PERHAPS the one person who saw accurately enough to distrust every word that Randolph uttered was Mary Seton, who viewed his philanderings with Mary Beton with disgust.

"If you think that man loves you, you never were more mistook," she said with bluntness to the amorous Beton some weeks after the famous purpose. "For I tell you, Mary Beton, that every word that sharpster can scavenge is reported in his next mail to England, and you should guard your tongue with bit and bridle lest he should hurt the queen with your foolish gossip."

Continued on Page 111

MOTHERS, the world over, strive valiantly to give their children happiness—wholesome happiness, a chance to enjoy the richest, fullest lives. Contrary forces forever oppose mother's hopes. Today, change—speed—unrest work to



thwart her yearning for contentment—family affection—morality. Humanizing culture is spurned. Children are overwise and blasé. Adolescents mock marriage. Crime is luring youth to ruin. Men and women are whizzing through life to the clatter of the eternal machine—the Machine, a splendid servant, but a soulless master. Brutalizing forces of decadence threaten the heritage mothers would bequeath to their children.

Is this, then, the time to strike a blow at music, the art which beyond all others sways the gentler nature of Man? No?

But ***it will be a blow at music*** if Machine-made Sound is permitted to drive Living Music from the Theatre! Musical taste corrupted! Musical education discouraged! Mothers have the right to a voice in this issue. They will not want their children to grow up in a world devoid of Living Music and all that it means to humanity.

Here is their chance to cast a vote on this issue:

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS
1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please enroll my name in the Music Defense League as one who considers the elimination of Living Music from the theatres deplorable, both from the standpoints of art and economics.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... *State* .....

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS
(Comprising 140,000 professional musicians in the United States and Canada)
JOSEPH N. WEBER, *President*

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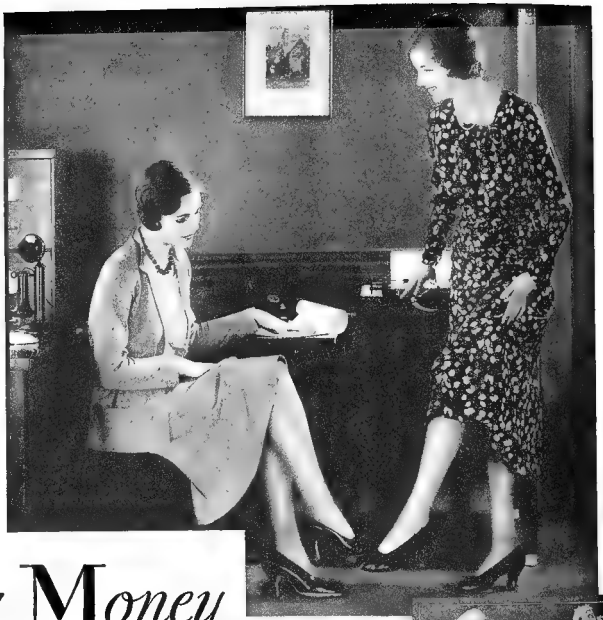
"How *can* you afford so many new stockings?"

"Since I learned this secret of the Big Broadway Shows . .



My Stocking Money goes twice as far!"

"My stockings cost me $1.45 a pair and they never seemed to last *any time at all!*

"One day I looked over the ruins of half a dozen pairs. I was so tired of having only one good pair to my name! How I longed to have six pairs in my stocking box *all in good condition.*

"But my stockings wore out so fast it left me poor just replacing worn-out ones.

"Then I happened to read how the big New York musical shows keep *their* stockings just like new *twice as long* with Lux.

"I decided to try it myself. And I've actually done just what these big shows do—I make my stockings wear twice as long, by always washing them in Lux.

"Now my stocking money buys extra pairs instead of just replacing worn-outs. I've several good pairs of the latest shades *all the time*—and I don't spend a cent more!"

Producers of Broadway's musical shows just *had* to do something to make sheer stockings last longer. Their hosiery bills ran into staggering figures—every year.

So they tried many different soaps, different washing methods . . . found just what you will find when you try it—that stocking money goes further, if you *always* wash stockings in Lux!

Big Broadway shows all insist on Lux! "We would use Lux even if it cost $1.00 a box," says the Shubert general manager—"Lux saves stockings!"

FASCINATING Clara Bow, like so many other movie stars, and all the big movie studios, insists on Lux to keep stockings and fine things new looking far longer.

REMEMBER, too, that other famous authorities—the smartest of Fifth Avenue dressmakers, and buyers of 132 leading department stores—insist on Lux!

JUST A DIP in a bowl of sparkling Lux suds—a rinse—stockings come out with the color and sheen of new! And how much longer they wear with Lux!

LUX has no harmful alkali—as many soaps do, whether flakes, chips or cakes—and with Lux suds there is no *rubbing*—that's why Lux keeps stockings like new so much longer!

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PICTORIAL REVIEW FASHIONS

Paris Says

We've grown used to high waists and long skirts, but Fashion has another surprize up her sleeve. And it's literally up her sleeve, for with it Paris does the most amazing things. One of her newest tricks is to cut the sleeve off short, half-way above the elbow. Sometimes a frock is finished in the Irène Dana manner, with the tiniest of puff sleeves. Little cap sleeves are quaint and considered quite chic now. When sleeves are long, however, they are elaborate. Often they end in great balloon puffs from elbow to wrist, embroidered in silk or beads, or made of contrasting fabric. Again, small puffs occur above or below the elbow in a long tight sleeve. And there are all manner of cuff treatments—bows, and spiralled bands, and flaring bell shapes.

Of course all this is a direct result of the long skirts. But it's important to know how long skirts should be—and when. For sports and informal daytime wear, the skirt that extends four inches below the knee is the accepted length. Formal afternoon frocks extend to the middle of the calf, or longer. But in the evening, hemlines almost touch the floor, and often dip to small trains in the back!

Prints that will appear this Spring are all designed to respond to the flowing lines of the new silhouette. Thus soft-massed effects prevail for daytime, and large indefinite designs for night. Designs themselves are often influenced by the romantic tendencies of modern fashion. The quaint dot-dash patterns of the Japanese, Spain's ribbons and guitars, her vivid reds and yellows—these are variously interpreted in numberless Spring prints. Plain fabrics see heavy, rough crêpes again in the fore, while semi-sheer materials are gaining in importance.

Lace will be better than ever for this year's evening frocks, with flat crêpe, taffeta, and moiré still rating high. For formal afternoons at Southern resorts, cottons furnish some charming fabrics: dotted swiss, voile, plain or embroidered organdie and batiste are fashioned into the most adorable frocks imaginable. Allover eyelet, embroidered voile makes those sweetly-feminine frocks that are so chic now, for once more, you know, it's smart to be pretty.

Woolens for Spring are going in for white-flecked novelties in softer, lighter colors. The newest note, however, is provided by the orange tones. Green mixtures, for instance, are strikingly woven with a bit of capucine, and this bright accent also touches brown and beige patterns. Lacey jerseys and loosely-woven tweeds rate highest. The most interesting innovation, however, is the return of serge and gabardine to the fashion limelight.

A most intriguing characteristic of the Spring fashions is the prevalence of capelets, boleros, and short jackets. Many of the long-skirted frocks boast shoulder capes and tiny capelets, and they are charming. Boleros, with or without sleeves, appear on formal and informal frocks. Coat suits have jackets that nip in at the natural waistline with tucks or encrusted belts.

5137

5131

5146

5146 5131 5137

BOLEROS GO FORMAL

5137—The short bolero is a high fashion for Spring. Notice, too, the snug hipband and the panels over the circular skirt. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4 yards 39-inch fabric—2¾ yards 36-inch allover lace. Width about 4 yards.

SHIRRED NECKLINE

5131—Shirring and a soft bow create a smartly flattering neckline. Flaring Puritan cuffs and the long godet at the side of the skirt are new features. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch material. Width about 2¾ yards.

A CIRCULAR TUNIC

5146—Gathers lend softness to the fitted bodice, and the circular tunic is smart. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch material for frock—⅝ yard 36-inch allover lace for collar and cuffs. Width about 2⅝ yards.

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BORDERED FABRICS INSPIRE NEW PARIS MODELS

SMART TWIN PRINTS

5129—Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 39-inch print with light background—1⅞ yard 39-inch print with dark background—2 yards binding. Width about 3⅛ yards.

LOW-PLACED PLEATS

5143—Details are stressed here. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch material—1¾ yard binding. Width about 1⅝ yard. Embroidery 13128, colored transfer.

CHIC SHORT SLEEVES

5144—Short kimono sleeves are fashion's smartest. These are finished with ruffles. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch bordered material. Width about 2⅝ yards.

WITH CAPE COLLAR

5132—The wide cape collar and new tiered silhouette are a fresh note in Spring fashions. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4 yards 39-inch bordered material. Width about 1¾ yard.

THE CAPE ENSEMBLE

5140—The high-waisted silhouette is accented by a cape that swings in jaunty style. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 39-inch bordered material. Width about 1½ yard.

DIAGONAL DETAIL

5115—Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch print for frock—3¾ yards binding—1 yard 39-inch contrasting plain material for the scarf. Width about 1⅝ yard.

CAPELETS AND SOFT COLLARS VARY DAY FROCKS

IMPORTANT ENSEMBLE

4709—Coat. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. 5139—Frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Width about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch—4⅜ yards 39-inch—⅝ yard plain.

A CLAUDINE COLLAR

4991—A girlish collar and high belt are chic. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Width about 2⅝ yards. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch fabric for frock—⅜ yard 39-inch material to trim.

NIPPED-IN WAIST

5134—Pointed bands suggest a high waistline, and the soft scarf collar conforms to the new mode. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Width about 3 yards. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch.

LONG MOLDED BODICE

5130—Gathers beneath the front band give soft and becoming fulness. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Width about 4 yards. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards 39-inch dark—⅝ yard 39-inch for collar.

WITH SEAMED DETAIL

5145—Lingerie collar and cuffs are fashionable notes. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Width about 2¼ yards. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch fabric—¼ yard 36-inch allover lace to trim.

NEW CAPELET FROCK

5135—Capelets rate high and buttons are smart features. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Width about 2 yards. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch fabric—¼ yard 36-inch fabric for collar.

Coat 4709
Frock 5139

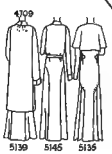
5145

5135

4991

5134

5130



4709

5139 5145 5135

5134 5130

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DAYTIME FROCKS ARE SLIM AND COLORFUL

NEW DRAPED SCARF-TIE

5120—The scarf-tie is typical of the dressmaker detail of 1930. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 5 yards 39-inch semi-sheer material. Width about 1¼ yard.

WITH EPAULET SLEEVES

5128—The epaulet sleeves and shirring detail lend new charm here. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch material. Width about 4 yards.

FRILLED JABOT COLLAR

4866—For wear with the newer suits. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 39-inch plain—⅞ yard 39-inch contrasting for collar, cuffs and bow trimming.

TAILORED SCARF-TIE

5138—A sleeveless model with tailored trim. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 39-inch plain—⅝ yard 39-inch contrasting. Emb. 13128, colored trans.

SOFT FRONT-DRAPERY

5136—Shirrings achieve princess lines that contrast with the skirt drapery. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch material. Width about 3⅛ yards.

DIAGONAL SEAMINGS

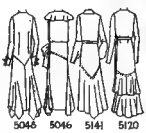
5048—Shirrings, diagonal seamings and the uneven hemline contribute smartness. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 39-inch material. Width about 1¾ yard.

NEW SLEEVELESS TYPE

5046—The rippled collar is new, and the circular theme is repeated in the uneven hemline. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 1¾ yards 39-inch print. Width about 1¾ yard.

A LINGERIE COLLAR

5141—Designed for sizes 16 to 44. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch material—⅛ yard 39-inch contrasting—⅞ yard 4-inch lace banding to trim collar. Width about 3¼ yards.



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LONG OR SHORT SLEEVES FOR SPRING 1930

WITH MOLDED LINES

5124—Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch fabric—⅝ yard 36-inch dark to trim. Width about 2¾ yards. An effective princess frock.

A SQUARE NECKLINE

5147—Designed for sizes 14 to 48. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch fabric—⅝ yard 36-inch light to trim. Width about 1⅝ yard. Strappings are very new and chic.

SMART CAP SLEEVE

5154—Designed for sizes 14 to 48. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch check—⅝ yard 36-inch plain to trim. Width about 1⅞ yard. Short sleeves are outstanding.

SHIRTWAIST FROCK

5133—Designed for sizes 14 to 48. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch dotted—1⅝ yard 36-inch plain for top. Width about 2¼ yards. A new tuck-in type for Spring.

NEW SHORT SLEEVE

5148—Designed for sizes 14 to 48. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch figured—⅝ yard 39-inch plain to trim. Width about 1⅝ yard. Very effective in a gay print.

DIAGONAL PEPLUM

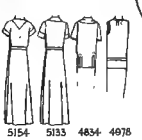
4926—Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch material—1 yard 39-inch light fabric to trim. Width about 2¾ yards at the bottom.

A JABOT BLOUSE

4978—Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 1⅝ yard 39-inch figured material—⅛ yard 39-inch plain for jabot—1¾ yard contrasting binding.

NAUTICAL COLLAR

4834—Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 1⅜ yard 39-inch fabric for blouse—¾ yard 39-inch dotted—2 yards contrasting binding to trim.



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SLENDER LINES
MOLD VARIED TYPES

L. H. 5150 L. H. 5122 L. H. 5149

LACE-TRIMMED GOWN

4326—A yoke, pointed in front and straight in the back, adds charm to this model. Designed for sizes 34 to 44. Size 38 requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch fabric—1¼ yard 27-inch allover lace.

DAINTY BED-JACKET

5114—Contrasting bandings and a decorative appliqué trim this dainty and practical model. Designed for sizes 16 to 46. Size 38 requires 2 yards 39-inch plain—1 yard to trim. Trans. 13119.

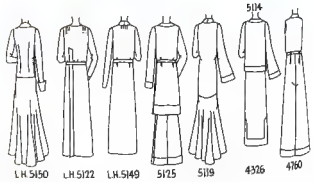
5125
Mon. 686

Jacket 5114
Gown 4326
Trans. 13119

4760

5114

5119



L.H.5150 L.H.5122 L.H.5149 5125 5119 4326 4760

LINGERIE TOUCH

L. H. 5150—Slimness is obtained through the front panel, and seaming detail at the hips. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch print ⅝ yard 36-inch plain for trimming—1⅝ yard lace. Width about 2¾ yards.

BANDING DETAIL

L. H. 5122—The surplice closing and diagonal bandings create slenderizing lines. The circular flounce lends a softening effect. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch material—1⅜ yd plain. Width about 2 yards.

TAB TRIMMING

L. H. 5149—The trim vestee and collar add a trim note, while the decorative bandings terminate at the waist with a tab-detail. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 3 yds 54-in. plaid —¾ yd. 39-in. plain. Width about 1⅜ yard.

SMART PAJAMAS

5125 A three-piece ensemble consisting of a knee-length coat, full trousers finished with a yoke, and blouse. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 6⅛ yards 39-inch fabric for trousers and coat—1⅜ yard contrasting. Mon. 686.

FABRIC CONTRAST

5119—A dainty model, with a full circular section rippling below the long slim waist. The loose sleeves and long collar contribute graceful lines. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2 yards 39-inch plain—1 yd. contrasting.

TUCK-IN PAJAMAS

4760—A well-designed model for the young girl away at school. The sleeveless blouse tucks into the yoke-finished trousers. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch striped material —⅝ yard contrasting.

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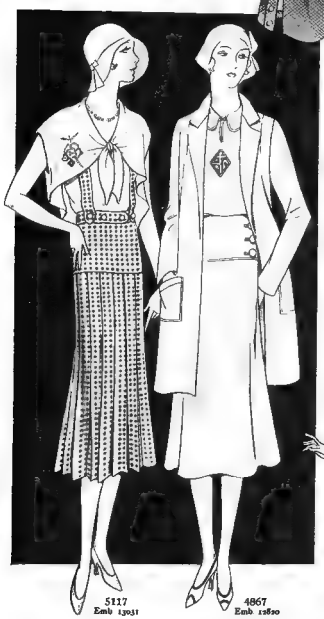
SIMPLE FROCKS
ADOPT NEW DETAILS

PARIS SAYS "CAPES"

5116—Paris varies the inevitable jacket-suit of Spring with the cape ensemble. In this model the cape is fitted closely about the shoulders with a yoke, and swings in jaunty fashion to the hips. The blouse has a pointed shoulder-yoke in front. Pleats in the front and back give skirt fulness. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch material for skirt and cape—3¾ yards 39-inch material for blouse and lining of cape. Width about 2¾ yards. Monogram 558, 3 inches high.

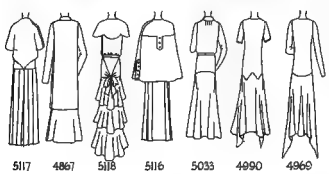
5033 4990 4969

5116 Mon. 558



5117 Emb 13031 4867 Emb 12830

5118



5117 4867 5118 5116 5033 4990 4969

BOLERO SCARF

5117—Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch checked material for skirt and straps—1¾ yard 39-inch plain material for cape and tie-end. Width about 2¾ yards. Emb. 13031, blue or yellow trans. pattern.

CHIC CONTRAST

4990—This use of contrasting materials is much favored for Spring frocks. Shirrings soften front. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 39-inch light material for upper part—1¾ yard 39-inch dark. Width about 2¾ yards.

TAILORED CHIC

4867—A smart tailored ensemble for street wear. Designed for sizes 12 to 44. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch material for skirt and coat—2 yards 39-inch fabric for blouse. Width about 2 yards. Emb. 12830, blue or yellow transfer.

JABOT COLLAR

4969—This softly feminine frock features the uneven hemline. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch print—⅝ yard 39-inch plain for collar and cuffs—2 yards edging for collar and cuffs. Width about 3¼ yards.

DOTTED COLLAR

5033—A simple frock illustrating the high-waisted silhouette with low circular flare. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch material for frock—⅜ yard 39-in. dotted material to trim. Width about 3¼ yards.

TRIPLE TIERS

5118—This charming model is well adapted to the new allover prints so popular this Spring. The cape replaces sleeves and the skirt dips slightly. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 39-inch print. Width about 1¾ yard.

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YOUNG FASHIONS IN THE NEW MODE

PLAY SUIT

4907—Designed for sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch light material—¾ yard 36-inch dark material for trousers and blouse trimming.

CHECKS ARE CHIC

4851—Designed for sizes 2 to 7 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch check for skirt and jacket—1¼ yard 36-inch plain for blouse and band trimming.

POINTED YOKE

5123—The pointed yoke is applied and trimmed with bows. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch print—⅓ yard 36-in. plain.

CAPE COLLAR

5152—A typically French little frock with cape collar. Designed for sizes 1 to 5 years. Size 3 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material—1¼ yard binding.

4907 4851 5123 5152 5127

RUFFLED TRIM

5127—Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 39-inch printed material—⅞ yard 39-inch plain contrasting material.

PARTY FROCK

4985—Triple circular fulness is smartly festive. Designed for sizes 8 to 16 years. Size 14 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch material. Very girlish.

WITH PEPLUM

5126—Designed for sizes 8 to 15 years. Size 14 requires 3 yards 39-inch printed material—¾ yard 39-inch plain for chic contrasting collar.

TAILORED COAT

5153—Mannishly tailored with single-breasted chic. Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch material.

CLEVER COLLAR

5151—A cunning model. Designed for sizes 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch material, ¼ yard 14-inch fur banding.

5126 4965 5153 5151

BOLERO FROCK

5103—Twin prints are smart. Designed for sizes 10 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 1⅝ yard 39-inch print with dark background—1⅝ yard 39-inch print with light background.

BOYISH STYLE

5121—Blouse. Designed for sizes 6 to 18 years. 3675—Skirt. Designed for sizes 8 to 16 years. Size 14 requires 2 yards 36-inch fabric for blouse—1⅜ yard 54-inch for skirt.

RAGLAN SLEEVES

5142—The new silhouette in little version. Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch fabric—⅜ yard 54-inch contrasting for collar, cuffs and belt.

SMART ENSEMBLE

4811—A charmingly youthful ensemble. Designed for sizes 8 to 15 years. Size 10 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch plain for blouse—3 yards 36-inch figured for skirt and jacket.

5103 Blouse 5121 Skirt 3675 5142 4811

5126 4965 4907 4851 5123 5152 5127

5121

5103 3675 5142 4811 5153 5151

Patterns, including Pictorial—"step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing Together, and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops throughout the world, and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 110

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Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Save This CHART of Thread and Needle Sizes

Black and white threads are made in many sizes—each size for a purpose. Fine threads for making dainty garments of sheer fabrics. Heavier threads for sturdy tailored materials. For ease in sewing and for perfect results, be sure to use the correct sizes of threads and needles. In buying ask for them by number. Here is a convenient guide that shows the types of sewing for which you should use ten important thread sizes. Watch for additional charts giving other thread sizes and their uses.

No. 36-40 For buttonholes, buttons, and little boys' suits—wherever sturdy, firm seams are necessary, use thread size 36 or 40, machine needle size 21, Milward's hand needle size 5.

No. 50-60 For blouses and dresses of firm fabrics, including woolens; for draperies, quilts, and household sewing; for children's tailored clothes, use thread size 50 or 60, machine needle size 16, Milward's hand needle size 5.

No. 70-80 For little girls' party dresses and dainty house dresses and aprons; for glass curtains, use thread size 70 or 80, machine needle size 14, Milward's needle size 7.

No. 100 For lingerie, georgette and chiffon garments; for sheer woolens; fine dimities, lawns, and materials where very fine stitching is required, use size 100 thread, machine needle size 11, Milward's hand needle size 8.

No. 120 For machine work on fine baby dresses, slips, bonnets, carriage robes, use thread size 120, machine needle size 9. For hand sewing, use Milward's needle size 9.

No. 150 For hand work on baby's clothes; for sewing on lace and making hand-run tucks, use thread size 150, Milward's hand needle size 10. For machine sewing, use needle size 9.

No. 200 For gossamer fine sewing; for lingerie touches on smart dresses, for exquisitely fine handwork; for lace and delicate fabrics, use thread size 200, Milward's hand needle size 10, machine needle size 9.

Wherever you live, you will find at a nearby store J. & P. Coats or Clark's O. N. T. black and white threads. This chart is your guide in asking for threads by number. These famous brand names are your guarantee of quality.

Clark's O.N.T. or J. & P. Coats
Best Six Cord
Sewing Threads

Continued from Page 101

Mary Beton, red and pale alternately with fear and anger, defended herself feebly.

"The queen has no greater admirer. He has as good as said fifty times that she would be loved in England if only she were not Catholic and——"

"And you listened to him? You believed him? And did you let drop any crums concerning Chastelard and his folly? What have you told him?"

"Nothing!" said Mary Beton, and broke down into sobs from which nothing could be deciphered but that she wished them all back in France.

"Yes, if Lethington could go too—Randolph's friend and yours and the red-headed witch's spy! I tell you, Mary Beton, you are touching pitch."

And that night came the first of the queen's catastrophes in Scotland—a night of bitter blackness forever in her memory. The evening had been spent in music and happy talk in her little library, where the books which showed her tastes were stored. Lovely illuminated volumes of the old histories and romances of France, rare poems of Charles d'Orléans and many more bound in velvet and clasped with gold and gems.

And there, happy with her Marys and her illegitimate sister, the Countess of Argyll, with her half-brother, the gay young Lord Robert Stuart, and Chastelard to sing and discourse of the courts of love of ancient France, the evening had been passed to her heart's delight.

IT WAS late when the Marys unbound her long hair and made her ready for her stately bed, and left her to untroubled sleep. Darkness and quiet fell on the palace; only a silver lamp fed with scented oil burned dimly on the great room, and the door between her bedroom and that where Mary Seton slept on duty was closed for greater silence.

Suddenly Mary Stuart awakened from a painful dream of cruel voices crying, and started up to find Chastelard kneeling by the bed, grasping her hands with palms that burned, Chastelard gone clean mad, as she supposed, entreating her to have mercy on his tortured love and release his soul from hell.

Tears fell on her cold hands; words were muttered with his mouth against her ear—she, the Queen of Scotland, humiliated in her own palace. Never before had a soul utterly released from self-control been bared before her. She dragged her hands away and shrieked wildly for help, conscious only that a pit of very hell had opened in her path of flowers.

Shriek after shriek, the man still protesting, struggling, Mary Seton burst the door open and rushed in. Mary Livingstone following, shrieking as wildly as the queen. Moray with a chamber-robe of black velvet thrown about him, his hand on his sword, stood in the doorway.

Mary flew to him.

"Brother, your sword! Kill him! Let him not live to breathe his shame! The villain!"

Moray put a strong hand over her mouth. "Govern yourself! If I killed him, what would men believe but that he must be silenced? Women, be quiet—one of you run to Hamilton and the guard."

Mary Livingstone would have fled on the errand, but Mary Seton caught her by the arm and confronted Moray.

"Stay, my lord; this must not be public. Cut him down, and we will help you drag his carcass away to where it will seem he fell in a common brawl. The queen's name must not be spoken in this!"

SHE had seen through him as if his soul were glass. The queen was to be smirched—it would play his game for power. The glare in his eyes swept hers as he tore Mary Livingstone's arm from her grasp.

"Woman—the guard! In the queen's name."

Mary had sunk half dazed upon the chair. Courage for fighting she had, but this first blow at her honor struck her like doom. She saw her fair fame stripped naked for every man to wanton with.

It seemed none had remembered Chastelard. He stood ghost-pale grasping the velvet curtain, his eyes on the queen. Had he seen, had he heard Moray? Mary Seton flew to him and shook him awake by the shoulder.

"Your dagger, your dagger! In the queen's name end your miserable life before the men are here. Now! Or I'll do it for you."

He stood stiffly, staring at the queen—and as Mary Seton tore at his sheathed dagger it was too late. The rush of armed feet was at the door. Moray's voice rang out.

"This man was found in the queen's bedchamber. Arrest him in the queen's name."

Half fainting in a chair, her face hidden as if in shame, what could they think? That desperate extremity rallied her to her feet and to the most mistaken words she could have uttered.

"Arrest the villain, and bear witness, brother, that I called for help. Take him from my sight."

They closed about him. They were gone. And Mary sat looking at her women like a woman stunned. Mary Seton threw herself at her feet.

"Madam, I have done wrong, madly wrong, but it seemed best. Listen. Last night I found Chastelard in your chamber like a man dazed. He stood within the door staring and silent. I thought him drunk and pushed him out. For I thought, oh, that if I called the name your name would be spoken lightly. And he went, staggering a little, like a drunken man, and I said, 'Tomorrow he himself will have forgotten and none will know it,' but would with all my soul that my Lord Moray would have heard me now."

She looked up tearless in her mistress's face. Mary, recovering slowly, laid her hand upon her head.

"You did right as far as you could see. I know your way had been the better part, but it was not to be. My brother judged otherwise. I must bear it as I can, for the world will ring with it."

In a few moments Moray returned, a touch of affection in his manner, that made her fly to his arms.

"It was a sore fright for you, madam—sister, and the man is surely mad, and will be proved so at his trial. Get to bed now and sleep in safety."

"A public trial?" She wrested herself away. "Oh, brother, the shame!"

"What other way than to let the law judge him? You do not desire private murder. No—no. It is too late. He must die by the law's hand."

IT WAS too late indeed. Mary Seton, her young face grim with hatred behind him, knew there was no way now but his. He had won the first throw in this bitter game.

A few days later Chastelard was brought to public trial and condemned to speedy death. Then those who pitied him for his bright valor and the poetry and romance he shed upon the world, and even for the mad love that had been his death.

Ten days after that cruel night he stood upon the scaffold, with a surging crowd about him frantic to get a sight of the queen's lover. To him at the moment it seemed but a wild passage in one of his own romances.

So knights loved and fate brought them into great perils and stormy seas, and they awoke before the end, and lo! it was a dream, and lovely lady stood with garlanded head to welcome them, and a kiss sweeter than life's joys hovering on her lips. So it would be with him also.

He refused a priest and walked proudly to the scaffold. They called upon him to pray in the last moment. Smiling, he waved his hand and repeated a verse of Ronsard's great lyric to "Death the Deliverer."

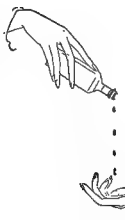
Then turning toward her palace, he cried aloud with a great voice and terrible eyes set upon her windows:

"Farewell to the loveliest and cruelest of princesses," and so submitted to the sharp kiss of the ax.

For him the bitterness was past, but not for Mary. None but those who best knew her were likely to believe a man would dare so much without encouragement. Elizabeth read Randolph's account of the affair with greedy eye and a smile of pleasure.

It sickened her that the young queen should be her rightful heir, she had she been a dull, submissive wench, Elizabeth would probably have chosen her because of the tie of blood between them.

And even now if Elizabeth could be acknowledged head and sovereign she would choose a husband for this foolish young queen, and finally leave her throne to her. For in her heart Elizabeth held her own secret. She knew herself incapable of children, and tho she coquetted with the notion of marriage, and used it as a weapon of



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HINDS FOR ACTIVE HANDS

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policy, her mind was firmly set against risking its fruitless bondage.

She had seen the infidelities of her brother-in-law, Philip of Spain, to her wretched sister Mary, and had watched with sharp eyes the scandals of her father's court. Supposing she chose some foreign prince, would her life be safe from his ambitions? Or an English nobleman? His party in the state might outweigh her own and she sink into slavery. Certainly she could not exist without men and their homage, but she had taught herself that all she needed could be had without marriage, that she could still hold them her suitors.

But Mary was her obsession. Elizabeth gloried in the power and splendor of the English crown and desired no mean successor to her own virginity. Provided she could in everything bow Mary to her will, she preferred a woman of the blood royal of England, royal by marriage with the King of France, to glorify her throne. For religion she cared little. With herself it had been a matter of policy, and if Mary had sense she would think England worth the sacrifice of a mass.

But Mary must be taught her place. She must come suing to Elizabeth for her grace and no longer flaunt her youth and purity in the face of her elder and her better. This affair with Chastelard was a happy earnest of the future. Everywhere in England the story was spread. Do men so risk their lives without invitation? Unbelievable indeed.

Mary in Scotland heard and paled. She knew Elizabeth's hatred, tho with her optimism she was always certain that she could win Elizabeth to her in the long run. But this was a cruel anxiety. And John Knox, always on the alert against her, was swift to the attack. He desired an interview with Moray and questioned him sharply.

"And you found him there, my lord, hearing the queen's voice?"

"I heard cries," Moray answered. "But whether hers or the women's I can not tell."

"Then it may be possible that it was the women that screamed on finding a man in the queen's chamber." Knox's eyes were glinting like coals of fire.

"I can not say. Her grace's story is that she screamed on waking and perceiving the fool by her bedside."

"That would certainly be her story, my lord."

EVEN Moray was compelled to resist an impulse to strike Knox with the flat of his sword. But words which gave him a temporary hurt might be worth their weight in diamonds later. Therefore he was silent, and Knox continued with triumph:

"And so Chastelard got the reward of his dancing, for he must give his head lest he should betray her grace's secrets."

Moray frowned.

"You go too far and too fast, Master Knox, and have no right to speak this unproved of the queen, who is your natural sovereign."

"She is my sovereign now, but we have God's warrant of despising Ahab and Jezebel and the like cattle. Said I not what would come of her ungodly flinging and dancing?"

Moray shook his head and turned on his heel. Much water must run under the bridge before he could discuss Mary as openly as he desired. It was coming, for gossip was for the first time busy with her untarnished name. Those who knew and loved her rallied to the defense. Her faithful Melville told Knox to his face that he disgraced himself in trying to smirch her fair fame.

"For you know well, Master Knox, that the queen's majesty has behaved herself as princely and so wisely that her reputation is spread in every country and she is determined it shall so continue. For I have observed in her that she will have none but decent people in her company. And this you know as well as I."

"Your assertions, sir, may be left to time!" was all Knox vouchsafed as he swung away. He knew his strength in Scotland and cared not a jot for any lord or knight. And not one of them but respected or feared his strength because he was known to be honest in his fanaticism.

Mary was a Catholic and therefore a Jezebel to be destroyed, but he would not help to destroy her for his own ambition, for he despised wealth and rule as much as any saint of any faith. He would destroy her to the greater glory of God, and for no lesser reason, and that being so, men followed him as they would not follow any of the

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at only $6.95

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SUNK *by a* COLD

get rid of it!

WHEN a cold first starts to shove you under—remember that prompt treatment will save you. Mentholatum acts directly on the spots where your cold is located.

For over 35 years Mentholatum has been known as the reliable home remedy for colds. Read directions below. Get Mentholatum today. You will need it tomorrow.

BEFORE going to bed rub Mentholatum briskly on chest and throat until you feel *warm glow*. Use about half a tube. Cover with flannel. Repeat nightly till cold disappears.

IN tea-cup of boiling water place teaspoonful of Mentholatum. Inhale vapor through paper cone, or by cupping hands to form funnel. Repeat several times a day.

APPLY Mentholatum with finger to inflamed surface inside of nose. Also leave liberal coating on upper lip under nose.

MENTHOLATUM

MUD MENTHOLATUM

TUBES AND JARS AT ALL DRUGGISTS

Lord of Hosts. His bigotry and Moray's subtlety could work well hand in hand.

But in this matter of Chastelard, as in all else, Time was good to Mary's sweetness of temper, too innately healthy to grieve overlong. And Chastelard was dead. At night in dreams she sometimes beheld that terrible look of thwarted passion, but the world was gay, and there were royal duties and merry makings where she shone. Indeed she was still a sharp green bud, with what was packed inside the sheath unknown.

She must open parliament, in robes of state and crown and scepter, Queen of Scotland as of hearts. Her Marys and all the great ladies of the country clustered about her, and those admitted to the old Parliament House beheld a sight never to be forgotten—the splendor and perfume of a lovely woman enthroned where the fighting kings of Scotland had sat before her.

Was the Scots queen so foreign that she must address her subjects in French? For, if so, and the Scotland had had many a French princess on the throne, it would be a blow to their hopes. They little knew her—quick as lightning to reflect every trait of grace and tact.

When she rose, her stately robes of velvet and miniver falling long and straight about her, her bright face shining with joy, she spoke their own tongue, with even the touch of Scots "r's" and vowels. It mattered little what she said as long as it was the incomparable she who said it. Ending, all sprang to their feet. They shouted until the roof rang.

"God save that sweet face! Was there ever orator spoke so properly and sweetly?"

WHAT could she do but assure herself of and plume her feathers in that great personal triumph? It was the breath of her nostrils, the food that nourished her for nobler deeds and better deservings in the future.

Yet the deed of Chastelard did not die with its memory. It incited Moray to more intrigues in the question of her marriage, and still more to his steady purpose of alienation of the hearts among her nobles who would have died for her.

In her name he ruined his own enemies, the Hamiltons; he broke the Gordons. He did his bitter best to inflame the great Highland clans against her, and was succeeding all too well in his statesman's work. One day Mary Seton came flaming to her queen.

"You are no queen, Mary Stuart, you that sit here over your music and let your false brother make your name stink all over the glens and mountains. Kill me if you will for a truth-sayer of God's truth. The Gordons—the Hamiltons—" She choked on it. Mary leaped to her feet.

"You know me little, Mary Seton, when you make a craven of me. I wept for the Gordons. I weep still at night when none sees, but I trust my brother and with good right, and also he knows the country as I can not, who have for the most part lived in France. What would you have me do? Destroy him and his? And then what? And the false English forever sowing discord in Scotland do what he will."

Mary Seton was relentless.

"You never said a truer word, Mary Stuart! The false English do what Moray wills, for he is in their pay. My father knows it that captured the English couriers on the Border when they rode home from Bothwell's tower. I swear as I live it is true. Note how your sword falls always on Moray's enemies. And why?"

"Because they are also mine!" cried Mary. "Because our cause is one!"

"Is it, indeed?" said Mary Seton. "What of the man, a bastard, sworn to serve his legitimate sister that sits on the throne and bids him go and come like a slave? What of his proud jade of a mother that would call herself your father's wife if folk did not know her otherwise? You chatter of history like a parrot. Read there how bastards love their lawful brothers and sisters that kick them from place and power into the gutter?"

"Gutter? I have made him an earl. He is rolling in fat abbey-lands and money-chests. The richest man in Scotland by my grace!"

"By your grace, and you think he thanks you! No—but by his own cunning he works on your mind and twists it where he will. Does he not know that if the Catholics win he must disgorge their plunder? I see your danger, and you are blind, but I love you—I love you!"

The flag of daring was dropping in a calm of tenderness. Those two loved each other well, and Mary, always "patient to

Photo by E. Fayer, Hollywood

LEATRICE JOY, *beautiful First National star, in the charming bathroom built for her in Hollywood. She says: "My skin is like satin after using Lux Toilet Soap."*

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As William A. Seiter, First National director, says: "Smooth, perfect skin means everything to the screen star. A star's skin must be *youthfully* smooth."

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You will be charmed with its gentle care of *your* skin, too. Order several cakes—today. Such instant lather!

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Infantile Paralysis

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Flat-bottomed—they stand firmly.

Ounces and half-ounces are plainly marked.

The two shapes that baby specialists approve—narrow neck and wide mouth—both in 8-ounce size.

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endure," in Randolph's words, would take from Mary Seton what she would no other living. Mary Seton could not convince her as to Moray, but she could hold the queen's love, say what she would. There was never heart more true to its friends. Now Mary Stuart opened her arms to the girl, and Mary Seton kissed her cheek like a sister accusing herself of cruelty in the manner, not the matter, of her accusation.

"But if you will not distrust your traitor, for that he is, and in Elizabeth's pay also, do another thing, my heart's dearest, I beseech you. Take a husband that shall see through him and hold him in check. You who have so many lovers, choose the best and God be with you."

IT WAS not only good, it was vitally necessary, counsel. Mary recognized that in her soul. Things could go on no longer as they were. A choice must be made and an heir provided for Scotland and England if there were to be any hope of peace.

Elizabeth was pressing for it daily, thrusting forward impossible candidates, whether to delay fruition of that marriage, or to gain power in Scotland, or to hinder the hopes of the European princes, who each hoped to catch the golden apple for his own.

Mary sighed.

"I know I must marry. But whom? King Philip of Spain has offered his heir, Don Carlos, and I may be Queen of Spain as well as of all the rest, but I had rather have free England for my own than a hundred Spains; and the English hate the Spaniards. I had best take a leaf from Elizabeth's book and die as I am. Whatever I do, Knox and Moray will rend my heart between them. But there is one—— If you knew a man, good to look upon, of royal descent and good fortune, a Catholic yet no bigot, allied to England and Scotland alike, would you say such a man might suit me?"

"I would say 'Yes' if you added what you have left out—a true heart, courage like the steel of his sword, love and fidelity to buckler his promise. If you can say all this, then I say 'Yes' to you."

"How can I say what I have not tested? But surely a woman may hope when a man is what I have said."

"Hope is a flatterer," Mary Seton said. "Proof is an honest man. But whom does your grace intend?"

Mary hesitated.

"Do you remember the long lad, Mary Seton?"

A PAUSE. Mary Seton swiftly revolved the situation. That would not suit Elizabeth—Darnley was too near the English throne. Not long since she had clapped his mother into the Tower, it was thought upon some news received from Randolph. Not only so, but Elizabeth had sent unusually gracious letters of late to say she had a nobleman high in her own favor to propose as King Consort of Scotland.

That would of course mean English predominance in Scotland and possibly an end to Mary's life as soon as the way was paved for Elizabeth's sovereignty, but for all that it must be listened to, and unless Elizabeth herself proposed the long lad the end would be disaster.

"Ah, you talk bold like the rest!" said Mary sadly. "But when it comes to choice you falter, too, and can not say. I am weary of it all. A cloister would be the best for me, as I said long since, and—what is this?"

A messenger from Mr. Randolph requesting a private audience for news from her Majesty. Mary Seton rose to give attention at once. Mary Seton added a few touches to the beauty which needed no burnishing, and then withdrew behind the chair, where she would remain unless Randolph objected.

He did not. It was too well known that Mary Seton was in the royal confidence. He required only a promise of secrecy, and then proceeded to business with a quick, furtive look at the queen's face that he might make a report to England of any signs of falling.

"Pale, but scarcely more than ordinary, and fair as ever," was his private verdict as she spoke.

"I long, Mr. Randolph, to hear what news you bring me of my good sister. It must bring good to me, coming from her. Look how I wear her jewel on my finger. That and the ring of my late lord, the King of France, are the only two that shall never part from me in life or death."

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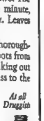

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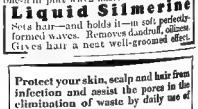

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brilliants, a gift from Elizabeth when it became the order of the day to use cajolery as well as abuse, and hereafter to have a strange and terrible history.

"I have news indeed, madam, blithesome and good news of a gallant husband chosen for you by my sovereign lady, such as she would choose for herself were she minded to marry. A man of wealth and high estate and set forth by nature with every grace!"

"A paragon indeed!" Mary said a little dryly.

Mary Seton's eyes widened with curiosity. Suppose it were the long lad! And yet—impossible! His parents, the Lennoxes, stood too near the English throne to be anything but hated by Elizabeth. A strengthening of their claims she never would endure, and above all by marriage with such a princess.

But Randolph drew an important-looking paper from his portfolio.

"Madam, I am to inform your grace that in the sisterly desire of her heart to do you good she will send you for a husband the chief jewel of her realm—my Lord Robert Dudley now."

He made an impressive pause, and Mary's first impulse was a shock of astonishment; her next one of frank laughter—the object was too obvious. What? Every ridiculous story of Elizabeth and Dudley which had delighted the court of France rose up before her until she put up her fan to hide her lips, and thanked Heaven that Mary Seton, being behind her, they could not catch one another's eyes.

Only long diplomatic training enabled Randolph to keep his own countenance in face of the smothered smile the fan could hardly conceal. But it dropped in a moment, and she was grave as heart could wish.

SHE was so long silent that he ventured at last:

"Your answer, if it please you, madam?" hoping to catch her in some sudden mood which might reveal her true feeling, but she was a match for him there.

"You will not be surprized, sir, if I defer my decision, being so wholly taken by surprize."

Her voice was as colorless as her manner. He tried again:

"And yet, madam, such an important subject should not stand in the wind too long."

Again she was ready.

"Your mistress has always advised me to put honor first in my decision. Shall I increase it by marrying her subject?"

"Why, yes, if by him your majesty is likely to inherit a kingdom."

They countered now like the clash of rapiers.

"And why may not my sister marry and have children? And then where am I?"

"High in my mistress's favor, madam. So far as we see and know her majesty does not desire to marry, and with Lord Robert Dudley for your husband, in whom she has perfect confidence, you will stand as well as he, and what may not then be hoped? Could she make any offer of purer sincerity?"

The button was off Mary's foil, and it flashed.

"For my part I take it rather as a proof of her good-will than her sincerity, for it is said she regards him so highly herself that she can not well spare him."

Randolph put up shocked hands of horror, but, at a loss for the moment, could only beg her to consult Lethington and Moray, on both of whom he knew he could count. They were so far successful that Moray let him know the same day that she would consent to a conference on the matter. Official, but what lay behind it?

TO THAT concession he could attach very little importance when Mary Beton reported to him the conversation in the queen's private chamber with the Marys. She had got into the way now of repeating all the tattle she could pick up on his assurance that Elizabeth meant her mistress all good. But perhaps this assurance would not have served its purpose unsupported by the seriousness with which Randolph laid his ornate compliments at Mary Beton's feet.

"It is well indeed for the queen that she has about her one who knows so well what road she should take. If she had your wits with your beauty, Mistress Mary, our future would be more assured in England and in Scotland. And how did you counsel her grace?"

They were sitting in an interval of the purpose, in the same great gallery where

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B. A gray hair, colorless and dark because nature no longer implants pigment in the fibers within the hair covering.

C. A gray hair dyed with a "coating" dye. Notice the crust of dye which plates the gray hair with color—how different from nature's method.

D. A gray hair recolored with Notox. Notice that the Notox coloring is implanted throughout the inner fibers of the hair, with no thickening of the hair's supple covering—exactly as in the natural hair (marked A).

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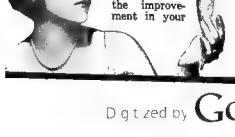

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first he had thrown dust in those fine eyes. Mary Beton answered in an injured tone.

"Mr. Randolph, I do assure you my mistress laughed with much relish in telling us of your queen's offer. But to my mind serious matters should be seriously taken."

"They should indeed, fairest and wisest. And what then?"

"The others laughed with her—the minx Mary Seton the loudest. She declared that she nearly expired when you gave my Lord Robert Dudley's name with the tail of your eye on the queen."

"She will laugh to better purpose one day," Randolph said dryly. "And then, Mistress Mary?"

"Why, then, sir, the queen gave us an account she had from Sir James Melville, her envoy to your mistress, of your queen giving my Lord Robert some great order or the like, how he kneeled before her very gravely, but she was so amorous that in putting the collar about his neck she could not resist from tickling him under the very eyes of Sir James Melville, which our queen said she could not credit of any decent woman if she had not had it from one that saw."

Randolph bit his lip with vexation. That was the kind of thing in which Elizabeth could never be trusted, the familiar, amorous vein which she got from her father. He could hear that laughter of Mary Stuart's. Merry enough her own court, but no man could ever boast of more favor from the Queen of Scotland than a light glance of laughter or her hand to kiss if he had earned the favor. Why in the name of the devil should Elizabeth make herself the laughing-stock of Europe with those kitchen-wench endearments? What could he say, but a little lamely:

"I am sure your good sense assured her grace that no such story could be true."

"Indeed I said it, Mr. Randolph, but she laughed like a gay girl, and said her grace of England was old enough to know better."

A FEARFUL thrust at a tender spot, and Randolph digested it in silence.

"Sir James Melville is a good man, but no courtier," he observed with as much dispassionement as he dared. "Did he write more, Mistress Mary?"

"Why, yes," pursued the charming spy. "He said when your queen was done with tickling my lord's neck she asked Melville how he liked my Lord Robert, and he answered he appeared to be a worthy subject and happy in a princess who could reward his merits. Whereupon she pointed to my Lord Darnley, and said she believed our queen liked that long lad better of the two."

"She never said that!" cried the startled Randolph.

"Indeed, yes, Mr. Randolph, and Melville answered that no woman of spirit would make choice of Darnley, for in spite of his inches he was more like a woman than a man, lovely and lady-faced and no hair on his chin. At which your queen laughed, and then she kissed our queen's picture and asked whether her hair or our queen's hair was the best, and which was the handsomest woman."

"But I can trust your judgment to know his report is malicious, Mistress Mary," Randolph said indignantly.

"Indeed I thought so," she said eagerly, "but so says Sir James, and that she would have her answer. So he told her she was the handsomest woman in England, and Queen Mary in Scotland; hers was the fairest skin, but the Queen of Scotland very lovely. So then your queen asked which was the tallest, and he said 'Our queen,' and yours said, 'Then she is too tall, for I am the perfect height.'"

What was one to do with such a woman, Randolph reflected bitterly. He was sure that if he had Dudley's influence he could have politely hinted that vanity so openly displayed defeated all its ends. And why in God's name did Dudley let his mistress play the fool?

It was his department to manage her and keep her in good temper. Randolph tried to change the subject by asking if Mary Beton thought the queen were seriously attracted to the long lad.

"And that I will tell you later, for now she does nothing but laugh at her lovers, one and all, and my Lord Robert Dudley most. She has just had an offer from the King of France of marriage—her late husband's brother! Wherein he said that he pitied his brother's early death, yet envied him because he had enjoyed the love of an angel like herself, and could only esteem himself happy if he could gain it now. So

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she may be a double Queen of France if she will."

"And will she?" asked Randolph, thunderstruck.

"The letter is but just come. I shall know later," Mary Beton answered serenely. She was beginning to be aware of her own consequence as one who knew the mind of her queen, and Randolph, realizing this, felt the need of a step more important than compliments however elegantly offered. He drew a small packet from his pocket, wrapped in blue silk.

"This came from England in our courier's bag, adored Mistress Mary," he said, "and if I hesitate to offer it to the lady whom of all the world I hold highest, it is because I dare scarcely hope that any gift in the world is worth her possessing."

MARY blushed as he unpicked the silken knots that fastened the little packet.

"No sharp instrument shall ever cut any bond between you and me," he said, unfolding the silk and displaying a small silver box. On touching the spring it flew up and disclosed a brooch of beautiful workmanship, clear diamonds surrounding a heart-shaped ruby.

"Love's fire glowing red," as he pointed out, adding that he had had it chosen for her in London by one who knew his mind. That indeed was true, seeing that the brooch came from Elizabeth's private store of jewels, and her own royal hand had chosen it for the "worthy Beton," who was making herself more valuable daily.

It was graciously accepted indeed, tho in her heart Mary Beton was a little surprized that the offer of marriage did not accompany it. Still, what was so certain could wait, and meanwhile it was for her to prove her value. After due thanks she said slowly:

"I have wondered, Mr. Randolph, now you have convinced me of your queen's true affection to ours, whether knowledge of the cipher she employs with her ambassadors would be a good means for making them better known to each other. It might or might not. A woman like myself is no judge of weighty matters."

RANDOLPH concealed his joy and said innocently:

"That indeed might help in a cause so good. A thousand thanks, incomparable lady. Who but you could lead the way in the great enterprise of uniting the two kingdoms?"

"Then you shall have it. And now we must dance again, for the gossips remark that we are much in company."

"They shall have more to remark soon," said Randolph as he kissed her hand.

Mary Beton had not exaggerated Mary Stuart's laughter, tho more lay behind it than she guessed. Melville had just got her out of a serious difficulty by using Elizabeth's irritable vanity against herself. Mary had written a letter in flowing French which Elizabeth had taken so ill that, walking in the garden at Greenwich, she all but flung the letter in Sir James Melville's face.

"See what you have brought me!" she almost shouted. "See what the Queen of Scots has written to me. I swear by God's death that I will never write to her again unless it be a letter to the full as insulting."

Melville, swallowing his wrath, asked meekly to see the letter from his queen.

"And then," said Mary to Mary Seton, scarcely able to speak for laughter, "the beloved Melville read it through, and seeing no offense in it as none there was, had the courage to tell her she was a foolish woman, but so astutely that she fell in her own trap and could make no answer.

"'For look you here, madam,' said he, 'It is true your majesty speaks as good French as any lady who never set her foot in France, but our queen is a Frenchwoman by training and tongue, and here are some little turns and quirks to a word that none can right understand who are not finely skilled in the French language, so that I do not blame your grace for misreading what my queen has written. And doubtless if you write and complain to my queen she will set you right very sweetly, seeing you have not understood.'

"He said that he could scarcely forbear laughing, she was so angry with herself for having been mistook."

"Astonishing," answered Mary Seton, "how a great woman can be a foolish one also, for great she is, they tell us."

"She is a great enemy and will do me a mischief when she can. She sits patient as a gray cat by a mouse-hole, and when I put my head out too far, pat will come the

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cruel claws and one mouse less to frisk. Well, so be it!"

Her face saddened as Mary Seton caught her hand and kissed it.

"So it shall not be. You shall have a brave husband to guard you, and no minion of the witch of England's. Dudley indeed! Her lover—if no worse, as men say. His head on your bosom and his heart—no, his purse in her keeping. But, madam, I have a thing to say for your ear only. I do not like Mary Heton's conferences with Randolph. She is as great a fool as she is handsome, which is saying much, and suppose she should let drop your little confidences. Ah, Mary Stuart, I love your trust, but do you trust us too far?"

THE bond of girlhood among the five had been so strong, so faithful and so beautiful that Mary Seton it represented more of the world's worth than anything else she knew.

Mary Stuart laughed aloud.

"Mary Beton, you little Judas, she is truest of the true; she loves me and that says all. But think of Dudley and think of his mistress! At least there are a few things left to laugh at in this contrary world."

So the great warning had made no impression. Indeed after her fashion the queen was but the kinder to Mary Beton. And Mary Seton could do nothing but wait and watch, half ashamed of her own suspicions. But change was on their happy little band, and it saddened her. She doubted Mary Beton, and Mary Livingstone was soon to wed John Sempill, an Englishman by birth. "Lovely Livingstone" was not keeping her vow to wait for the queen's marriage, and the world took this as proof that Mary would not be long in following suit.

"For," as Mary Stuart said to Randolph with a touch of sadness, "not to marry can not be for me, and even to defer it will cause trouble. But I am a fool to open my heart to you, for you Englishmen are much too subtle."

Her sigh did not move Randolph, who protested his transparent honesty a little too eagerly. She scarcely listened, and then said suddenly:

"Ah, how much better it would be if we two queens, near in blood, neighbors in one island, should be friends and live together like sisters instead of by plotting and strange means separating ourselves to the hurt of both!"

She paused a moment as if for words. Randolph listened attentively in hopes of some useful hint let drop for reporting to Cecil.

"I have thought—thought long and often—why should not my sister and I, living in true friendship, give our minds, instead of plotting, to see whether we two, being women, may not do as great things as ever were done by the kings who sat on our thrones before us. Let us seek this honor one against the other, and not fall to wrangling between ourselves. If she would but hear!"

Greek and Hebrew to Randolph these sentiments! He thought that one of her "softer moods," as she called them, was upon her, and took swift advantage to ask whether she would one day give her assistance for the English recovery of Calais. And at that, shutting the door of dreams behind her, she laughed aloud, and said that no cause for quarrel should be found in her.

She was about to start upon one of her progresses, a cheerful interval in her harassed life, when she gave Mary Seton and John Knox behind her and enjoy herself among her friends like a simple lady in her country pleasures.

THEY left a few days later; Randolph, the watch-dog, following afterward, filled with deep suspicion by the fact that the Earl of Lennox, Darnley's father, had arrived and had had a gracious reception.

Plottings, ploughings everywhere! Every word searched to wring out its inmost possible meaning. Deadly animosities hidden under poisoned smiles. Had Mary Stuart understood the tenth part of it her heart would have died within her.

Moray, her right hand, was leading her cautiously to ruin on a path in which every step, every gradation had been considered and plotted. Knox was aiding him in word and deed, his utterances in public and private reeking with bitterness against the queen whose main offense was that she loved her religion as he did his, and spared his the persecution he inflicted upon hers.

There were few indeed about her who

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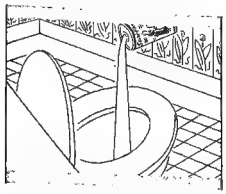

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were not making interest in her ruin except the crooked, little singer Rizzio, whom she had made her secretary because of his great skill in languages and a heart whose fidelity she measured by her own. What wonder if she was glad to get away from Edinburgh to the quiet little city of St. Andrews?

A wealthy citizen's house had been taken for her, and there she lived in peace and merriment with her Marys—for the last time an undivided band—and a few trusty gentlemen. It was an ill sight for her when Randolph's courtly face intruded itself. Yet she welcomed him sweetly.

"You will soon be weary of this company and treatment, Mr. Randolph, when you see how like a *bourgeoise* wife I live with my little troop, and you will spoil our pastime with your graver matters."

"The queen is always the queen!" he answered in his best manner, but she waved it aside, laughing.

"If you weary of us return to Edinburgh and keep your great ambassadorship until the queen goes there. I assure you she is not here, and I know not what is become of her."

He reported her pretty jesting and much merriment to Elizabeth, and could not altogether hide that he liked the atmosphere. There was an innocence in her gaiety that he could not hate, but always he believed she was a plotter too at bottom, only with the knack of hiding it under an innocent playfulness which was as attractive as man could wish had it been sincere. On that point he consulted "the worthy Beton," and had for answer that the queen was hard to understand—so many moods met in her.

"Why, but this morning, galloping about the fields, she cried out that she repented of nothing but that she was not a man to know what life it is to lie all night in the fields or to walk the causeway with a jack and a knapsack, a Glasgow buckler, and a broad-sword. She is a warrior and a great queen and a lovely delicate lady and a scholar and a poet and many other things all in one, and he would be a bold man who would prophesy what he should find her an hour hence."

Randolph could not consiate her riddle. He thought her a spider entangling men in skilful webs for all Mary Beton's assurances. He could not understand that she was so sweet-natured she would give all the loveliness of her eyes and speech to any man she trusted. There never was less of a coquet nor a more dangerous beauty. But he might also have known, if he had understood her, that something new was in the wind, for there was a quick tremble of eagerness about her, something of anxiety, but more of hope. Closely as he studied her he was not quick enough to catch that shade of difference nor to question "the worthy Beton" Nor did Mary Beton volunteer information at the moment, being in truth a little frightened at the step she had taken in handing over her key of the queen's cipher at the Great Twelfth Night dance, when she could not for the life of her understand why Randolph had not laid his all at her feet, where his heart had so long reposed.

PERHAPS a faint resentment began to tinge her silence, and as it was his own determination to be hurried in no way, he was not sorry to return to Edinburgh. If he could have guessed the great event which was to take place at Wemyss Castle—to which Mary rode swiftly when he was well out of sight—no power in heaven or earth would have taken him from their company.

Snow fell from gloomy clouds over Castle Wemyss, standing like a sentinel upon the cliff above the sea. Wild winds beat at the fortressed windows and blew along the stony stairs that climbed in steep spirals to her bower. And gales might blow and thunder beat on the face of the stern old fortress, but within were light and warmth and a queen's welcome, for the walls were draped with arras, and great logs burned in the huge fireplaces, and there were chairs of velvet and cushions upon the mighty stone floors and wine in crystal cups, and joy and soft eyes and lowered lashes, and a queen's will to have her way.

It was the thirteenth of February, an unlucky day some might have said, but lucky enough for a hot wooer, as Darnley came riding through the snow with only a servant or two behind him, and in his breast a gift to be given next day to his royal valentine if she would take it. And he believed she might. He remembered her fair and gracious at that long-ago meeting in France when he had kissed the hand of *la*

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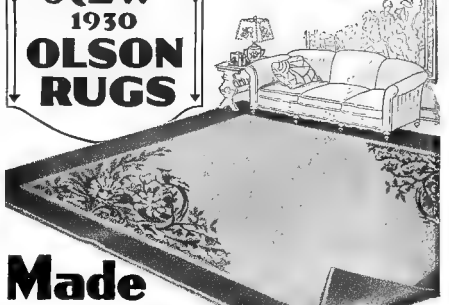

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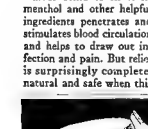

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reine Blanche. Would it be given less graciously now? He thought not.

Royal English blood—that surely would count with the heiress of the English crown; royal Scots blood to please the Scots queen. A handsome face and well built body, a good voice with the lute, a taste in verses like her own, courtly training, manly tastes in sports and games—all these he had to offer, and what more could even a crowned queen ask of a husband?

More, much more, if Darnley had known! This queen's great natural gifts, trained in the world's hardest school, were much, but behind them lay something wiser, too wise for the men who surrounded her and the queen who hated her; wisdom and courage and a heart set on noble things, yet flawed with a woman's weakness which placed all her hope in the man whose hand should guide her. Wisdom she had, but not the strength to back it. Courage for the flashing deed, but for the long, heart breaking push which assures victory; the true heart, but not the firm hand. A noble wife for a strong man, but not the firm hand. And what was he? His face alone should have told eyes not dazzled by his beauty and his youth. But let us own that he dazzled her.

As Mary Beton said later to Randolph, who lent an eager ear:

"He took well with her majesty. She said to us he was the handsomest and best proportioned tall man she had ever seen, for he was of a high stature, long and slight, even and straight, and, as she knew, well instructed from his youth in all honest and comely exercises. I think, Mr Randolph, all women have an eye for a man who can match their womanhood with his manhood."

IT WAS an invitation, but Randolph was too perturbed even to reply, and she turned away angrily. That dangerous flirtation was wearing a little thin.

"I was a boy when I came to you in France, my sweet queen cousin!" said Darnley, bowing to kiss the queen's hand. "I am a man now. You were good to me then. Will you be less good now?"

"By no means, my cousin. I have much respect for your parents," she answered, with a warm thrill running along her smooth, cool hands. Here were youth and kindred blood. Here was a young, frank face. Men had loved her better than life. Might not this one love her for a royal life together? Might he not be a noble father of royal children? Could not even Elizabeth be brought to see that here was the true solution?

Outside the snow blew white veils about the old towers, but within the cousins sat by the great fire laughing, talking, with the Marys at a discreet distance

Yes, she would risk it. Surely, this gay, gallant, adoring young man would bring not only gladness with him, but a strong sword by his side to awe the turbulent nobles; dearer and nearer than her brother Moray, whom she feared at times when with bent brows he would command her to hear meekly the scourgings of Knox or to sign her name to cruel injustices to the nobles.

The inevitable moment came. They stood by a window looking out on the desolate Firth lashing the rocks beneath, snow blowing the eddies above and beneath; nothing else to see but a white, tormented world. Darnley, so tall that her head only topped his shoulder, looked down in amazement at her beauty, for indeed in that moment she touched the full flower of her blossoming.

Still in black, still faithful outwardly to the memory of her dead boy, life vibrated in her face in a birth of new delight. Outside was Winter, but inside Summer with all its flowers and ripened fruit. That Darnley could not understand, but even his vain and fickle nature was awed for a moment. Could it be possible that he had won the world's rose, for whom all the kings contended, who with her beauty could give him fulfilment of his wildest ambitions?

He took her hand in his and brought it to his lips.

"If I dared—if I dared to say I loved you would you turn me from the castle into the snow drifts? For if I may not, better death in the wild winds than life without you. I was a boy when I saw you, but I have been your slave from that day."

It was a speech prepared, rehearsed on the gallop from Edinburgh, but the passion in his look and touch was not prepared. The thrill of his emotion astonished him.

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"We will face the world and England together!" she said, and could have said no more, for he seized her with wild joy and kissed her breathless, she believing at last that of all the wonders on the earth, love is the most miraculous.

BUT there was much to consider when she returned to Edinburgh with her secret in her breast, sending Darnley before her that they might not enter together. Setting Elizabeth on one side for a while, how would the turbulent Scots lords and yet more turbulent John Knox take the news? Those two factions could not be separated, and when she sent for David Rizzio to confer with her, her first anxiety she laid before him.

They met in the little room at Holyrood which she used for her intimates, and she received him with only Mary Seton, who set as high store on the little secretary as she. In both their intuition could look past the pathetic figure and see the man within pure gold. It was the queen and nothing else with him. Mary Seton he valued only for her loyalty to his idol.

He came in now bowing in his black-velvet doublet edged with fur, his southern blood shuddering in the cold, northern February, his small, thin hands clasped nervously in each other. He fixed his eyes on Mary Stuart, bowing to Mary Seton as he slid into the chair the queen indicated, and prepared to give an accounting of his stewardship.

Speaking French as always, the two worked for an hour without intermission, noting and sorting as they were accustomed, arranging matter for submission to the council, and, that done, Mary sat erect in her chair.

"Signor David, you have known from past words of mine what I had in mind as to my marriage. You know that my good sister of England used every way to hinder me, hoping some accident might cut short my life or end my reign, and to that end how she offered her own favorite Dudley—a thing I might have taken as insult, but could not. But the matter will not wait. Husband and child I must have or perish. Now—I have chosen."

He looked quietly in her face.

"My Lord Darnley, madam," he said.

"He. It could not be otherwise. And now I ask your thought first, for I know your truth."

He spoke as simply as she. Between those two—indeed those three—was no artifice.

"It could not be otherwise, madam. But —I would he were not Catholic. Tho myself a Catholic, I say your grace's husband should be of the Reformed religion."

Her beautiful eyes pleaded.

"Signor David, I must have peace by my fireside. Husband and wife must be of one mind in faith. Their children also."

"There, madam, again I disagree. Your son must not be a Catholic, else he will never sit on the English throne."

SHE came upright with a flash.

"His soul is more to me than that throne or any! My son shall be baptized in my own faith."

He bowed his head slightly, as if no more need be said on that point. The man's wisdom had large faith in time, and the inevitable events it brings. This, conveyed in his manner, had a calming effect on her nerves. In the little secretary's presence she was always assured that troubles disentangled themselves almost without intervention if men were but encouraged and high intent. One might sit unhurried and watch in silence a vast purpose at its work. Now she did not dispute the silence of his bow.

"I desire you to tell me, Signor David, how you think my brother and the nobles will take my marriage. Warn me. Instruct me."

"Madam, qualifying my speech by saying all will depend on my Lord Darnley's actions, I say your marriage will be very ill taken. Indeed I have sure evidence now that my Lord Moray is in the pay of England."

He halted, for she made a low cry full of such pain that Mary Seton started forward. Then at a motion of the queen's hand he continued:

"My Lord Moray will think what Queen

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Elizabeth thinks, act as she would have him. His chief associates are the Lords Morton, Ruthven, and others known to your grace. Had you chosen a man utterly subservient to their queen and to them your reign might have lasted longer—as it may do if Lord Darnley is their tool. If otherwise, they will endure so far and no further until you bear a child. It is agreed between the English queen and the nobles that you shall then abdicate, and my Lord Moray will rule as regent."

IT WAS Rizzio's belief that one could in any great crisis rely on Mary's greatness of soul, and he spoke tranquilly, as the reading a dull state paper for her information. She received it with equal serenity.

"I will answer for my Lord Darnley," she said.

"That may change every card in the game, madam," Rizzio said. "For myself I know little of him and hope all. The outer nobles, if I may so call those outside my Lord Moray's inmost party, also have importance. Of these the first is the Earl of Bothwell. Much depends upon him as lieutenant of the Border. He should be conciliated by every means in your power."

The queen shook her head.

"He will never forgive me because I banished him from the court for scandalous behavior in Edinburgh. I saw him once and thought him a boor. And I can not conciliate him because that man is worse to me than wormwood. Danger breathes from him as he walks. I shudder in thinking of him as if he walked over my grave."

Rizzio did not appear to urge her. He spoke meditatively:

"John Knox is his sworn man and a vassal of my Lord Bothwell's family. I could wish there were any way of winning Bothwell. He is a bold man and a strong sword in my Lord Moray's hand. He is divorcing his wife, and if we could find him a wife on our side—"

"I pity her if we did," Mary said. "I would commit no dog to Bothwell's mercy. Think again, Signor David. He is a man I would be without."

There came a light scratching at the door. Mary changed color as Mary Seton glided to it and, much to her own surprize, admitted Darnley, flushed and gay. He kissed Mary's hand and looked in astonishment on the outer two members of the singular conclave.

"And who is this gentleman?" he asked contemptuously. Mary rose with dignity.

"He is one of the most honorable of my servants—a gentleman to whom I am proud to present my cousin. This is Signor David Rizzio, my faithful secretary, whose name is as well known to you."

DARNLEY saw his mistake instantly. He rose and bowed with marked respect. The queen's tone compelled it.

"I am glad—honored to meet Signor David Rizzio. I shall hope in future to deserve his friship."

It was graciously said, and Rizzio bowed and reseated himself, studying the young and handsome face with courtesy. Darnley winced a little. His direct gaze faltered and dropped. Touchy as a woman, sensitive in all that concerned his own dignity, his resentment was instant at the calm of Rizzio's manner and the evident intimacy between the man and Mary. That meeting from which Mary hoped so much was not to be a success.

Rizzio formed his own opinion from his own knowledge, and with a hidden sigh went quietly on with his business. There again Darnley fastened with displeasure. Moray had received him kindly; Morton and Ruthven had followed their leader: Darnley was inclined to trust his personal graces to capture their fidelity, and as Mary watched his young eagerness her love-blinded eyes were more than half disposed to think it possible. She was certain at least that Darnley would win Signor David if only for the sake of a common passion for music. He rose to keep another engagement and took a most courteous farewell of the little secretary. No sooner was the door shut than Mary leaned forward to him eagerly.

"Signor David, how do you read my lord?"

"A noble father for a queen's son. But young, and, as I hope, apt to learn, for the way is not straight in Scotland. Will he be said by your majesty?"

"He professes himself absolutely at my devotion. What I demand that he will do. It is a sacred promise because he remembers my office and that in Scotland I must lead.

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Colds

For two generations Grove's Laxative BROMO QUININE has been used for colds and headaches. It is today the largest selling cold remedy in the world. Merit is the reason.

Grove's *Laxative* **BROMO QUININE** *Tablets* *At All Druggists 30c*

Successful Since 1889

HOTEL EMBASSY
Broadway and 70th St. New York
400 LARGE, LIGHT ROOMS
all with bath
$2.50 a day and up for one person
$4.00 a day and up for two
EDMUND P. MOLONY, Mgr.

How to have **LOVELY LUSTROUS** *Hair* *..... always!*

Does your hair overseem dull to you—drab, lifeless? Have you not wished for something that would keep it looking prettier—richer in tone?

The secret lies in proper shampooing! Not just soap-and-water "washings", but regular use of a shampoo that really *beautifies*—one that was created especially to remove dull hair and add that little something extra so often lacking.

If you really wish to make your hair bewitchingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it! Does more than merely *cleanse*. It gives your hair a "unwinv"—a *sort little bit*—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a difference it makes in one's appearance. Millions use regularly! There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

FREE

J. W. KOBI CO., 608 Rainier Ave., Dept. C Seattle, Wash. *Please send a free sample.*

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....
Color of my hair: .....

But, Signor David, he presses me for a secret marriage, saying that when the lords know the deed is done they will take it more kindly."

Silence. Mary Seton's heart beat with suppressed excitement. To bind herself so soon and irrevocably—was this the queen's wisdom?

Noting the silence, Mary said hurriedly: "We will talk of this later, you and I, and I shall have your aid to plan the matter. It is indeed resolved between my lord and me, but will not be easy to come at. Meet me here again at six in the morning, Signor David, that I may give you all the reasons. And forgive my lord's surprize, for that will pass when he knows better."

Rizzio bowed.

"Madam, I expect little, and here may tell you I have had a great warning that the lords are vexed to the bone by the confidence you accord me and our conferences. Madam, so loyal is my heart that should you think well to cease and use me but as a common secretary I am content, so it be for your good."

She cried out in horror:

"What? And leave me friendless and unconsulted and, worse, ungrateful to my best friend? Never while I last. On the contrary, when I am free and with a husband's sword to guard me I will the more mark the honors I intend you. Be sure of that!"

Rizzio bowed and was silent. At the door he turned, bowing again.

"Madam, a last matter. Have you kept your secret cipher in a safe place, for I have some reason to think that some of your letters to your envoys in England have been read. Is it possible?"

"It is impossible," she answered. "None but those as trustworthy as myself have had access to the key. That I swear!"

THE door closed; he was gone. Mary Seton stood silent. The queen sighed.

"Is anything wholly happy in this world, Mary Seton? I could be happy with my lord if the world would let me be But I dread this secret marrying and my brother's frown or smile. If what Signor David says of him is true what hope have I? And I dread committing myself by a secret marriage, but my lord will have it, saying the Queen of England will find means to separate us if there is any delay. I tremble in thinking of it."

"I also tremble," said Mary Seton. "You must marry, it seems, Mary Stuart, but is this long lad the man for you? Can you be happy wanting him?"

A lovely glow stole over the queen's pale face.

"I think I can not," she said.

Again a silence. Kneeling, Mary Seton kissed her hand.

"Then so it must be, my heart's heart, and I pray God to have pity on your love."

She extinguished the lamps one by one and led the queen to the bedchamber, in which, since Chastelard's ruin, she always slept beside her mistress.

THE very next day arrived a letter from Elizabeth, hurriedly presented by Randolph. By Rizzio's advice, presented as her own to her council, Mary had written to Elizabeth to declare that she could only consider Dudley as a husband if Elizabeth would first declare her heir apparent to the crown of England.

"For that she will never do," said he, "and so you will be rid, madam, of a bad bargain." Here and now was the answer, and Mary quaked during the reading lest some terrible concession should make her marriage with Darnley impossible at last. It was, however, as Rizzio foretold. If the Queen of Scots would marry Dudley she would then advance him to higher honors and would in all things insure her claim to the succession, short of declaring it publicly.

Mary's heart beat with relief.

"She treats me like a puppet, pretending good things, and receding always when the time of fulfilment comes. Tell your queen, Mr. Randolph, that I am no puppet, and I scorn such devices, and will have none of my Lord Robert Dudley. Let her keep him as she intended from the first, and I will take my own way with my own fortunes."

She rose and swept from the room like an angry goddess. Randolph gathered up his papers, remarking over his shoulder to Rizzio.

"And there ends that! And what else is in the wind, I wonder? But such a beauty will have her way; one might suppose the very gods would be good to her, and yet I know few have such cares upon such young shoulders."

For the first moment he allowed himself to realize her difficulties.

She had never impressed him more, never so heartily won his liking, probably because she had always been constraint until love and anger transported her into naked nature. The result was odd enough. Accompanying an extremely flattering letter to Elizabeth, he wrote also to Sidney in England words which, if cautiously deciphered, might make some plea for consideration for the sorely tried heiress of the crown. He did it consideredly, for it appeared to him that the sweetness of her nature might yet baffle plots if she were fairly used. There might be peace on better terms—victory.

If she had been unknown or never seen by your lordship you might well marvel what divine thing it is by whom this felicity may be achieved. To that which you yourself have seen is now so much added of perfect beauty that in beholding

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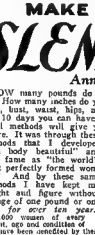
Annette Kellermann



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her person you will find all turned into a new nature far excelling anything (our own most worthy sovereign only excepted) that ever was made since the first framing of mankind.

He smiled a little over his letter. "If Dudley owned the wit of a mouse he could persuade Elizabeth to consent or Mary to forego the claim to announcing the succession," he thought to himself. "Were I in his shoes I would see to it with both," and so, smiling, added a word more to Sidney:

Even John Knox is not so bitter in his preaching since his marriage to a young wife, as when last you heard him. What a softener is love! I doubt whether I myself am the same man, having the whole guiding not only of the queen and her kingdom here, but also the most worthy Beton to be ruled at my own will?

No, no use Still he would send it.

He closed it, and went off to find the worthy Beton and probe her as to Darnley's position with the queen.

But even Mary Beton could not tell what she did not know, and none but Mary Seton guessed that the queen had flown off to Darnley from Randolph's presence and in a passion of love and anger given her consent to a secret marriage. Bound by honor, tho with ever-increasing terrors, Mary Seton kept even her guess hidden, utterly distrusting Darnley's swagger. Others also distrusted it.

Messengers from the queen's own relatives in France implored her to consider before she bartered away her royal liberty to such as he. Darnley had aroused Moray's deep and lasting venom also by looking over a map of his territories in Scotland and growling that it was too much for any one subject. Moray went to Mary over it. Everywhere were angers and distrusts, and her heart fainted within her, tho not her love.

SHE fled to Stirling for a little rest and peace from the eternal plottings. Randolph followed, more steadily on the scent than ever, but holding his own so well as to have become almost necessary in the queen's circle, especially as an attack of measles disabled Darnley, and gave Randolph the task of amusing the ladies in his place

Rizzio was there also naturally enough. How could the queen stir without her private secretary? But he kept himself so much in the background and was so humble and assiduous that neither Randolph nor any one else attached the slightest importance to his presence. They little knew that in Rizzio's working-room in Stirling Castle, before a hastily fitted altar, Mary Stuart had challenged fate, and the marriage had taken place in the presence of Mary Seton and a few more chosen friends.

Yet it was almost instantly known to Randolph through an unguarded word which the queen dropped when her Marys were about her. A word, no more, as to their own early freedom to follow Mary Livingstone's example and wed. Mary Beton sped with it to Randolph. He hurried it to Cecil, and in a few days suspicion was a roaring flame, especially when an attack of ague followed the measles and Mary took Darnley's sick-room under her own charge.

Mary summoned Moray and the nobles to Stirling "to consider of my marriage with Lord Darnley" and to sign an approval of her granting him the crown matrimonial as a result of the marriage. Many signed it, but Moray refused. It was easy, with John Knox's concurrence, to put it on the ground of objection "to one of whom there was so little hope that he would be a favorer of Christ's true religion," tho few did not guess his true motive—the hope of the crown of Scotland with that of England to follow. It appeared to Moray and his adherents that such talents as his would make a trifle of the bar sinister and his mother's shame.

But his time was not yet. Openly in Stirling Castle Mary declared her intention to her nobles, setting forth that Darnley was of her own blood, her father's nephew, that in his person met her own claims also, thereby strengthening them, with so many other good and cogent reasons that there was no single dissentient; and Moray himself grudgingly allowed that since the other lords had agreed it would be well to do the same.

THE deed was done, the betrothal publicly acknowledged, and Darnley created a peer of Scotland as a step to the rank of king consort. Furious letters from Elizabeth on receiving Randolph's information of the secret marriage came too late.

Already the bridegroom was showing the baser strains of presumption. With certainty installed, wisdom and decency flew out by the window. And Randolph, taking up his pen, summed up the situation better than any but an observer on the spot could hope to do.

Her counsellors are now those she likes worst. The nearest of her kin are furthest from her heart. My Lord Moray lives where he will. My Lord Lethington has now both leave and time to court his mistress, Mary Fleming. David Rizzio is the man who works all—chief secretary to the queen and governor to her husband. Men talk very strangely. Her husband's pride is intolerable, his words not to be borne except by men who dare not speak again. Also, in token of his manhood, he lets fly blows where he is sure they will be accepted. Such pastimes, such furies as I bear he will sometimes be in, are strange to believe!

I leave it to the world to think what cause this people has to rejoice in their worthy prince! They believe that God must send him a short end or themselves a miserable life to live under such government as this is likely to be. To remedy this mischief he must be taken away. If our queen does not wish to do it by fore with the expenditure of three or four thousand pounds she can do with this country what she will.

He had indeed repented of his plea for a woman who could saddle herself with a fool.

Terror might well seize the soul of Mary in considering to what a pass she had brought herself and Scotland. Portents gathered thick and dark about her, beginning with an angry summons from Elizabeth to Darnley to return at once to England and to his allegiance as her subject, and the imprisonment of his mother, Lady Lennox, in the Tower. The angry nobles were muttering, dismayed by English wrath and Darnley's madness, and Randolph wrote with sinister meaning to Mr. Secretary Cecil:

What shall become of him, I do not know, but it is greatly to be feared he can have no long life amidst this people.

He had the best reason for knowing of what he wrote, for Moray went to him in the utmost secrecy to ask if Elizabeth would take possession of Darnley and his father Lennox if the Scots handed them over to the English at Berwick, and had the encouraging reply that England would certainly take her own in whatever way she could come at them.

FULL of rage and the prospect of glutted vengeance, Moray laid his plans for a reliance better than Elizabeth's uncertain caprice.

Mary had promised to cide to Callendar House to stand godmother to the child of Lord and Lady Livingstone, and, knowing only Darnley and Lennox and her three Marys to be with her and a slender guard, Moray prepared an ambush in three places on her road. If she escaped one, the other two were ready.

Darnley and his father would either be murdered on the spot or handed over to England. Mary would be sent a prisoner to Lochleven Castle under the jailership of Moray's mother, the mistress of her late father, a woman so bitter and vindictive that they could count on her safe-keeping of her son's rival.

But Mary had a note of warning, which a bird she could trust whistled in at the window of her chamber.

"I will go!" she said to Mary Seton, springing to her feet, bright with pride and anger. "They shall neither daunt me nor catch me. We will start six hours early and let the world see which is the cunningest."

They started at five in the morning without reason known to any but the Seton, and Mary led them like a queen, riding the country as she went until hundreds of men at-arms had gathered round her; and so to Callendar in safety past the empty places of ambush, riding through brilliant morning sunshine, flushed with hope and victory. And so to Callendar, and in her joy consented to attend the Protestant sermon after the christening—a thing to set all men agape with wonder.

Moray might gnash his teeth, Morton and Ruthven scowl, but a woman's wit had dashed their plans to earth.

The third instalment of "The Duel of the Queens" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published March 16th. If you prefer to read this serial-novel all at one time keep those issues in which it appears and read the whole story later on.

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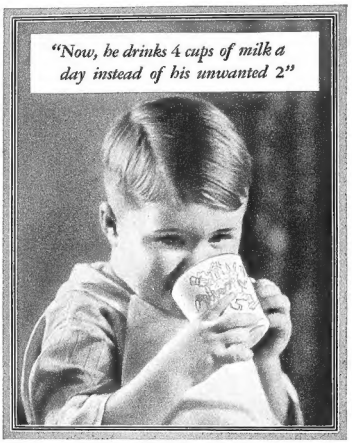
How To Make a Child Drink 50% More Milk

And Make the Milk Itself Doubly Nourishing



A Discovery From Switzerland That Not Only Enables Mothers to *Increase* a Child's Milk Ration From 50 to 100 Per Cent But *Adds* a Complete Food in Itself, Including the Sunshine Vitamin D, to the Milk.

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Watch Weight Increase, Nervousness Decrease

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More milk is thus taken. More important food elements thus added to the diet. And both, *without the child's realizing it or resisting it.*

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Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight. Others develop nerve poise; for, as weight increases, nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Other elements foster richer blood. And thus combat conditions of anemia. All are supplied in scientific ratio to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often astonishing.*

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Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

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*(Note) *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the Great War it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations.*

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"She Gained 3½ Pounds in 3 Weeks"

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Should these ailments get the upper hand, increase the frequency of the gargle. You will be delighted to find how often Listerine overcomes them. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

Listerine, enemy of Sore Throat

kills 200,000,000 *germs in* 15 *seconds*

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